

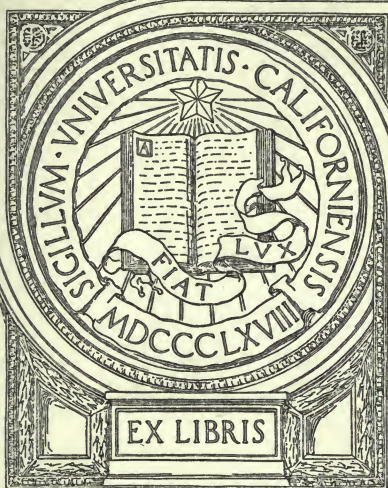
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AN
AUTUMN IN ITALY,
BEING A
PERSONAL NARRATIVE
OF A
TOUR IN THE AUSTRIAN, TUSCAN,
ROMAN AND SARDINIAN
STATES,
IN 1827.

BY J. D. SINCLAIR, ESQ.

EDINBURGH:

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UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

OFFICE

INVESTIGATION

REPORT

NO. 1

REPORT OF THE AIR FORCE INVESTIGATION

ON THE MATTER OF THE AIR FORCE INVESTIGATION

TO THE AIR FORCE

REPORT NO. 1

REPORT OF THE AIR FORCE INVESTIGATION

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

THE ALPS AND ITALIAN LAKES.

	Page
Introductory Remarks—Swiss Diligence—Fellow-Travellers—The Valais—Inn at Brigg—Alpine Scenery—Domo d'Ossola—Plains of Lombardy—Borromean Islands—Painters—Lake Scenery—St Carlo Borromeo—Luvino—Lugano—Italian Charlatan—Lake of Como—Villa Sommariva—Villa Melzi—Austrian Archduke—Como—Villa Pliniana	15

CHAPTER II.

MILAN.

Milan—The Cathedral—Environs of Milan—Opera of La Scala—Austrian Officers—Museum of the Fine Arts—Coffee-Houses—Observations on Travelling—Review of Austrian Troops—Arch of the Simplon—Circus—Citadel—Fresco of the Last Supper—Anecdote—Leonardo Da Vinci—La Zecca—Police—Teatro Re—Puppets—Churches—Statues—The Cathedral—Hospitals—Basilica Ambrosiana—Corinthian Columns—San Celso—The Corso—Public Walks—Milanese Ladies—Italian Manners—The Opera—The Climate—Tourists and their Works	39
--	----

CHAPTER III.

AUSTRIAN STATES.

	Page
Lodi—Napoleon—Francis—Appearance of the Country—The Vintage—Cremona—Mantua—Hall of the Giants—Anecdote—Virgil—Verona—Vitruvius The Marquis Maffei—Roman Amphitheatre—Sarcophagus of Juliet—Female Fellow-Traveller—Vicenza—Palladio—Olympic Theatre—The Brenta—Venice—Decay of Venice—Piazz di San Marco—Bridge of Sighs—Marino Falieri—Ducal Palace—Its Paintings—Church of St Mark—Nobility—Venetian Women—Manners—Conversazione—Scuola Delle Belle Arti—Venetian School of Painting—Gondoliers—The Opera—Rosini—Goldoni's Comedies—Music—The Arsenal—Public Gardens—Unpopularity of the Austrians—Porto Franco—Monastery of St Lazarus—Monasteries and Churches—Tombs of Titian and Canova—Observations on Venice—St Mark's Tower—Galileo—The Rialto—Shakspeare—Otway	63

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY TO FLORENCE.

Padua, its University—Il Salone—Singular Tradition—Cenotaph of Petrarch—Arqua—The Po—The Rubicon—Ferrara—Tasso—Leonora—Tasso's Prison—Ariosto—Albergo Di Tre Mori—Adventure at Ferrara—Bologna—Leaning Tower—Bolognese School of Painting—University—Cassini—Urbanity of Bolognese Gentry—Mild Government of the Pope—Travelling Companions—Road across the Apennines—Volcano—Luminous Spring—Italian Girls—Apennine Scenery—Rural Cemeteries—View of Florence	96
--	----

CHAPTER V.

FLORENCE.

Page

Architecture of its Palaces—Madame Hombert's Hotel—The Gallery—Sculpture—The Medici Family—Palazzo Pitti—Its Pictures—Conova's Venus—Boboli Gardens—Museum of Natural History—Great Men—The English at Florence—Libraries—Fellow-Travellers—Cathedral of S. Maria Del Fiore—Ghiberti's Bronze Doors—Church of Santa Croce—The Gallery—Painting—Florentine School—Portraits—English Artists—The Tribuna—Medicean Venus—Titian's Venus—Theatres—Opera-Houses—Church of S. Maria Novella—Dei Sepolchri—Tombs of the Medici—Michael Angelo—Government—Libraries—Academies—Charities—La Misericordia—The Buonuomini—Nobility—Florentine Society—Departure from Florence	120
--	-----

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY TO ROME.

Vetturino Travelling—Travelling Companions—Carmaldoli—St Romualdo—Milton—Vallambrosa—Arezzo—Aretino—Vasari—Rural Objects—Thrasimene—Country Inn—Tuscan Cameriere—Perugia—Etruscan Ruins—Paintings—St Francis—Friars—Nuns—Tact of Napoleon—Clitumnus—Spoleto—La Somma—Terni—Its Cascade—Byron's Description—Narni—The Apennines—Banditti—The Tyber—Triglia—Civita Castellana—Baccano—The Campagna—Ponte Molle—Rome—Porta Del Popolo—Damon's Hotel	150
--	-----

CHAPTER VII.

ROME.

	Page
Piazza di Spagna—Monte Pincio—Villa Medici— Ancient Rome—Roman Women—Aqueducts— Santa Maria Maggiore—St Luke's Portraits—St Peter's—San Gio. Lateran—The Corsini Chapel— Sacred Relics—Pope Leo XII.—Reflections—An- glo-Latin—Pontifical Vespers—Sixtine Chapel— Cardinal Sommaglia—An Irish Friar—Memoir of Leo XII.—Pontificate of Leo XII.—Card. Della Sommaglia—Englishmen in Rome—The Vituper- ative Traveller—Classic Recollections . . .	173

CHAPTER VIII.

ROME CONTINUED.

Attractions of Rome—Subterranean Church—A Cen- versazione—Classic Ruins—Pasquin—Statue of Marc Aurelius—Triumphal Arches—Carcere Ma- mertina—The Coliseum—Palazzo Doria Pamfili— Theatres—Castle St Angelo—St Peter's—The Va- tican—Monument of the Stuarts—French Ambas- sador's Ball—Female Society—English Ladies— Villa Borghese—A Sunday at Rome—Italian Manners	203
---	-----

CHAPTER IX.

ROME CONTINUED.

Palazzos—Borghese—Colonna—Italian Nobility— Painters, Ancient and Modern—Café Nuovo— Evening Amusements—Papal Court—English La- dies Abroad—Tivoli—Adrian's Villa—Tibur— Cascade of Tivoli—The Ustica of Horace—Soirée at Torlonia's—Monte Cavallo—The Quirinal— Pillar of Trajan—Pompey's Statue—The Vatican

CONTENTS.

vii

	Page
Library—St Pietro in Vincoli—The Pantheon— Capitoline Gallery—Baths of Dioclesian—Baths of Caracalla—Palatine Hill—Tomb of Caius Cestus —Protestant Burying-ground	223

CHAPTER X.

ROME CONTINUED.

Transtivere—St Cecilia—Cardinal Fesch—The Je- suits—Irish and Scotch Colleges—Asylum for As- sassins—Temple of Vesta—Tomb of the Scipios —Rural Excursion—Fountain of Egeria—Tomb of Cecilia Metella—Basilicon of St Paul—The Catacombs—Foreign Artists—Thorwaldsen's Stu- dio—Modern Roman Artists—Foreign Artists— Population—Revenue—Pilgrims—Government— Remarks on Leaving Rome	248
--	-----

CHAPTER XI.

TUSCANY.

Tomb of Nero—Cardinal Gonsalvi—National Cha- racter—The Maremma—Bolsena—San Lorenzo— Fellow-Travellers—Affray at Radicofane—Buon Convento—Siena—Italian Republics—Tuscan Inns —Val d' Arno—Fiesole—Florence—Anecdote— Opera of la Pergola—Tuscan Manufactures—La Certosa—Don Fortunata—The Carthusians—At- tractions of Florence	272
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

TUSCANY CONTINUED.

Leghorn—Tomb of Smollett—Jewish Synagogue— The Mediterranean—Coral Manufacture—Pisa—

	Page
Its Decay—The University—Torre di Fame—San Stefano—The Cathedral—The Campo Santo—The Leaning Tower—The Lung Arno	293

CHAPTER XIII.

SARDINIAN STATES.

Massa — Lucca—Anecdote — Sarzana — La Spezzia — Ligurian Apennines — Chiavari—Genoa—The Durazzo Palaces—The Doria Palace—Commercial Situation—The Piazza Bianchi—Porto Franco—The Darsina—Harbour—Theatres—Morals—The Albergo Dei Poveri—Doge's Palace—Conscripts—Santa Maria in Carignano—The Court—Cookery—Religious Toleration—The Abate S * * * *—Catholicism—Erroneous Hypothesis—Leave Genoa—Roads—Arrezzano — Agreeable Incident — Juvenile Navigators—Savona—Noli—Oneglia—Mountain Scenery	307
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV,

SARDINIAN STATES CONTINUED.

St Remo—Prince of Monaco—Anecdote of Napoleon—Beautiful Women—Nice—Environs of Nice—Villa Franca—Galley Slaves—Society of Nice—Abdicating Kings — Review — Army — Savoy — Desolate Chateau—Poverty of the Savoyards—Conclusion	336
--	-----

AN
AUTUMN IN ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

THE ALPS AND ITALIAN LAKES.

THE gradual obliteration of many deeply-rooted prejudices, and erroneous opinions of our ancestors, regarding the state of manners and feelings in foreign countries, affords a gratifying subject for reflection to those who love to observe the progress of the human mind, and to trace its rapid strides in intelligence. Of late years, a constant intercourse with our Continental neighbours, has given rise to a more just appreciation of their national character. The illiberal notion of our own superiority is fast dying away, and almost extinct among the higher classes. This must ever be the case where men are possessed of information sufficient to enable them to look beyond the false

surface which disguises the truth ; and at no great distance of time, it is probable that more enlightened views will also be diffused among the mass of the people. One great cause to which this desirable object may be attributed, is certainly to be found in our increased facilities of judging by ocular demonstration. For my own part, abundant opportunities of detecting the erroneous accounts of mendacious travellers have been afforded me, in the course of my own quiet and unobtrusive excursions in different parts of Europe.

During a number of years passed on the Continent, I was in the occasional practice of taking notes of such incidents as seemed most worthy of being recorded. In the latter part of my rambles, these notes assumed the form of a regular journal, wherein, without entering into very minute details, either with regard to the appearance of the country, or the manners of its inhabitants, I endeavoured to collect and convey the impressions made on my mind, during a residence of a few months in Italy. It was, of course, impossible, while traversing a land so interesting, both from the noble remains of antiquity, and the faultless masterpieces of art which it possesses, to refrain from an occasional enthusiastic expression of admiration ; but in the following pages I have avoided any tedious speculative opinions upon men and morals, learned antiquarian researches, or nice critiques on works of art. On the other hand, I hope to have escaped the contagious influence, jaundiced opinions, and narrow-minded prejudices, of those who attempt to regulate the public taste, by disseminating their own biassed impressions, while professing to convey

descriptions of the arts, scenery, and society, of that classic land, the recollections and associations connected with which, one would naturally suppose, ought to inspire the mind with more liberal opinions and elevated sentiments.

On the *4th of September* 1827, I left Geneva in the Diligence ; but owing to a mistake, commenced my journey rather awkwardly. Instead of taking the direct conveyance through the Chablais, by which I would have arrived several hours sooner at St Maurice, I had the pleasure of being paraded all round the lake by way of Lausanne (where I had been very often before), with the additional annoyance of changing coaches there and at Vevay. Any trifling inconvenience of this sort may be productive of a momentary unpleasant feeling ; but fortunately, in as far as regards myself, it is never of long duration. The two coaches met at St Maurice early the next morning, where I had ample time to view the fine bridge across the Rhone, as well as the Abbey and its pyramidical spire, whilst the many preparations required for transferring passengers and their trunks from one vehicle to the other were going on, under the superintendence of a dilatory Swiss conductor. In England, public coaches are for the conveyance of the mail and passengers ; but abroad, the latter are considered as nothing more than bales of merchandise, the unshapely mass being loaded as heavily as the cupidity of the proprietors deem expedient, without the slightest regard for the travellers ; who, being looked upon as merely a secondary object, must submit to the arbitrary regulations imposed

FELLOW-TRAVELLERS—THE VALAIS.

upon them. A man in France and Switzerland is thus subordinate to the cargo of the unwieldy conveyance he embarks in, and must run all risks attending the commercial enterprise of which he forms so insignificant an item !

We breakfasted at Martigny, situated at the junction of the roads to Italy and to the delightful valley of Chamouni. From thence I pursued my journey in good spirits, having two agreeable fellow-travellers, with whom I intended to make an excursion to the Italian lakes ; but here we picked up a curate from the German district of the Valais, and a Neapolitan lazaroni, whose unsavoury smell, joined to the heat of the day, rendered our situation any thing but enviable. I was therefore by no means sorry when we reached Sion, the chief town of the Canton, where we dined. On resuming our places in the coach, we found it quite full. At any time, I pity six persons cooped up in so small a space as the inside of a Diligence, but more particularly on a scorching day, and when I happen to be one of the sufferers.

The country was quite parched up, with the exception of the bed of the river (the Rhone), which we followed as far as Brigg. Some verdure is perceived glistening upon the small islands, formed by the trunks of trees washed down by the current, and on the high conical hills of sand scattered up and down the valley. But the Valais in general bears every mark of being a wretched country ; and its inhabitants do not belie the appearance of the soil, which is rocky, calcareous, and barren. I saw several loathsome goîtres and cretins, who are more common in this unhealthy district than in

any other part of the Alps. We passed the village of Leuck, perched on the side of a mountain, which is surmounted by an old castle. About a league higher up, the renowned baths of that name, much resorted to for rheumatic complaints, are situated. It must have a strange effect to see twenty or thirty people of both sexes up to their chins in tepid water, all in the same bath, where they remain for hours laughing and chatting,—for the benefit of their health! From the description I heard of the cascade of Fourte-magne, and the difficulty of its approach, I had neither time nor inclination to pay it a visit. A few months residence in Switzerland makes one rather fastidious in regard to cascades. After beholding those of the Stanbach and Giesbach, the falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen, and of the Aar at Haudeck, nothing inferior to the far-famed Italian waterfal at Terni, can attract even the most enthusiastic admirer of scenery.

As we advanced, the road became barren and wild, and daylight had left us before we arrived at Brigg, where we got but sorry accommodation. The inn being quite full, we were compelled to put up with indifferent beds in a house adjoining, two or three sleeping in the same apartment—rather an uncommon occurrence in Switzerland—where, such is the general excellence of the inns, travellers are quite spoiled. Even in the smallest villages, and on the summit of mountains, I have found Swiss inns superior almost to any on the Continent. We got a very good supper, however, and made our arrangements for setting off early in the morning; in two divisions; my friends and I hav-

ing hired an open carriage, or *char a bana*, for ourselves and our luggage; thus gaining the important object of crossing the Simplon, and at the same time keeping the grand and majestic scenery of the Alps always in view. Long before sunrise we quitted Brigg. As we ascended the mountain, the air became very chill, while a fine clear moonlight afforded us an opportunity to take a farewell view of the village, with its turrets, surmounted by enormous globes of tin, which had rather a fantastic effect at the foot of the glaciers, in the midst of meadows and forests. We soon entered upon the region of pines, with rocks and precipices on all sides, and enjoyed for some hours the wild and varied scenery of the Alps.

The first stupendous edifice that attracted my attention, was the bridge constructed on the Sal-tine, across a frightful abyss, connecting steep precipices covered with dark forests of pine. Here the rising sun having dispersed the clouds of early dawn, displayed itself in its most sublime aspect, its rays lighting up the snowy summits of the Alps; and such was the beauty and wildness of the scenery, combined with one of the most wonderful works of modern art, that no pen can possibly do it justice. I question if even the pencil of a Salvator Rosa could give an adequate idea of its sombre magnificence. One cannot hurry over such a road as the Simplon, without recollecting the astonishing works of the Romans, which modern engineers have so completely eclipsed in this masterpiece of art. The ascent is so gradual, as to render the drag-chain unnecessary on descending either side. Independently of the rude beauties

of Nature, with which one is here surrounded, the traveller is lost in admiration of the fine broad well-paved road, its bridges and galleries, or grottos, which are scooped out of the solid rock. Sometimes pursuing tortuous defiles to avoid compact masses of granite, the winding tract is cut on the sides of frightful chasms, where roaring cascades thunder from dizzy heights, or hovering on their verge, it is only supported by a wall over the foaming torrents. In Livy's account of the passage of Hannibal and his army across the Alps, although at an easier point, he says fifteen days were required to perform it. A greater conqueror than Hannibal has enabled us to do the same in as many hours; and even an army might now march across in a couple of days with ease.

As we rode along, we saw from time to time a few isolated houses, inhabited by the inspectors of the roads who furnish refreshments to those standing in need of them. These buildings serve as houses of refuge to travellers; there are also some desolate-looking places, used for the purpose of receiving merchandise in bad weather. On the Italian side of the Alps, the country now assumed still greater magnificence: dense forests of firs, which wore the garb of age, darkened the valleys; splendid granite bridges thrown across deep dells, where the water appeared bubbling up, varied the scene, and it was frightful to cast a glance down upon the wild caverns and awful torrents, or to listen to the hoarse roar of the waters. At every step we beheld more enchantingly wild and terrific scenery; withered and broken pine-trees, which almost blocked up

the way, lay prostrate in all directions ; some torn up by the roots, others broken off by the shock of avalanches, or the frequent recurrence of falling rocks. We walked the greater part of the road up to the village of Simplon, where we halted and remained an hour. I regretted being under the necessity of entering the char again ; but the rapidity of our journey down hill would admit of no other arrangement. So interesting had the scenery become, that we hailed even the delay at the customhouse as a welcome boon ; although, I well know how annoying any detention for the purpose of search, is apt to be considered.

Following the banks of the Veriola, which, issuing from a glacier, flows through a long ravine strewn with blocks of granite, and rocks of immense height, we were enabled to travel over an admirable and gradually sloping road, which became narrower as we advanced, winding from one side of the river to the other, by magnificent bridges. Occasionally we discerned a foaming mountain-torrent, which dashed itself over inaccessible precipices, variegated with pines and shrubs of every colour. Such are the principal features of the frontiers of Italy ; and how easily might they have been defended by a brave and warlike people ! It may truly be said of the Alps, that the grandest objects are the least capable of being described. Their sublimity is evident ; and all that is added beyond the mere recognition of this peculiarity, becomes in a great measure superfluous. All of a sudden the plains of Lombardy appeared. Enraptured as I was with the first view of "*la bella Italia*," one of my fellow-travellers was more expressive in his admira-

tion ; for he jumped up in the carriage, took off his hat, and gave a loud cheer to hail that land of beauty, of poetry, and of the imagination. We passed the last and finest bridge at Crevola. It is of an amazing height, and connects two banks of an abyss, through which the rapid Veriola pursues its course to the lake.

Domo d'Ossola is finely situated in a delightful valley, planted with vines, which are supported on granite pillars several feet high, and entwined in the most graceful festoons. I was amazed at the richness and fertility of this part of the country ; but it is only when the objects are viewed in detail, that the full extent of its treasures are perceptible. Meadows, equal in verdure to the freshness of English turf, are intermingled with fields of Indian corn and rice, luxuriantly bounded by vines hanging in garlands from trees or props. In September, the ripe purple grapes look not a little tempting. The fertile plains of the Milanese are likewise ornamented with a great variety of fruit-trees, willows and poplars, and intersected by rivers and canals. Beautiful and well-wooded hills appeared on the left, studded with convents, villages, and country houses, all of dazzling whiteness, while the back-ground of the landscape is formed by the Alps soaring away into the heavens !

Before four o'clock in the afternoon, we set off from Domo d'Ossola, exchanging our open carriage for a roomy Italian berline. We were fortunate in travelling at the time of the vintage and villeggiatura, which, in the opinion of many, is the most brilliant period of the year. We hurried over the excellent roads rapidly enough ; for posting here

is superior to that in France, and almost equal to that of England. The night was far advanced when we got to Baveno; and as I had slept very little since leaving Geneva, I was by no means sorry to find our vehicle stop before what appeared, and actually proved, a most excellent hotel. Dashing his cloak over the horses' necks, our postillion summoned the waiter, who speedily issued forth accompanied by his master, by whom we were conducted with much urbanity to our apartments. We were at length on the banks of the enchanting Lago Maggiore, and, after some slight refreshments, consisting of fruit and wine, we retired to bed.

September 7th.—Impatient to enjoy the first glance of an Italian lake, at an early hour I rose and opened my room-window. From the howling of the wind, and pattering of the rain, I feared that I should be disappointed in my anxiously expected treat; and such was indeed the case; for the prospect was wholly obscured by the clouds, which rolled “*come neve in Alpe senza vento.*” * Many hours elapsed before the rain ceased; and until the storm passed over, no boatman would venture with his frail skiff on the agitated waves of the lake. About noon, the tempest was followed by a serene and beautiful day; the sun darted his welcome rays amidst the branches of the lofty elms and cedars which clothed the hills, and soon dispelled the fogs which previously had darkened the pellucid sheet of water. The view from Baveno embraces an immense horizon bounded by high mountains, some of which gra-

* Like snow upon the Alps, without wind.

dually sink into the plains of Lombardy, while others display all the majestic wildness of nature, and are lost amid the summits of the more distant snow-clad Alps. Innumerable villages adorn the banks of the lake on all sides, and the convents of Madonna del Sesto and della Trinita, offer the most lovely points of view. Isola Bella and the other Borromean islands, with their vaulted terraces of orange-trees, cedars and vines, rising in the form of pyramids, seemed to swim on the surface of the waters.

We took a long walk in the charming groves and vineyards, to explore the varied beauties of the surrounding country; sometimes casting our eyes towards the lake—the view being, in this direction, occasionally circumscribed into narrow limits—at other times towards the sloping hills of Arsennio, the scarped rocks of Locarno, the villages of St Fideli, or romantic Magadino. After an early dinner, we ordered a boat for the purpose of visiting the islands, and in half an hour were landed at Isola Bella, which well merits its name. The gardens are by no means extensive, but they are kept in good order, and laid out with considerable taste. My companions objected to their formal regularity, numerous short avenues, and the fantastic appearance of some of the trees; but they could not refuse the tribute of praise to the beauty of the orange and myrtle groves, and the succession of terraces, which are surmounted by a Pegasus. The grounds were so abundantly planted with laurels, cypresses, jasmine and roses, that the whole atmosphere was perfumed by the odoriferous fragrance which they

shed around. This terrestrial paradise is also embellished with fountains, statues, and all that, in such a spot, can please the eye or delight the fancy.

The palace of Count Borromeo is spacious, and its numerous apartments are richly and elegantly decorated, and paved with marble. They contain a few statues, chiefly copies from the most celebrated antiques. A collection of paintings is exhibited in a handsome, but badly lighted gallery. It includes several Titians, Luca Giordanos, and Le Bruns; but none of very great merit for such names. A famous, or rather infamous, Milanese painter, Tempesta, who was banished to this island for the horrible crime of murdering his wife, that he might marry a beloved and beautiful mistress, has left several admirable specimens of his talents in some of the rooms. Il Tempesta, or Pietro Molier—which was his real name, he having acquired the other designation from the excellence of his sea-pieces, and wild terrific storm-scenes—was the fourth painter of celebrity, whom infamous conduct had compelled to take refuge in sanctuaries. Andrea del Sarto found an asylum in the convent of Santissima Nunziata at Florence, after committing murder; and the Dominican monks employed him very beneficially for themselves in painting frescoes in the cloisters. Michael Angelo Caravaggio was guilty of the same crime, and saved his life by obtaining an asylum in the Giustiniani palace at Rome, where he was exclusively engaged in decorating the walls for a number of years. Finally, Domenichino took sanctuary at Grotta Ferrata, where he exercised his exquisite

pencil, to escape the punishment of a murder he had committed.

On paying our boatmen, we were amused by the artful manner in which they contrived to charge a party of English ladies triple the sum we had paid for visiting the islands; an overcharge which they reconciled to their conscience, as they were engaged an hour later, and as no regular fare is stipulated for when boats are detained after sunset. We voluntarily remonstrated in favour of our fair countrywomen, but in vain. The charming situation of the inn at Baveno, kept by two brothers, one of whom had been long in England, makes it a desirable residence for a few days, to view the beauty of the lake. It would likewise be a convenient spot to take excursions from to Como and Lugano. The house is clean, the people civil and attentive, and the charges not very exorbitant.

Next day we got into an open carriage, and after a pleasant drive of fifteen miles over a level road close to the lake, arrived at the small town of Arona, remarkable as the birth-place of St Charles Borromeo, the philanthropic and benevolent Archbishop of Milan. Here we walked up to a neighbouring hill to view the singular colossal statue, the *chef-d'œuvre* of Zenella and Falcone. It is of copper, and upwards of seventy feet in height, exclusive of the pedestal. Its construction may be said to form an epoch in the art of statuary, as being composed of thin plates rivetted together, and fixed by bars of iron to a rude column of masonry which is concealed inside. This seems a very close approximation to the laminated statues of the earliest ages of Greek art.

The modern statue is accessible by rather a perilous ascent internally to the very head, a most magnificent *bird's eye* prospect being enjoyed through the two ocular organs of the good St Charles.

The great and good prelate to whose memory this statue has been erected, was possessed of unbounded wealth and power; yet he contented himself with the meanest food, and reformed, at the risk of his own life, the manners of his clergy, then plunged in ignorance and luxury. It is not merely as the founder of churches, schools and hospitals, in which Cardinal Borromeo displayed his love of religion and munificence, that I admire him, but for the more active and useful duties of Christian charity which he exercised—such as attending the sick when the plague raged at Milan, and giving up the greater part of his income to feed and clothe the poor. These virtues give him a stronger title to canonization than most of the saints that are to be found in the calendar. I have been led to these reflections from the very different view individuals are apt to take of celebrated characters. For instance, one of my companions could find nothing to call forth his admiration on viewing this statue, except the excellence of its workmanship. “Were it the statue or tomb of such a man as Scotus, I should feel somewhat enthusiastic,” exclaimed my Oxonian friend, who being a Fellow of that learned Alma Mater, in his veneration for the memory of a man who once taught divinity on the banks of the Isis, had, I found, like Dr Cave, confounded Alfred’s master, John Scotus, with Scotus Eregena, a subtle sophist, who inculcated certain errors in faith and philosophy in his

writings: to which I may add the remark made by a tourist, chiefly noted for his tragic and untimely fate, who says, "On an eminence near the road, there is a large statue of a Count *Barome*, and its nose casts a strong shadow when the sun shines on it."

The town of Arona has little more to recommend it than its fine situation, and its port for small craft trading to the opposite coast, and to the more remote parts of the lake, which belong to the Swiss Cantons. We embarked in a steam-boat to view the latter to greater advantage; but as steam-navigation has not yet attained a very high degree of perfection in Italy, we proceeded at the rate of scarcely five miles an hour. Indeed, I should have been sorry had our speed been increased, for one loves to linger in the enjoyment of such beautiful scenery.

This splendid mass of waters is of an irregular shape, and nearly 50 miles in length, measured from where the Tecino runs through the fields of Lombardy, to its northern extremity at the foot of the Rhetian Alps. We landed at Luvino, a considerable town on the east bank of the lake, about 30 miles higher up than Arona. This being the first place in the Austrian States which we had set foot in, we were somewhat annoyed by the strict examination of our luggage; and one of my companions, not having a regular passport, was compelled to retrace his steps to Baveno.

It having been hinted to us that, as Luvino was rather an unfrequented place, we might as well take the precaution of ascertaining the charges at the first inn we encountered, the result showed how

necessary it was to take such a step ; for we were asked just three times as much as we had paid at Baveno the day before. Having no inclination to submit to so flattering a compliment to our supposed wealth as Englishmen, or, in other words, resisting the attempt at imposition, we took up our quarters at a second rate Albergo, where we found every thing excellent in quality, and moderate in price. The innkeeper happened to be absent ; but his wife, who was a lively little brunette, exerted herself very much to please the “ dree Milordi, the only ones she had ever had the honour of entertaining, she hoped they would bring her good luck ;” and for the sake of her beautiful black eyes, I sincerely hope her expectations may be realized. On so great an occasion she summoned a neighbour, who had formerly kept an inn at Como, to her assistance. He was a portly, jolly, good-humoured old fellow, the absolute personification of one of Ostade’s Flemish hosts, even to the nightcap on his head ; he only wanted the pipe in his mouth to complete the resemblance. Next morning, on returning from a walk up one of the neighbouring hills, to take a farewell view of the Lago Maggiore and its romantic scenery, we found a *char* in readiness to convey us to Lugano, which we reached in about three hours, having enjoyed a very pleasant drive through the interesting picturesque country which separates the two lakes.

Lugano is rather a large place, and the capital of the Swiss Canton of Tecino. Here the lake opens upon the view, with mountains rising, on one side, almost perpendicularly to a height of many thousand feet, while, on the other side,

the country is more fertile : sloping banks, ornamented with vines, and finely skirted by wood, with several flourishing villages, being seen rising at short distances from one another. I had time to step into the church of the Franciscan Convent, while the good fathers were at vespers, without disturbing their devotions ; and stopped to admire a large and very fine fresco painting, by an artist of the Lombard school, Bernardo Tecino. The cathedral is only remarkable for its commanding situation, from whence there may be had a superb view of the lake and the surrounding country.

We had the company of two Irish gentlemen at dinner, whom I had met some time before during an excursion in the Alps. Acquaintances thus hastily formed on the top of the Rhigi, the Wessenstein, or the Grimsel, soon acquire a degree of cordiality unthought of, when preceded by a formal introduction at a London dinner-party. A row on the lake was proposed ; and on our way to the boat, we stopped to listen to the harangue of an Italian quack-doctor, mounted in an elegant calèche, drawn by a pair of good horses gaudily caparisoned. The most amusing rogue was the coachman, who acted in the triple capacity of trumpeter, Merry Andrew, and whip ; but I never saw a more ferocious-looking fellow than the charlatan himself, who was decked out in a dashing hussar uniform, with an enormous pair of black whiskers. He appeared to be quite a Don Giovanni among the ladies, and, as I afterwards learned, had married or eloped with at least a dozen, from as many different places during his travels ; which adventures had procured him the honour of

banishment from the *moral* cities of Naples and Venice. This rascally impostor detained us a considerable time in the square, where we first observed him. In the course of his exhibition, he employed all his logic, and the finest flowers of rhetoric, accompanied by the grimace of a Frenchman, and the gesticulation of an Italian, brandishing a sword, as if scarcely content with one mode of killing and gulling the poor Switzers who formed his audience. As we moved off, by way of a clencher I suppose, he bawled after us, "If any one doubts my skill, 'che apre la bocca, per Bacco!' * and if I don't draw every tooth from his head in ten minutes, my name is not Marco Antonio Salva-la-vita!"

The sun was just setting as we got into the boat; the stillness of the scene on the calm waters of the lake; the precipices that rose on the opposite side; and the glimmering of the lights of Lugano, as we approached it on our return, would have formed a magnificent night-scene for the study of a painter. It is difficult to conceive the splendour of an Italian evening at this season of the year, when the atmosphere is somewhat purified by gently refreshing showers, after the oppressive summer-heat. The moon shines forth with a soft silvery lustre, and the celestial canopy of ethereal blue appears studded with stars so pure and clear, that every object around is as easily distinguished as by a northern twilight.

The following morning, before sunrise, we were ready to depart; and having again engaged the

* Let him open his mouth—by Bacchus!

boat we had the previous evening, a slight breeze aided the exertions of the rowers, and we reached the village of Porlezza in a few hours, enjoying the sail up the lake of Lugano exceedingly. This lake is much less known than any of the other lakes of Lombardy, as it lies out of the direct road, and consequently is not so much resorted to by strangers; but although the absence of fine villas, which are so numerous scattered along the banks of the Lake of Como, renders Lugano somewhat inferior in point of beauty, as it is in extent, still it will always remain in my recollection, as one of the most romantic and lovely places I ever visited. Porlezza being in the Austrian States, we were again compelled to undergo a strict search—one of the penalties which, in lieu of turnpikes, English travellers pay for the privileges many thousands of them annually enjoy in Italy. I do not believe that one individual amongst them has ever been detected in smuggling; why, then, subject them all to vexatious and disagreeable detention, for the sake of going through a mere form?

Having procured a vehicle to carry our portmanteaus, we walked across the country to Menaggio, as the distance was only four miles, and the day did not then promise to be so intensely hot as it afterwards proved. The first view of the Lago di Como is enchantingly grand. The Alps, the glaciers of the Grisons and the Valtelina, covered with eternal snow, succeed each other like waves of the sea, lowering gradually in height, and sloping beautifully towards the waters whose banks sparkle with flourishing towns and villas; amidst a country rich in orange-groves, laurels,

olive-trees, and gracefully festooned vines—objects rendered still more delightful by the pure air and unchanging sky of Italy. From Menaggio we embarked for Cadenobbia, admiring the lovely prospect as we glided downwards; and very soon after found ourselves seated in the balcony of one of the best inns in Lombardy, where we proposed stopping for two days. Soon after our arrival we went to the Villa Sommariva, which is within a few hundred yards of the inn, and were not a little amused to find ourselves ushered into its gallery of sculpture by two young damsels, daughters of the custodia, who, with much apparent modesty, called our attention to the Adonis, Mars, and Venus of Canova, and many other statues, not appearing to notice the smile on our countenances, excited by the strange impropriety of female cicerones describing the beauty of Heathen deities, and pointing out nudities to every casual visitor. Amongst the works of Canova in this gallery is the famous statue of Palamedes, much fractured by falling, and nearly crushing to death the amiable artist as he had just put the finishing touches to the marble. Some of the best modern pieces of sculpture in the villa are parts of a frieze by Thorwaldsen, illustrating the triumphs of Alexander. They were not then taken out of the cases in which they had lately arrived from Rome, though sufficiently exposed to gratify our curiosity; for the top of each case was removed, so as to render the *bassi relievi* visible. This celebrated *chef-d'œuvre* of the Danish sculptor had employed him many years, having been ordered by Napoleon for the purpose of ornamenting the

government palace at Milan, or the Quirinal, when fitting it up for the young King of Rome, or probably a copy for each. However, the father of the present Count Sommariva, when Napoleon's exile had disappointed the artist, seized the favourable opportunity, and purchased it for half a million of francs, to grace his elegant modern mansion, a building in the finest style of Italian architecture. The Villa Sommariva also contains a spacious gallery of paintings, chiefly of the Florentine and Flemish schools, as well as a few by able French artists of the present day.

Having crossed the lake, we entered the Villa Melzi, the splendid residence of the Duke of Lodi, formerly Vice-President of the Italian Republic, under Buonaparte. Pictures and statues again occupied us for some hours in that delightful place ; and perhaps none of them pleased me more than the beautiful group of Cupid and Psyche by Canova. Our host Giovanni Mello had furnished us with the boat which he keeps for his customers, and quite a sumptuous dinner awaited our return. The bill of fare included very fine trout from the lake, and some other delicacies more in the English than the Italian style, which was easily accounted for, from the circumstance of Giovanni having lived some years in England in the capacity of an itinerant barometer-seller. He seems to know the taste of our countrymen so well, and studies it so successfully, that his *albergo*, in point of comfort, is quite equal to a first-rate English hotel ; while the prospect from its balconies embraces one of the finest districts in Upper Italy. So mild indeed is the climate, here, that

orange-trees thrive in the open air, aloes are seen in flower, and the American guava remains unsheltered all the year round.

Being anxious to obtain another glance of the Count Sommariva's collection of statues and pictures, on the morning of our departure I again visited the gallery; but having descried the steam-boat approaching in which we intended to embark, I was compelled to take an abrupt leave of this charming Villa. The day was most propitious for an excursion round the lake; but the heat was so powerful, even at this advanced season of the year, that we found an awning over the quarter-deck indispensable. I was surprised to see so many gayly dressed ladies and gentlemen on board, till I found that, besides the attraction of fine scenery, they had that day an additional inducement, as the Archduke Regnier, Viceroy of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, had hired one of the steam-boats to make an excursion to Damazzo. Our captain had provided a couple of swivels for this occasion; and a few hours after, when the Imperial party appeared, the national flag was displayed, and a royal salute fired in honour of them. But although we passed quite close to each other, our ill-bestowed mark of attention was totally unnoticed. With true Austrian hauteur, the Archduke, an inane-looking personage, stood gazing upon us; and I was glad to perceive that none of the party in our boat cheered, or even took off their hats to him.

We stopped for a short time at some of the towns and villages along the banks of the lake, for the purpose of landing and taking in passengers, and were also detained nearly two hours at Grave-

dona, the highest point we reached. While they were carrying on board some bales of silk on freight for Como, I seized the opportunity to land; and beheld the singular dress of the women of the place, who, in compliance with a vow made by their ancestors, wear the habits of Capuchin friars, and are called *frati*. * From this spot I looked over the wide lake around the amphitheatre of hills, which were covered with wood, and studded with villages and white cottages, beautifully reflected on the water. The stillness of the lovely and peaceful scene, added to the beauty of nature, carried for the moment my imagination far beyond the dwellings of men, who, possessed of every earthly charm, are so often wretched.

Largior hic campos, æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo; solemque suum, sua sidera norunt. †

The upper part of the lake is wild and romantic; forests of pine are seen in the distance, overtopped by lofty mountains, between whose rocky chains are ravines or narrow valleys. But as we approached Como, the banks became more fertile; on each side were seen numerous villas and country-houses belonging to the Milanese nobility, with fine gardens, fountains, grottoes, vines, and orange-groves, which the residents prefer infinitely to the grand and bold scenery on the northern extremity of the lake. They assuredly cannot lay claim to the appellation of enthusiastic lovers of the sublime beauties of nature.

* Monks.

† Here deeper azure clothes with purple light
The fields; their native sun and stars they own.

At the well-known Villa Pliniana, there is an interesting spring, which increases and diminishes alternately during several hours every day, but is never quite dry. This phenomenon is described by Pliny the younger, and an Italian translation of the epistle is engraved on a marble tablet, placed near this remarkable fountain. It is not pretended, however, that either of the Plinys ever inhabited any villa on the site of that which now bears a name, which seems to have been bestowed upon it in honour of the celebrated naturalist. The town of Como is more attractive from the beauty of its situation, than even from its antiquity;—though its fine old marble cathedral, splendid palaces and villas, had sufficient charms to detain me a day in their vicinity.

A vehicle called a *velocifere*, built in imitation of an English stage-coach, and carrying about twenty outside passengers, sets off every afternoon for Milan; and my friend and myself with much difficulty succeeded in wedging ourselves inside, along with half a dozen Italians. It was past midnight when we arrived at Milan, where, even at that late hour, the delights of another customhouse search awaited us;—being the third ordeal of the kind which we had undergone, in about as many days, since we entered the Imperial territories.

CHAPTER II.

MILAN.

September 13th.—The city of Milan may be considered the capital of the north of Italy, from its situation, population, and wealth. It is now the seat of the government of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, and the residence of an Austrian archduke, who rules over the Italian provinces in the name of the Emperor. His retinue is but a faint shadow of the gay court of Eugene Beauharnais who, without brilliant talents, was regarded by the Milanese as an honourable and upright ruler. Eugene's beneficial and conciliatory government rendered the French more popular in Lombardy, than in any other of their conquered states. He is even yet remembered with affection, and doubly regretted by the inhabitants of the north of Italy, from a comparison with their present uncongenial German masters, whose cold harsh manners accord so badly with those of their lively subjects.

I viewed the town generally the day after my arrival. The ancient part had been rebuilt after its destruction by the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, (in the 12th century, at the expense of the citizens of Lombardy), who entered into a league for the accomplishment of that purpose. Few ves-

tiges of the Romans can be expected to exist, after the burning and razing of the city, the cruel effects of Barbarossa's revenge. What may now be termed the old part of Milan exhibits neither regularity nor uniformity. It is built in the heavy imperfect style of architecture invented and adopted during the middle ages, and is bounded on all sides by the naviglio or canals, by means of which the commerce of Lombardy is carried on with Switzerland and Germany. The modern city extends itself beyond the banks of the canal, and is formed on an elegant and splendid plan. It is surrounded by boulevards planted with trees, used as a public walk. In architectural decorations it rivals the finest quarters of Paris, whilst in commodiousness and regularity, the principal streets are not inferior to those of London. It has even some peculiar advantages in point of pavement; for in the middle of the streets, that the motion of carriages may be as gentle as possible, there are two rows of large flags amongst which the wheels are made to move. The few squares in Milan are irregular and unornamented; with one exception, which is refreshed by a beautiful fountain formed of red granite, with Syrens of Carrara marble. It is well supplied with water by means of an hydraulic pump, which brings it from a subterranean stream that runs through the city. The square in front of the cathedral is very fine, but badly proportioned, its length being too great for its breadth. It only shines by a comparison with the other religious edifices, which are the ugliest in Italy. Coffee-houses and shops under arcades, in the style of the Palais Royale, are the greatest mural attractions of the city.

To enjoy the best view of the environs, I went to the cathedral (*il Duomo*), which stands nearly in the centre of Milan. On my first visit, though even a passing glance intimated it to be one of the most singular efforts of Gothic architecture, I did not remain long enough to give myself time to admire either the beauty of its exterior or the wonders of its interior. The most remarkable object is the spire, which is seen at many miles distance, surmounting an immense edifice of white marble, cut into a variety of fantastic ornaments. It is too heavy in its general effect, even though it were divested of its innumerable buttresses, columns, and obelisks, and ravished of the statues of every saint in the calendar, which are perched on the top of each projecting point. The dazzling whiteness of those objects would soon be destroyed in such a climate as ours; but in the clear atmosphere of Italy, their appearance is preserved unimpaired. This stupendous work has been raised at such long intervals during a period of 400 years, that it now presents a jumble of all the different orders. It is scarcely completed yet, owing to frequent interruptions from the want of funds and other causes. The contrast which it presents between the Grecian and Gothic, Roman and modern styles, forms quite a solecism in architecture; the more to be regretted, from the labour and expense incurred in attempting to rear a building, which can only be compared to a forest of marble, instead of being an elegant church, such as half the money properly employed would have built. On ascending to the gallery that runs round the spire, I enjoyed from the terrace a

most beautiful panoramic view bounded by Mont Blanc at 120 miles distance, of the highest part of the chain of Alps on the north, (that barrier covered with eternal snow), which extends all the way from Savoy to the Rætian Alps. In the fertile plain below, Piedmont, Lombardy, and the Venetian States, spread out like a continuous garden, intersected with rivers and canals, and adorned by towns and hamlets. Towards the south, the Apennines, which divide the Tuscan States midway between the Mediterranean and Adriatic, appeared like a faint blue line, almost lost to the sight, owing to a heavy vapour, which, from the heat of the day, rested upon the horizon.

The immediate neighbourhood of Milan is a fertile and highly cultivated country. All traces of France are lost, when we observe the large rice fields, divided into compartments for the greater facility of irrigation, and which are either flat, or in a succession of terraces, if on an inclined plain. Looking from so great a height over the country, these regular mirrors, covered with sheets of water, above which rows of green plants can only be discerned, have a most beautiful and pleasing effect. For a hundred miles round in every direction, a rich and well-watered country strikes the eye, improving in cultivation the nearer it approaches to the capital, where ample advantage has been taken of great local facilities, and superior knowledge—irrigation being better understood in this province than any part of Europe.

I went one evening with a musical amateur to the theatre of La Scala, reckoned one of the finest in Europe, and which, in point of architecture and size, is

only inferior to that of San Carlo at Naples. The form of this theatre renders it very favourable for spectators, being widest towards the stage. I was quite struck with the splendour of the house. The boxes are elegantly furnished and fitted up with silk curtains, each having a small wardrobe attached, with an open corridor between,—an arrangement which is very useful, as at Milan and all parts of Italy, it is the custom for ladies to receive visits in their opera boxes, where, however, they seldom appear until rather a late hour. The entertainment consisted of an opera seria, called “*L’ultima giornata di Pompée* ;” * but during its performance neither applause nor censure was heard—all was silence and attention. The scenery was splendid,—indeed equal to that of the Grand Opera of Paris, though scarcely so varied. The orchestra was more numerous and better selected than any either in the French or in the English capital, music with Italians being, as every body knows, quite an object of national interest. Barbaja, the *Empressario* of Milan, is also director of the operas at Vienna and Naples, a union of offices which enables him to send with greater facility, to each theatre in its turn, the best singers and dancers in Europe. It is evident that theatrical concerns in Italy form a most essential part of the social system. They are regulated by a code of laws, enforced by the manager, to which the greatest importance is attached by the aristocracy as well as by the people. The *prima donna* of Milan, Lalande, is scarcely inferior to Pasta or Sontag, indeed many prefer her to either ; and Tam-

* The last day of Pompey.

bourini is a bass singer of great clearness and compass as well as a respectable actor. There is, besides a good Seminario for music and dancing, where none but females possessed of the finest figures and voices are admitted as pupils; and what is very remarkable, but, as I was assured, a well known fact, these Syrens and Sylphs are generally of good moral character, preserving their virtue amidst the thousand temptations to which they are hourly exposed in the vicious atmosphere that surrounds them! Credat Judæus Apella! At most Italian operas on the Continent, nearly the same entertainment is given every evening, there being only two pieces "in scena," which are performed alternately in the course of an entire season. During my stay at Milan I went very often to La Scala, and always saw the same opera and ballet; but, as an excuse for repeating it so frequently, it was pronounced "*Un' Opera che fa furore.*" *

I remarked to a gentleman who happened one evening to sit next me, near the orchestra, that I was surprised to observe so few Austrian officers at the theatre. "Why," said he "there are many; I am one myself; but we never appear in public, or even in the streets, in our uniform, except when on duty." He then pointed out several in the different boxes, and told me their names and rank. I think this shows good policy, as it makes the people less shy of their masters than they would be were the distinction more marked and apparent; but even in this case, it cannot be expected that they should easily associate with the *Tedeschi*. †

* An opera exciting enthusiasm. † Germans.

At the Brera, or Museum of fine arts, I passed a few hours viewing many excellent pictures by the most eminent masters. It was then open as an exhibition of the works of modern artists of the Lombard school, and the different prize pictures pieces of sculpture and designs, were distinguished by crowns placed conspicuously over them, being the first reward of the artists—fame. This large and elegant building, formerly a Jesuit's college, is now converted into an Academia, or *Scuola delle belle arti*. Its library is divided into several rooms, containing upwards of 180,000 volumes of valuable manuscripts and rare books, some of which are of the earliest era of typography. The most curious MS. I have seen is Petrarch's Virgil upon vellum, with the notes of that celebrated Italian poet. The first leaf is painted by Simon, representing all the subjects of the Æneid. It is now in the collection of the Ambrosian library, which is worthy of a visit, were it possessed of no other attractive object. There are however many. The modern display at La Brera did not interest me very much, there was such a glare of high colouring, and but few good pictures. I know nothing more tiresome than staring at similar exhibitions, though they always attract crowds in Paris, London, or Brussels. Where works of genuine excellence can be found, I look upon the time as lost which is spent in gazing on a mass of portraiture, and on the inferior efforts of living artists. At the same time it must be allowed, that such institutions are founded on an excellent principle, and no doubt prove highly beneficial to the arts. I returned again and again, to gaze upon the many admirable pic-

tures by Titian, Guido Reni, Salvator Rosa, Leonardo da Vinci, Paulo Veronese, and Rubens. But there was only one Raphael, and that a poor specimen of his transcendent abilities,—the well-known Marriage of the Virgin, which is quite in Perugino's antiquated formal style, and evidently one of the earliest works of his incomparable scholar's pure and graceful pencil. The Sculpture-room was by no means richly supplied, except in casts. It contained few or no antiques, and not many modern statues. Of the latter, Canova's Vestal, and Thorwaldsen's group of the Graces, are considered the best.

The charges at the *Croce di Malta* were four francs for dinner, including wine; and from two to four francs for a bedroom, varying according to its size. I seldom patronised breakfast, the Cafés being so much more convenient and agreeable. From an early hour in the morning, these are resorted to by ladies and gentlemen, for the purpose of enjoying their Café lattè, or pannera, which is decidedly the best cream-coffee I ever tasted—the valleys of the Alps, and the neighbouring meadows, affording excellent pasturage for cattle—a fact which accounts for the abundance and superior quality of the milk, cheese, and butter in this part of the country. Indeed, Nature has been most bountiful to Lombardy, except in the article of wine, which, though plentiful enough, is of a sweet and unpleasant quality. The best is brought from the vineyards on the banks of the lakes, and near Brianza, but it is far inferior to the wine of Asti, and other Piedmontese growths. At the Gran Bretagna, where I dined sometimes,

Madame Gaeta, the mistress of the house, presided at the table d'hôte; her husband was present, but seemed quite a Jerry Sneak. Upwards of twenty people generally sat down to an excellent dinner; after which, a few bottles of superior wine were handed round, country wine being previously allowed *at discretion*.

At our own hotel, I was agreeably surprised to find amongst the company Major R—, a Russian officer, whom I had known some years before in Switzerland. He was going further south, and proposed that we should proceed together to Venice and Florence. After I had spent a week or ten days at Milan, I assented to this proposal, chiefly because one of my previous fellow-travellers was obliged to return direct to England, and the other intended going to Turin, in order to visit the Vaudois of the Protestant valleys of Piedmont. I have travelled on the Continent, I believe, by every possible mode of conveyance—on mule-back, in hot, dusty Spain, and by excellent posting over good, though most uninteresting roads, in France—but my last, and not my least delightful excursion, was a solitary pedestrian tour among the Swiss mountains, which, after all, is the preferable mode of travelling. When one is perfectly independent of conveyances, by leaving every thing to chance his movements are quite free and unrestrained—and having no one's wishes to consult, he can indulge his own fancy, which, if it happens to be whimsical, might be apt to interfere with the plans and pleasures of others.

As the Austrian officer I met at la Scala told me there would be a review of the troops of the

garrison, I went very early one morning to see the Austrians manœuvre. The spot selected for the occasion was a large field between what was formerly the citadel and the arch of the Simplon. There were upwards of 5000 men on the ground, including a regiment of Yügers, one of Hulans, and a park of artillery, chiefly Hungarians, all in magnificent condition. They successively ranged themselves in order of battle, manœuvred and defiled with unparalleled precision for the space of a couple of hours. I was surprised that there were so few spectators, and not a single equipage. Such a sight in the environs of London or Paris, in delightful weather, would have attracted thousands, particularly of the fair sex. But the truth is, that the Austrians contrive to excite on every occasion the hatred of the people. A Milanese, speaking to me of them, quoted the verse which alludes to the Imperial eagle :

————— “ Aquila grifagna
Che più divorar due becchi porta. ” *

The white uniform of these foreign mercenaries is seen every where, sentinels are placed at every twenty paces, patrols continually parade the quiet streets of Milan, and cannon are planted in all the squares. The people know that they are slaves ; but although their chains gall them to the quick, they have neither the moral nor the physical force to break their fetters, and throw off the yoke.

There are some remarkable objects near the citadel, or Piazza d'Arme, which owe their existence

* ——— Thou Griffin-eagle
Which, the more to devour, bearest two beaks.

to Napoleon, whose government carried many national institutions to a degree of splendour that never failed to dazzle the multitude; but the finest work undertaken by his order, and one of the noblest designs in modern art, is the Triumphal Arch of the Simplon, so named as terminating the truly “regal way” leading over the Alps by that pass. This elegant erection consists of a centre, and two flank arches, composed entirely of a blueish marble from Lombardy, and in the same good taste, was to have been exclusively executed by native artists. The original *bassi relievi*, all of which were sculptured and several even put up, have been displaced however, and either destroyed or conveyed away, with the exception of one or two allegorical figures, as they recorded French victories in Italy, and consequently Austrian defeats. It is now adorned by pieces of sculpture better adapted to please the political feelings of the Emperor Francis. Upon this splendid monument, at the period of our visit, a great number of people were employed, who talked of completing it in a couple of years. If this were accomplished, it would form a most magnificent and imposing entrance to the capital of Lombardy.

The Amphitheatre, in the style of a Roman circus, was also erected by the French. It is upwards of 800 feet in length, and of an oval form. It was intended to amuse the people, by the display of public games; and was so constructed as to serve occasionally for a naumachia, being susceptible of inundation. It has ten rows of seats and galleries, which are calculated to contain about one third of the population of the city. Prince Eu-

gène ordered it to be sometimes opened gratis on great occasions, when the people were treated with exhibitions of fireworks and games. The citadel was formerly the castle or palace of the Dukes of Milan, the Visconti and the Sforza, names so celebrated in the annals of Lombardy. It has very recently been razed to the ground, with the exception of one wing, now converted into barracks for soldiers. Being no longer fortified, or capable of defence, its destruction is no trifling advantage to the peaceable citizens; for they enjoy an excellent promenade, and the troops a parade ground, on the site of the ancient fortress.

Desirous of seeing Leonardo da Vinci's remarkable fresco of the Last Supper, my fellow-traveller and myself were conducted to the refectory of the suppressed Dominican convent of St Maria della Gracia, which had been converted into a stable by the French soldiers, who perhaps attempted to hasten the ravages of time—the marks of three pistol-shots being visible on the fresco—fortunately, however, without injuring any of the figures of this celebrated masterpiece. It has also been altered by restorers, and has suffered extremely from the nature of the mixtures used in the colouring of the original design; but even under all these disadvantages, it still produces the effect I anticipated from the very correct idea conveyed by Morghen's excellent engraving, although the artist was compelled, in order to arrive at the truth, to refer to the original in two copies which were painted not long after Leonardo's time. After deliberately sitting upwards of an hour to view this performance, to the astonishment of the custodia,

when he opened the door to let us out, we were in no hurry to leave the spot. On perceiving this, he very coolly locked it again, thinking we were not inclined to stir at all, and then walked off. Nothing now remains of da Vinci's work, but the original design and grouping, which are admirable, and above all commendation; but the colours are so much faded, that some of the figures are quite imperceptible, even with the retouching of Mazzi and other restorers. The countenance of Judas is the most horrible that can be imagined. Leonardo, it is said, was so long before he could bring himself to complete his portion, that the Superior of the convent reproached him with the delay. The artist excused himself by alleging, that he had not been able to discover a model hideous enough to convey his idea of the traitor; but if his Reverence was in so great a hurry, and thought proper to sit, he would substitute his likeness for Judas. So flattering an offer was no doubt declined by the impatient Dominican, and more time granted. I have read this anecdote in some book of travels, but I forget by whom; indeed, I doubt the story altogether. Not only has this picture impressed me with the beauties of L. da Vinci's pencil, but it illustrates the artist's character. It is unfinished, having been abandoned before the principal head was completed. It exhausted the artist himself, by a vain chase after models for the accessories; whereas, as has been remarked, "had he been able to conceive the centre, the radii must of course have followed." In his rage for experiment, and in pursuit of beauty, he is said not unfrequently to have found deformity; and new mixtures of colours have dissolved and

injured a work which has been retouched with manifest detriment to its harmony of colour and effect. Da Vinci was probably one of the most versatile geniuses that ever existed. Celebrated as the greatest painter of the age in which he lived, his capacity was not limited to one art alone; he also excelled as an architect, a sculptor, and a musician. He even penetrated the arcana of science, and distinguished himself as an anatomist and chemist. But his inequality of fancy and want of perseverance neutralized the effect of those splendid talents. He sometimes mistook the real aim of art, and misapplied a splendour of intellect which eclipsed all former excellence, uniting in himself all the elements which constitute the essence of genius. *

We next visited the Zecca or mint, which in all its parts is admirable, whether as regards the excellence of its machinery, or the regularity and precision of its manifold arrangements. The establish-

* The author has here adopted the common, but certainly erroneous statement, that this celebrated Fresco was never finished. In England the opinion has become universally current, upon the classical authority of Roscoe, who has also thence deduced a very unfair estimate of Leonardo da Vinci's powers. On both points Mr Roscoe has been most ably refuted by more than one Italian writer. Those who wish to know the real state of the question are referred to *Macognaro Storia del Scul.* Tom. III. and particularly to a most valuable but unfortunately rare work of Cardinal Boromeo on this very fresco, written in the 16th century, and generally known by the name of the "*Aureo Libretto*," where it is proved beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the work was not only finished, but finished to the satisfaction of Da Vinci, and the admiration of the age. The English reader will find much information on this subject in Memes's "*Life of Canova*," as also in the 39th volume of Constables's *Miscellany*.

ED. of C. M.

ment, however, is on too large a scale for the exigencies of the limited coinage of the country. As a proof of this, I may mention, that there were not then one-fifth of the ordinary number of workmen employed. It possesses a very fine collection of medals, and, as is usual with visitors, we had one struck to judge of the quality of the machinery. The employés were remarkably civil, and anxious to show every part of the process of coining, and explain it to our satisfaction. I particularly remarked the mill for amalgamating the metals, which, as well as the coining presses, is set in motion by water.

It is generally understood that the Austrian police is vexatious ; but I can only say that I did not find it so. On calling at the office to present myself, I was merely asked my address, and how long I proposed staying ; and on applying for my passport, it was returned duly signed, to enable me to proceed to Venice. One feels pleasure in being able to record any favourable circumstance of the Austro-Milanese. As far as regards lamps and street-cleaning, the police is also well conducted ; but the irksome system of political *espionage* is, I understand, exercised with a vigilance, which causes the hatred existing between the respective countries to take a deeper root. The natives are the sufferers.

I was highly pleased with the Teatro Re, where I went one evening to see one of Goldoni's comedies. The Milanese accent, like that of all north Italy, is bad ; but on the stage we only hear "*la lingua Toscana*," though not always in "*bocca Romana*." The company performing at

this theatre was the Duke of Modena's, and unless when required to imitate provincialisms, their Italian was pure; however, my knowledge of it was not so acute as to detect slight faults. Another evening I passed a couple of hours most agreeably at the theatre of Gerolamo, where puppets of about three feet high are made to represent men and women in the most amusing manner. Many living actors whom I have witnessed would suffer from a comparison with these wooden performers. So complete is the delusion, from the admirable manner in which they are managed, that one would absolutely imagine the dialogues to proceed from the mouths of the puppets. A comedy, or rather farce was performed, called "*Il Vapore di Lago Maggiore*," a piece full of humour, which afforded the greatest display of the roguish qualities of Gianduja, a Piedmontese valet, who by his playful wit atoned for the want of interest in the plot. This was followed by a *ballet* with the same actors, whose *aplomb* and *möelleux* were nearly equal to those of a Vestris or a Biggotieri. One can form no idea of an Italian Polcinella, until he beholds these acting puppets. Although I had often heard of its excellence, this exhibition even exceeded my expectations. Gerolamo's theatre is quite a fashionable resort, notwithstanding the trifling price of admittance; and I was told that the late manager left a fortune of 300,000 livres, an amazing sum in that country, particularly to be gained by keeping a puppet-show.

Milan contains many fine churches; but my stay being rather limited, I was obliged to content myself with visiting only those of most celebrity for

pictorial or architectural beauty. However, I do not mean to inflict on the reader a detailed account of them. The bassi relievi in the front of the cathedral are executed in a very superior manner, and represent events related in sacred history. The entrance to the church is through five grand doors, only lately completed. The centre one is much the finest, and is supported in the interior by two granite columns of immense size; but a considerable part of the building is still unfinished. The marble pavement, (said to be superior to that of St Peter's at Rome), the choir and the pulpit, merit particular attention. The grand display, however, is to be found in the subterranean chapel, which contains the relics of San Carlo, and exceeds in value any thing I ever beheld. There are statues of this Saint and of St Ambrose (both of whom were bishops of Milan) in solid silver, larger than life. Rock crystal, gold, and a profusion of precious stones, embellish their shrines, which however are certainly calculated more to excite the cupidity than the devotion of the spectators. I confess I was more pleased with a marble statue of St Bartholomew by Agrate, behind the choir, than with any of the more valuable objects in the cathedral. It displays the muscular system so perfectly, the skin being as it were stript off, that an anatomist might lecture upon it with almost as much effect as on a human subject. This is no small degree of praise to the sculptor, who is compared to Praxiteles in the inscription, "Non me Praxiteles, sed Marcus finxit Agrate." * The view from the summit of the church, surrounded by its innumerable statues of saints and martyrs, I have

* "Not Praxiteles—but Marcus Agrate made me."

already spoken of ; but really, to ascend 500 steps to the dome is no trifling matter. I of course did not attempt such a feat at every visit I paid to the lower part. This cathedral may serve as a model for boldness of design, but it has been spoiled by the extravagance and singularity of its execution. A profusion of marble has been hewed down and cut into objects, which vanish individually into insignificance, though, taken as forming a whole, one must regard with amazement the number and beauty of the pillars, niches and statues. The roof and cupola are still more admirable ; for the insertion of every block of which the former is composed, astonishes, by the degree of talent, and the variety in the art of vaulting which it displays. But the edifice itself is encumbered with much unnecessary ornament, and by many accessories, which conceal and impair the general effect of each other. A rage for sculpture pervades every part of it, the tops of pillars, buttresses, pinnacles, and lateral spires, being surmounted with statues to the number of several thousands—circumstances which detract from their beauty and apparent height. The design of the original construction must have been Gothic ; but it has not been adhered to, although it is still the predominant style of its architecture. Four centuries, and some millions of money, have been consumed in erecting a confused mass, where Gothic pillars, pointed arcades and fretwork, are confounded with Roman arches, a Greek *entablature*, quadrangular doors and windows, while the whole is crowned by an Egyptian pyramid, with an image of the Virgin on its apex !

One of the most useful buildings in Milan is the Spedale Maggiore, or grand hospital; an admirable institution, where the sick of every description are received. It also serves the purposes of a medical school, to which there is attached a number of professors, some of whom have attained a high degree of eminence in one of the noblest pursuits of science. Their lectures are well attended by pupils, who resort from all parts of Italy, to an establishment where they have the best opportunities of studying the construction and the complicated machinery of the human frame. The building is a long and elegant parallelogram, with a spacious court in the middle, surrounded by porticoes, under which, once a year, are exposed the portraits of its numerous benefactors. Few sights are more gratifying than this tribute of Gratitude to Philanthropy.

The Basilica Ambrosiana, one of the four churches built by St Ambrose, is the most ancient in Milan, and probably the only one that has any pretensions to antiquity, which is its principal recommendation; unless the figure of a brass serpent (erroneously supposed to be that of the desert), brought from Constantinople in the tenth century, and several other relics of equally doubtful origin, can be considered as justifying such pretensions. Neither its interior nor exterior renders it by any means conspicuous. Although this church never was the cathedral, still, as the burial-place of St Ambrose, and as the depository of his relics, it enjoyed many privileges, and peculiar veneration. When the Emperors of the West held their court at Milan, it was in this Basilica

that they received the iron crown of Italy. The name of St Ambrose is remarkable in the annals of Catholicism, as the spiritual guide who had the merit of converting St Augustine, and as the undaunted defender of the orthodox church. The rite instituted by him is still observed in this diocese, and differs but slightly from the other Catholic forms, in regard to baptism by immersion, and the observance of Lent.

Notwithstanding the wars of Goths and Lombards, and the burning of the city, there have yet escaped from destruction sixteen fluted Corinthian columns of beautiful proportions, all in one file, supposed to have formed part of the baths of the Emperor Maximian Herculeus, who resided at Milan. They have occasioned much disputation among antiquaries and critics; but their origin does not appear to be yet sufficiently ascertained; though, from the fine taste displayed in their ornaments, and especially from their symmetry, they may safely be referred to an era not long posterior to the reign of Nero. By a late propping up, they may still transmit to future ages the most precious monument in Lombardy of the splendour of the Roman Empire.

No dedication is so common in Italy for churches, as to the Madonna. In that of San Celso, there are two Sibyls which merit particular attention, and some frescos of great merit, with which Appiani, a native artist, has ornamented the high altar and chapels. There are also two statues of Adam and Eve at the entrance, the latter of which, not unfrequently, has been reckoned equal to some of the most perfect antique models of female beauty.

A palace near the Porta Orientale, though now

the residence of the Austrian governor, still retains the name of its late Imperial master; and it is worthy of remark, as a proof that political animosity can be forgotten, even by Germans, in their friendship for the arts, that an admirable picture by the Chevalier Appiani, representing the Apotheosis of Napoleon, still graces the hall of the throne in this palace.

The drive called the Corso, which extends from the Cathedral to one of the handsomest gates along the palace-gardens, is frequented as a promenade on Sundays, when the fashionables display all their finery. I saw some carriages which might have been built in Long Acre, and much better horses than are generally sported in the boasted long *champ* of Paris; for the Milanese nobility pique themselves on imitating English manners,—indeed many of their equipages, for splendour, would not disgrace Hyde-Park itself. Most of the young men of fortune visit London, if they can obtain passports; not always a very easy matter, as it often occurs, when they apply to the Minister of Police, that he asks their motive for going to England; and when they naturally reply, for amusement, the pleasure of travelling, and seeing the world. “Oh, if that is all,” he replies “why don’t you go to Vienna, which is infinitely superior in every other attraction? Besides, it would be pleasing to the Emperor to see his Italian nobles at court.” Thus, many a silly fellow has been coaxed, cajoled, and even compelled to act diametrically opposite to his own wishes and inclinations, in order to meet the views of “the powers that be.” England is a bad country for an Austrian subject to visit. It would seem as if

it exported nothing but blood-horses and liberal ideas.

The public gardens are always crowded, on Sundays and holidays, with well-dressed pedestrians and handsome women, who resort to them from every part of Italy. They mix in the crowd with the citizens' wives and fair daughters, or with the proud aristocracy of the land; walking up and down, or sitting under the shade of trees, listening to the music of an excellent band, belonging to one of the regiments of the garrison, which generally plays all the afternoon. There is at Milan an air of bustle, wealth and luxury, which sheds a lustre every where; a happy mixture of the French and Italian character; and the scene is infinitely more attractive than the sameness, dullness, and dust of the eternal Hyde Park of a London morning—*i. e.* from five to seven in the afternoon. One of the most beautiful women who appeared in the promenade, afterwards dined at our table d'hôte. She had been recently married to a Piedmontese nobleman, and the couple were just arrived from Turin, having taken up their abode at the Croce di Malta. I had several opportunities of admiring her frank easy manners, free from prudery or affectation. Apparently unconscious of her own attraction, she assumed no dignified airs. The ladies whom I saw at la Scala and in public during my stay, are in general fair, have good eyes, and large features, but are somewhat inclined to *embonpoint*; wearing a great profusion of hair, real or false, divided into ringlets. There were amongst them certainly many very fine women. I believe there is still much dissipation at

Milan. A thirst for pleasure seems to prevail, and many facilities are afforded for its indulgence. The great night for the opera is Sunday, when it is always more fashionably attended than at any other time. Catholics consider, that if they attend church in the forenoon, hear mass, and refrain from servile work the remainder of the day, they may, in the evening, enjoy any species of innocent amusement or recreation.

The immense plain around Milan is highly cultivated, but rather monotonous, and partly inundated to raise crops of rice, the principal production of Lombardy. From this circumstance, and the great summer heat, it is at times unhealthy—the atmosphere being heavy, misty, and impregnated with a noxious effluvia, which drives the noble and wealthy citizens to their country villas on the banks of the lakes. Strangers are impressed with the most favourable idea of the wealth and taste of the Milanese on approaching their capital, every thing being on so grand a scale, with broad roads, and fine avenues of trees; and the city itself supports the impression. It presents many handsome public edifices, either built or adorned by the late government, so that if money was extorted in oppressive taxes and contributions, part of it was spent beneficially in employing the people.

When about to set off for Rome, how much I regretted not having brought with me some good books of reference; but those of greatest utility are prohibited: even Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Sismondi's works, and Lady Morgan's *Italy*. Voluminous works take up so much room, that when one has no carriage of his

own, he is obliged, to avoid being encumbered with luggage, to content himself with as few books as possible. Those on topography can always be found on the spot, and if in the language of the country, so much the better, for with the aid of a dictionary a double purpose is answered. Eustace's *Classical Tour* (not as a guide-book, but for general information and entertainment) is certainly one of the best and most instructive works I have read on Italy,—very superior indeed to the commonplace travels and tours which are published, and the nonsense which is believed in England. A clerical friend of mine told me that Eustace was out of fashion. I laughed at the absurdity of his idea of fashion, extended to so ridiculous a pitch, preferring perhaps some neat octavo just issued from the press by a graduate of his own university, to the standard and admirable work of a learned and amiable author, because they differed on certain abstract points of theology. Eustace had, however, the gratification to see his *Tour* pass through half a dozen editions before his death.

CHAPTER III.

AUSTRIAN STATES.

September 20th.—In the north of Italy travelling is excellent. Relays of post-horses may be had at every stage; and with a carriage of one's own, the ground is got over as expeditiously as in any other part of the Continent. In the Austrian dominions there are sedia, or one-horse chaises on two wheels, with seats for a single person, to be hired at a moderate rate from one town to another. The diligence and couriers are entirely government concerns. The coaches of the former are strongly built, and tolerably commodious, though somewhat heavy. They carry six inside passengers, with three in the cabriolet, and are drawn by four post-horses. A fixed fare is exacted, as well as the gratification to the conductor and postillions, all of which expenses generally amount to about 35 centimes, or $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. a mile. Even the price of dinner and beds on the road is regulated by the proper authorities, and inserted on tickets delivered to travellers when they take their places, with a view to prevent imposition. I observed we were escorted by gens d'armes, who were relieved

at every stage until daylight. Very few instances of highway robbery now occur ; but as occasional attacks of banditti have been made in some parts of Italy, particularly in the south, such precautions are considered necessary to protect the lives and property of travellers against depredations.

We left Milan at midnight, and passed through Lodi at a very early hour in the morning ; but did not cross the long wooden bridge over the Adda, so celebrated from the brilliant and successful attack Buonaparte made upon it, during his first campaigns in Italy : we passed, however, almost under the tree where he rallied his grenadiers, and at their head forced the Austrian intrenchments on the opposite bank. The next place we came to was Pirrighettoni, remarkable for having been the prison of Francis the First, who was for some time detained in its strong fortress. The warlike Julius the Second said that the electors of Germany and the cardinals of Rome had committed a great mistake, for they ought to have chosen the pacific Maximilian Pope, and himself Emperor. The succeeding Emperor, however, was endowed with greater military and political talents, for he twice defeated his rival Francis ; first in his election to the empire, and again at Pavia, where, by the bad advice of Bonivet, the French monarch divided his army in the presence of his enemy, and received a lesson which has served as a caution to every general since. The chivalrous Francis lost every thing "*hors l'honneur* ;" and during his detention as a prisoner in Spain, even solicited assistance from the Turks, to whom he despatched Frangipani as an emissary,

requesting Soliman the Magnificent to espouse his cause. The Sultan's answer is still preserved in the Royal Library at Paris. There was little to please the eye in this part of the country ; no delightful valleys, no mountain scenery, no cascades or stupendous crags, were to be seen. The whole road, during that day's journey, lay between straight rows of trees, over a continued fertile plain, watered by abundant rivers and canals, presenting, on every side, rich meadows or highly cultivated fields. The towns and villages we passed through had every appearance of wealth and prosperity, being inhabited by a hardy, industrious population. It was then the season for the *villeggiatura*, when families repair to their country-houses, where they remain during the vintage, or until the cold drives them back to the cities. The peasantry were busily employed at the vintage, which had just begun ; and as we approached Cremona, we met all along the road carts drawn by dove-coloured oxen, and other vehicles, loaded with the purple treasures of Bacchus. As the afternoon advanced, the scene became more interesting, and afforded us an opportunity of witnessing the whole rural population, busily employed in their happiest pursuits, reaping the reward of their labours. A fastidious person should not follow the vintagers farther, for I think the operations of the wine-press are quite disgusting. I have seen the peasants in Portugal take off their shoes, and dance about amongst the grapes. They then collect all the skins, and extract the juice from them by means of the press, which is generally surrounded by a litter of pigs impatient for their share, the husks ; but, fortunate-

ly for wine-drinkers, the process of fermentation carries off all impurities. In Italy the practice is similar, but without the four-footed assistants ; and in Lombardy especially, an uncommon degree of order and cleanliness is observable in the rural *menage*. From these remarks the Scriptural reader will perceive both the universality of the custom, as also the simplicity and force of the allusion to “ treading the wine-press,” which so often occurs in the writings of the Jewish prophets.

At Cremona we stopped but a short time. This place is better known for the excellence of its violins and other musical instruments, which are seen and *heard* all over Europe, than for its school of painting ; for although few of the second-rate towns in Italy are more distinguished in the annals of the art, neither Vasari nor Lanzi has mentioned its former celebrity. But Count B. Vidoni has lately done justice to its fame. However, the artists of Cremona have not been altogether neglected by former writers ; for Petrarch speaks of Simon Martini, who painted several portraits of Laura, and was the intimate friend of her lover. But the Cremona school was not founded till long after by the Campi, of whom it justly boasts ; and Vidoni gives a long, and what is considered a very correct account of the different masters it has produced, displaying much taste in the analysis of their works.

When we reached Mantua, we got a valet de place to point out the principal edifices, such as the Palace of Te—a strange name for the finest building in the city, bestowed upon it because it is built in the shape of the letter T. This palace, as well as several of the churches, were built

from the designs of Giulio Romano, who resided some years at the court of the Duke of Mantua, and embellished many of the edifices with splendid frescos and pictures. The great attraction which this remarkable building now presents, is the *Sal di Giganti*, or “Hall of the Giants,” a large quadrangular apartment, round the entire walls of which, in a species of panorama, is the famous fresco of the artist just mentioned, representing the fall of the Titans. Whether, as regards its present state of excellent preservation, or the intrinsic merit of the composition and grandeur of the style, this is one of the most interesting works of modern art. Some of these “Sons of Earth” are seen falling headlong into the sea, with ghastly wounds; in another place they are crushed, and writhing in fearful agony, beneath enormous rocky masses; while others are beheld as if hurled “sheer o’er the crystal battlements” by the thunder of Omnipotence. All this sublimity of thought, however, is much impaired by the smallness of the space; for, extensive as the hall is, the eye is allowed to approach too near, and to measure too closely, the merely corporeal energies of the work. It is a fine trait in Buonaparte’s character, that when besieging Mantua, then defended by the Austrians under old Wurmser, he turned his cannon from this, though a favourable point of attack, lest, by the destruction of the place, this picture might be for ever lost to the world. Andrea Mantegna also enriched many of the churches and palaces of Mantua with the productions of his admirable pencil. I had merely time to step into the old ducal palace, —a heavy Gothic building, not particularly at-

tractive, to admire its principal apartments. Mantua is the native place of Virgil. A statue has been erected to his memory in one of the halls of the Palace of Justice; and the French, who liked a little ostentation, caused a column and bust, in honour of the Mantuan bard, to be placed in the Mincio, a public walk. The situation of this fortified town is very remarkable. Surrounded by water and a flat country, it can only be approached by bridges. There are two lakes of considerable extent, with reedy shores, in the direction of Verona and Cremona, which, with the large tract of marshy ground around the city, render it very unhealthy. Partial draining, and the improvement of the land of late years, has had a beneficial effect on the air; but the place is still very subject to intermittent fevers.

My companion was so anxious to view the Cathedral, that we had it opened for our inspection by torch-light, I could see well enough, even under so great a disadvantage, to admire its beautiful fluted Corinthian columns, supporting a second range of Composite ones, which separate the nave from the aisles. There are many defects in this magnificent structure, I understand: not in the original design, which does honour to the architectural talents of Giulio Romano, but in the awkward attempts to repair the ravages of time, by overloading the wall with ornaments in extremely bad taste; but fortunately the lateness of the hour, and the imperfect light by which I saw it, prevented me from perceiving them.

Verona, which we next visited, claims the honour of being the birthplace of Vitruvius, probably

the greatest architect the world has produced. The arch of Gavi is attributed to him, but it presents a very imperfect specimen of his abilities ; although, I believe, it is the only one of which his native place can boast. There are two modern gates, the Porta Nuova and Porta di Palio, of rustic masonry, with Doric columns, both by the architect San Micheli. The most celebrated native of Verona, in modern times, is the Marquis Scipio Maffei, who lived to a very advanced age. He is best known as the author of *Merope*, a subject dramatized by Euripides, and also by two of the greatest French and Italian poets of the day, Voltaire and Alfieri. Maffei was the first who succeeded in introducing the Tragic muse into Italy, and in composing a tragedy without love, or any of the romantic taste of the French drama ; exciting and supporting the interest of the plot solely by the danger to which a mother exposes a beloved son. As a proof of the popularity of this admirable piece, the unprecedented number of sixty editions were printed and sold within a few years after its first performance at Modena. Maffei also ranks high as an historian ; not of that vague and arid class, limited to the record of facts and dates, similar to a dictionary, which loads the memory without improving the mind. He traces the genius and faults of men, the effects of their passions on the manners and ignorance of the age, and the benefits or misfortunes they caused to the world, by following the progress of arts and sciences, as well as of arms and literature. History, treated in this manner, becomes precious to posterity, and affords both pleasure and instruction. As a proof

of the estimation in which this learned man was held in his native city, a statue was raised in honour of him about a century ago, with a plain inscription "To the Marquis Scipio Maffei during his lifetime;" which Voltaire said was equivalent to the compliment Montpellier paid to the *Grand Monarque*, by erecting a statue to "Louis 14ze après sa mort." *

The renowned amphitheatre is a magnificent monument of the Roman empire in the days of its greatest power, and justly considered the chief ornament of Verona. It is of an oval form, constructed of large square blocks of marble, the extreme length of the ellipsis being 500 feet. Three tier of Doric columns ornament different stories, which are rusticated arcades. The exterior has suffered much; but in the interior no marks of decay are now perceptible, owing to its having been restored about two centuries ago. It still retains forty rows of sloping marble seats for spectators. The local authorities have suffered a small wooden theatre to be erected in the arena, for the performance of comedies in the daytime. This erection rather spoils the sublime effect of an ancient edifice, when occupied by a motley audience applauding the miserable wit of Arlecchino and a set of strolling players, whose mummeries are any thing but in keeping with the noble scene by which they are surrounded.

To gratify the curiosity of English travellers, the pseudo-sarcophagus of Juliet is pointed out to them in a delightful garden, the site of a con-

* "To Louis XIV. after his death."

vent, said to have been "the tomb of all the Capulets." This city, Verona, was, at all events, the scene of *Romeo and Juliet*, as well as of another admirable drama of our immortal bard. It must, therefore, have an ideal charm for every Englishman, to whom the name of Verona sounds somewhat familiar. Independently of these associations, it has the attraction of a beautiful situation, on the river Adige, which separates the two towns Verona and Veronetta. The latter place is ornamented with several fine churches, of an architecture that does not disgrace the birthplace of Vitruvius himself. One of them, St George, is remarkable for its fine cupola, the work of Sansovino : it also contains some very good pictures by Paulo Veronese and Tintoretto. I spent a few hours in the cathedral, which is adorned by a number of Titians, Bellinos, and other paintings by celebrated masters of the Venetian school, much better worth looking at than the building itself, which is in the Gothic style, and not remarkable either for beauty or elegance. Being the head-quarters of the Austrian troops in Italy, a very strong garrison is maintained in Verona. A better point could not be selected as a central depôt, as it is equidistant from Milan and Venice, and near the high road to Vienna, which is always kept in the best state of repair, to enable the Emperor to reinforce his Italian army at the shortest notice, by either of the two great passes of the Alps situated in his own dominions.

The Corso, and a few other streets of Verona, are handsome. The Parade, or Piazza d'Arme, is now an elegant public walk, of which the amphitheatre forms the centre ; and which is

crowded in the evening with ladies and gentlemen, thousands of whom are attracted after sunset to enjoy the cool pleasant air, and to hear some beautiful pieces of martial music. There are several Cafés in the Piazza d'Arme, with awnings spread in front of them, under which coffee, ices, and other refreshments, are served to the numerous groups from the promenade. I took much pleasure in viewing the scene until a late hour. When the clash of the military band ceased, the company soon after dispersed, and I was left almost alone, contemplating, by the reflection of a few glimmering lamps, the massive dark walls of that vast fabric, so often stained with the blood of gladiators, and many other victims of the crimes and ferocity of the Imperial Romans.

Some hours before daylight next morning, I was summoned to take my place in the diligence. I generally prefer the cabriolet, where the conductor sits, that I may have a better view of the country; and I therefore lost no time in securing it with my fellow-traveller. There were six persons to accommodate inside; and an extra vehicle was required for the other passengers, one of whom, a Milanese lady, was desired to take her place in it, which she refused to do, when she saw that it was an open gig exposed to the cold morning air. The conduttore remonstrated, urging, that as she was the last arrived, the coach being full, she would be under the necessity to submit. She peeped in, and seeing it contained only men, exclaimed, with a most pathetic air, "*Como è possibile, tanti huomini lasciare una Donna sola viaggiare in un legno scoperto!*" "How is it possible for so many

men to allow a solitary female to travel in an open vehicle ! " Although she was neither young nor handsome, I felt my gallantry so forcibly appealed to by the stress she laid on the words *una Donna sola*, that I could not refrain from offering to resign my seat ; which was not, however, accepted of, for a close carriage was soon after procured for her. This surmounted all difficulties, and we continued our route towards Vicenza.

When the sun rose from the Adriatic, we discovered on the left the long chain of Alps, which separates Germany from Italy, and enjoyed a fine drive over a fertile plain, through beautifully festooned vines on every side, supported on mulberry trees. A few hours brought us to the Tesina, which we crossed, over a handsome stone bridge ; and soon after we passed through the splendid modern gate at the entrance of Vicenza, which has quite the appearance of a triumphal arch. As we only intended staying one day, a cicerone was immediately engaged to accompany us to the most remarkable works of Palladio, who was the father of that style of architecture introduced into England by Inigo Jones. This eminent Italian artist has studied Vitruvius's works in the true spirit of their author ; and to him the art is indebted for its purest style, many specimens of which in Vicenza, his native place, evince his well-earned fame. Most of the principal public and private edifices of the city are either the workmanship of this celebrated practical antiquary, or built from his designs. The first we went to was his own house, which presents an elegant and simple model of architectural skill, though under the dis-

advantage of being concealed in a narrow confined street.

The Olympic theatre astonished and pleased me most. Its permanent, fixed scenes, represent three streets, or majestic avenues, diverging from the stage, according to the most perfect rules of perspective. Palaces, magnificent dwellings, and triumphal arches are erected in alto relievo, shortening and diminishing perspectively. The proscenium is consequently much diminished in size. The columns are of the Corinthian order, the inter-columniations being filled up with niches and statues. The form is semi-elliptical, with several rows of seats, rising as in amphitheatres; but, from the narrowness of the situation, it is not calculated to contain many spectators. This splendid specimen of architecture is encompassed all round with a frame-work of stairs; and at the summit of the receding galleries, there is a corridor. Above is a light and well-proportioned attic, the pannels of which are ornamented with bassi relievi. Although it was built not more than 250 years ago, one imagines he sees a Roman theatre, as Palladio followed the exact proportions recommended by Vitruvius, who borrowed from the Greeks his plans for the construction of ancient theatres. The Madonna del Monte is some miles distant from the town; and unfortunately my time did not permit me to view its famous portico, a series of arched arcades, extending for more than a mile up the whole ascent of the hill, under which many devotees may be seen performing their pilgrimage upon their knees. Neither could I visit the Ro-

tunda di Capra, also a work of Palladio, which has been imitated by Lord Burlington in the Duke of Devonshire's quadrefrontal villa at Cheswick, the best specimen in England of the Palladian style of domestic architecture.

We went from Vicenza to Padua next day, the drive along the banks of the river being extremely interesting. The country had a gay and animated appearance ; populous villages, country seats and Palladian villas, with fine gardens, diversify the scene on both sides of the Brenta, the resort of many noble Venetians, who wish at that happy season of the year to enjoy the pleasure of *velleggiatura*. It was quite dark ere we reached Mestra, where we embarked in a large gondola to cross the Laguna. We then entered the great canal of Venice ; and I was quite enchanted with the appearance of the "Queen of the Adriatic," anticipating the pleasure of a more perfect view in the morning, for star and lamp-light are ill calculated to enable one to judge of its wonders. The faint glimmering from the windows of its marble palaces, served more to bewilder my senses, than to enlighten them, at the hour of midnight.

Early the following morning, as I sat in one of the balconies of the hotel, the calm waters of the great canal of Venice rippling against the bridge of the Rialto immediately before me, I thought of the Dandoli, the Foscari, the Giustini, the Morosini, and other great and powerful men, who once lived in those old massive palaces, reclining in the lap of luxury, surrounded by Asiatic splendour, and armed with power. But now when I turn my eyes towards those

buildings, they are deserted by their lords. The successors of that ambitious aristocracy, who built mansions suited to the fierce grandeur of their free and elevated minds, are now degraded, and these palaces are the abodes of strangers or menials, who seem lost in the magnificence of such splendid halls. Venice, the city from whose story Shakspeare chose the subject of some of his plays, is no longer brilliant and flourishing. It bears evident traces of premature decay. The life is gone ; its once gay inhabitants are dwindled into the abject subjects of a foreign and detested prince. The empty gloomy-looking gondolas, the half-deserted quays, bridges and streets, of the once famed " City of the Waters," all indicate that slavery, want, and oppression, have usurped the place of freedom, riches, and power.

After a short walk through narrow crooked lanes, I directed my steps towards the Piazza di San Marco, and felt the contrast most forcibly on entering a magnificent square surrounded on three sides by handsome buildings designed by the architect Sansovino, all of which have galleries of open arcades on the ground-floor. This square is terminated by the metropolitan church of San Marco, surmounted by its five cupolas—over the rich mosaic front of which, the celebrated bronze horses, the supposed workmanship of Lysippus, which successively adorned Constantinople, Venice and Paris, have again resumed their station. This well-known edifice forms so prominent an object in many pictures of the Venetian school, that it was perfectly familiar to me. The Piazzetta, or smaller square, is on one side overlooked by the

ducal palace, and is also ornamented with two beautiful granite columns of immense height, one supporting the winged lion of St Mark, the patron of Venice, and the other a statue of St Theodore, for whose memory the Republic had a singular veneration—he having been titular patron of the church of St Mark, before the body of the Evangelist was translated to it.

A fertile field for reflection is offered when contemplating the existing state of this once powerful Republic, which for centuries gave laws to many kingdoms, and was mistress of the commerce of the Mediterranean, the Levant, and even of India. We see it now reduced to a second-rate town, and with all its territories, merely a province of the House of Austria. With difficulty can the imagination conceive the once dreaded effect of that receptacle for secret denunciation; but the sight of the “Bridge of Sighs,” its neighbouring dungeon and towers, serve to recal to the mind the arbitrary and despotic Council of Ten, which overawed the Republic and its Doge. The scene of Marino Falieri’s punishment was pointed out to me. It reminds one of the power of the aristocracy, and their summary mode of exercising it. Count Daru, in his *History of Venice*, has unravelled the dark and fearful labyrinth of that oligarchical tyranny with laborious attention; and so infamous were the institutes of the Council, that assassination and poisoning were enjoined by one of its ordinances.

I must say that the Ducal palace, not as a building, but from the associations connected with its interesting history, gratified me more than any

royal or imperial palace I had hitherto seen. It is built in that massive semi-Gothic and Arabesque style, with pointed arches, its walls chequered with red and white marble, symmetrically disposed, and having its gigantic stairs approached by eight different gates. Of the many edifices which Venice contains remarkable for their architecture, or for the splendour of their interior, none is superior to this in the magnificence of its halls and galleries, which are covered with paintings by Paulo Veronese, Titian, Bassano, and other eminent masters, illustrating the history and great exploits of the commonwealth. One of the most remarkable pictures in the Senate-hall, represents the great naval victory gained by the Venetians over the Emperor, Otho ; and another the interview between his father Frederic Barbarossa and Pope Alexander III., who is in the act of setting his foot on the Emperor's neck, in the porch of St Mark's church. Barbarossa, after his signal defeat by the Venetians, aided by their Milanese and Sicilian allies, certainly came to Venice, and abjured the schism in favour of Octavian, whose pretensions to the chair of St Peter he had previously supported. So far, the subject may be a very fit one for a picture ; but the whole of the pretended humiliation (though by many, such as my cicerone, implicitly believed) is a notorious forgery, as inconsistent with reason as with the singular meekness of Alexander, who not only treated his rivals with the greatest humanity and forbearance, but even entertained Calistus, one of the number, at his own table. The silence of all contemporary writers, and the positive contradiction given to it by judi-

cious historians, demonstrate the absurdity of the fable ; and a picture, painted four hundred years afterwards, amounts to no proof of the fact. Poets and painters are equally allowed the liberty of fiction and emblematical representations ; consequently their authority in such matters is seldom correct, or at best entitled to much weight.

The metropolitan church of San Marco, the oldest in Venice, was built in the tenth century, and enriched with gold, marble and mosaic, the plunder of the East. The body of St Mark, brought from Alexandria, was also deposited in it. This structure forms a striking contrast to the pure and elegant Grecian style of architecture. Instead of the ancient graceful simplicity of that school, it is heavy and overloaded with ornament. The five gilded domes are too low, and the effect of the interior is in a great measure lost, owing to the imperfect light which is admitted into it ; so that notwithstanding the richness of its gilding, its splendid mosaics and other curiosities, the whole edifice is in bad taste ; for, in its construction, the Venetians did not limit themselves to copy with fidelity the best parts of the church of St Sophia.

From the few opportunities a short stay afforded me, I cannot be supposed to know much of the Venetians as a people ; but, judging from the little which I saw of them, as well as from their history, I could not help feeling deeply interested in every thing connected with so celebrated a city. The nobility is divided into four classes ; and it is not a little surprising, that, until within a very few years, lineal descendants of all the twelve tribunes of the first class, who elected the first Doge in the 8th

century, were in existence. Even the second class, those whose names are found in the golden book of the aristocracy established in 1289, is, with very few exceptions, more ancient than our oldest English nobility; and yet this is one of the newest States of Italy. Such is the comparative antiquity of different countries, or rather families. The descendants of these patricians still bear an excellent character for honour, mildness, and integrity. The ladies are handsome, and renowned for their wit and amiability. It is impossible not to admire their tall graceful figures, their dark eyes, and fine full open foreheads upon which their rich black ringlets repose. Even amongst the females of the lower orders, many are lovely and elegant in face and figure. With protruded eager lips, and expressive mouths, they have little of the usual hue of the Italian climate on their cheeks. There is also something extremely pleasing in the sound of the Venetian dialect, contrasted with the harsher accents of the Milanese. The language of the women, in particular, is quick, vehement, and expressive.

Venice is considered a corrupt city. If it is so, its depravity is certainly distinct from that of northern capitals, a difference attributable partly to climate. The Venetians have many of the vices of luxury and civilization; but from what I could perceive or discover, I do not think there is so much vice, dissipation and licentiousness, as is generally supposed; nor are these qualities accompanied by that disgusting sensuality, which indicates a total want of feeling, decorum, and good-breeding. During the carnival, there are six or seven theatres open. Balls, masquerades and other amusements, are still frequen-

ted ; but from the great change of fortune among the higher and middle classes of society, there is much sombre gayety, and many heavy hearts amidst this outward show of mirth and frivolity ; but still the delightful city of Venice possesses many advantages for strangers. Living is cheap, and the climate temperate, and even delightful, except during the autumn, when the air is reckoned insalubrious. Amusement and instruction are easily procured. It is moreover adorned with not a few splendid monuments of the arts, though impoverished by foreign rapacity, and an uncongenial government, which casts an air of gloom where gayety and prosperity reigned before.

At the *conversazione*, I found the society pleasant and easy. When introduced to the lady of the mansion, I was uniformly treated with that polite attention which distinguishes Italians in their intercourse with foreigners ; and I acknowledge, that the general urbanity of manners I have observed to prevail throughout Italy, has contributed greatly to dispel the unfavourable impressions caused by the frequent misrepresentations made by most travellers in regard to them. I now moralize less on the vicious propensities attributed to Italians than I did before ; because I have had opportunities of ascertaining the gross prejudices on which our ideas of their immorality are often founded.

We went one day to the *Scuola delle belle Arti*, or Academy of the Fine Arts, held in one of the buildings formerly occupied by the confraternity Della Carita. This establishment consists of several large saloons filled with pictures, forming a valuable national gallery, which is en-

riched by some of the best works of the eminent masters of the Venetian school, particularly of the great Titian, who justly ranks at its head. Several of Titian's pictures are here, including his celebrated chef-d'œuvre, the Assumption of the Virgin, restored to brilliancy from a state of decay. This, with sixty others of the same collection, have returned from their visit to Paris,—a proof of their excellence,—for the French deserved the credit of being connoisseurs in the selections they made. None but gems of art were admitted among their plunder.

The artists of the Venetian school seem to have penetrated into the very essence of painting, applying themselves ardently to the contemplation of nature, and seizing all the fascinations of colouring, which had been so much disregarded by their predecessors; and Titian, whose portraits are always marked by dignity of character and elegance of costume, and whose productions are so exquisite for brilliancy of tints, has justly obtained the title of chief colourist, notwithstanding the well-founded claims of Rubens and Vandyke. The other distinguished artists of the Venetian school are Belmino, Titian's master, the two Palmas, Vittorio Carracci, Bassano Tintoretto, Paulo Veronese, Giorgiano, and Sebastiano del Piombo, whose performances are all imbued with the same peculiar characteristics; such as, perfect distribution of light and shade, truth of colour, correct eye for nature, and boldness of touch.

I lingered long among the works which adorn this noble gallery, graced by such great names; and afterwards saw a statue of the muse Polyhym-

nia, with some beautiful pieces of sculpture by Canova, and a good many casts of the finest antiques, placed in other rooms.

The Scuoli, or Halls of the Fraternities, six in number, were all suppressed about thirty years ago, when the French Republic superseded the Venetian. That which now serves as a public gallery, and the Scuola di San Rocca, are the only ones which have been kept in repair. The latter is remarkable for the beauty of its building, and the fine collection of paintings it contains, chiefly by Tintoretto, who had all the boldness of pencil and variety of design of Michael Angelo, combined with the fine colouring of Titian. It is to be regretted, that so many of the pictures of this most expeditious and rapid painter were left in an unfinished state. Several of them have also suffered from the ravages of time.

The Piazza di San Marco is one of the most enchanting places of public resort that can be imagined. Under its colonnade, on three sides of the square, are shops of all descriptions, and coffee-houses frequented by Greeks, Jews, and Christians. The former are generally smoking in the true Oriental style, and the latter enjoying their coffee or ices. Finely dressed ladies, escorted by *cavaliere serventi*, are seated under awnings at all hours of the evening, listening to the delightful music of the harp or the guitar, as accompaniments to the fine melodious voices of itinerant musicians, who take their stations before the most fashionable cafés. We remarked no splendid equipages (for carriages are unknown in Venice); but parties are seen constantly landing from gondolas,

or gliding past. Perhaps the gondoliers are singing the verses of Tasso in parts ; or, if the night is dark, black skiffs may be observed moving along on the surface of the water in every direction, with their solitary lamps, forming altogether a scene so novel and striking, and so very unlike our Northern manners, that the effect it produces cannot easily be obliterated from the mind.

The principal theatre, the Tenice, was not open ; and the second-rate ones, San Marco and San Benedetto, are not much resorted to by the dillitanti. I went occasionally to the opera, and once saw Tancredi performed. Its delightful music is just what I conceive sweet sounds should be ; not merely a scientific art, but a pleasing recreation adapted for the amusement of every human being possessed of ears or feelings. Justice, however, was not done to the charming opera ; for the performers were all mediocre, except the prima donna, and she did not sing that delightful arietta of Rossini, "*Tu che accudi*," with so great a degree of taste, purity and science, as I have often heard it in London.

It is related by the Venetians of Rossini, that when composing a bravura for the entrance of Tancredi, he did not at first succeed in pleasing the prima donna who was to sing it. Almost in despair, he returned home, with little appetite for dinner, his mind so preoccupied. Having seated himself at the piano, and, whilst the rice was cooking, (which is invariably the first dish in the north of Italy), the idea of the divine aria, "*Di tanti palpiti*" suddenly struck him, and by the time the rice was served up, he had composed probably the finest

bravura he ever produced. From this circumstance it was called *L'aria di rizzi*," "The air of the rice," as it is customary for the cook to intimate, "*Besogna mettere i rizzi*," "It is time to serve up the rice," to prevent its being overdone, equivalent to ringing the dinner-bell. This opera established the reputation of the Gran Maestro, on whom the eyes and ears of the musical world have so long been fixed.

Venice is the native place of Goldoni, who may be said to have introduced Comedy amongst the Italians. He first reformed their depraved taste for the maschere of the commedia del' arte, where the Arlecchino of Bergamo, the Dottore of Bologna, and the Pantalone of Venice, are the personages who caricature and burlesque rational acting, spoiling the public taste for the enjoyment of the genuine drama. Goldoni wrote almost as many standard Italian plays as Moliere did of French. I never saw any of Alfieri's or Monte's tragedies represented; but if I may be allowed to judge from the performance of the Serious Opera, I should say, that neither Italian talent nor Italian taste are much adapted to the characteristics of the Tragic muse. They do not study nature sufficiently, and their declamation is forced and monotonous; nor is the deep and refined sentiment of tragedy suited to their natural disposition.

Music is the universal resource of the Venetian fashionables, who delight in discussing what they consider a national subject. Their enthusiasm or animosity towards particular composers, appear alike amusing and absurd to our ultramontane imaginations. Even the common people bestir them-

selves in so grave an affair, opposing innovations in any thing connected with what they term the “divine art” of music, and they display as much zeal and fervour in the cause of a Cimarosa, a Paësiello, or a Rossini, as if they were the heads of political parties or religious sects. This mania is a harmless one, and those possessed of it are perhaps more to be envied than ridiculed. Dramatic subjects, too, are now very often chosen from the works of our great English poets. Hamlet, Othello, and the Lady of the Lake, have all been successfully dramatised. Niccolini, a tragic writer of Florence, Manzoni, and Giulio Genoisco of Naples, are reckoned among their best living dramatists.

We got into a gondola one lovely day to view leisurely the great canal, which traverses, in a serpentine line, the whole city. The gondola is the general conveyance for all classes, in a place the inhabitants of which may be said to live upon the water; and where there are no carriages, nor indeed any use for them, the lesser canals penetrating to every part of the town, and the streets being too narrow except for foot-passengers. We pursued our course till we reached the arsenal, which covers a great many acres of ground, and is situated on an island upwards of five miles in circumference, surrounded by very high walls. I had much gratification in examining an establishment (though now of little utility), which, in its day, had equipped those numerous fleets of galleys that conquered the enemies of Venice, and planted the banner of St Mark all over the Mediterranean. I rather think we owe to the Venetians the practice of constructing ships of war under a roof or

shed, adopted since the peace in all the English dock-yards, and which protects the timbers so well from the injurious effects of the weather. The foundry, armoury, slips, mast-houses, and other parts of this establishment, though small, are on a very excellent plan, and only inferior to similar departments in Britain. At the entrance are still in excellent preservation the two lions of marble, brought from Athens by Morosini, and which were originally placed on the Piræus by Themistocles.

We next landed on the ground formerly occupied by the Convent of San Ambrogio, where the French government caused a public walk to be made. Its situation on the south-east point of the city, and in the midst of the laguna, near many of the smaller islands, is delightful, commanding an extensive view. Fine avenues of trees, and pleasant walks, have been formed with infinite labour to render this charming spot one of recreation for the Venetians. They seem, however, to neglect it. Even on a Sunday, the great day for public promenades on the Continent, I did not observe a dozen of persons. The people of Venice are so much accustomed to rowing about on the canals and laguna, instead of walking in public squares and green fields, they still prefer gondolas to carriages; and it is very difficult to change the habits of an entire city.

The Austrians are even less popular in Venice than at Milan, where, although disliked, the House of Hapsburg is not unknown. Ever since the death of the last of the Sforzas, Lords of Milan, near three centuries ago, until Napoleon's victories totally changed every Italian government, the Austrian dynasty, with some intervals not of long

duration, had possessed the finest Milanese provinces; but the Venetians, for upwards of ten centuries, had been ruled by their native aristocracy, under the form of a republic, which although sufficiently despotic, left the people the reputation of enjoying free institutions; and if the Venetians could never brook the French, even before Buonaparte annexed their dominions to the kingdom of Italy, much less can they now be supposed to feel satisfied under an odious foreign sway, alike at variance with their manners and ancient form of government.

Francis, though a good natured and paternal sovereign at home, is an oppressive and harsh master towards his Italian subjects, against whom an illiberal system is pursued. This oppression is particularly felt at Venice, whose interests are sacrificed in order to advance those of the rival and more truly Austrian port of Trieste; in consequence of which, the population of Venice, which, thirty years ago, was 118,000, is now much under 100,000, one-third of whom are without sufficient means of subsistence; while Padua, which does not even depend upon trade, has, within the same period, increased in like proportion, chiefly by emigration from Venice. Most of the palaces are thus abandoned; as the old nobility to whom they belong are overwhelmed by the expense of maintaining them; by the unequal taxation to which they are subjected; and by the loss of those sinecures held under the Republic, from which they derived a great part of their income. Nor are the lower orders better situated; manufacturers, trades-people and sailors, being without employment. Venice, like all other Republics, was in fact an artificial

creation. While her port was free as a depôt of commerce from all countries, and while she was governed by enlightened native magistrates, her splendour was preserved; but now I fear she is sunk too low ever to recover her former proud position in the rank of nations.

After a row through the harbour, which is very spacious and well sheltered from winds, I went to see the extensive Porto Franco, established a few years ago on the island of St George, nearly opposite to the Piazza di San Marco. There were very few ships of any description in the port, and not one under English colours. They chiefly consisted of small coasting vessels, whose voyages seldom extend beyond the Adriatic; and as I had some idea of taking a passage to Ancona by water, I went on board one of them, a bark of about forty tons burden. The cabin was small; nor did I expect very delicate accommodation, as the voyage in fine weather seldom exceeds a day or two. The captain demanded two Louis-d'or, a charge which I considered moderate, as it included provision; but the wind was then directly blowing a strong *North-easter*, which prevented his sailing for a few days; and as I had not much reason to expect a favourable voyage, and my companion was anxious that I should go with him to Bologna, I relinquished the intention of taking a sail on the Adriatic.

I next visited those admirable edifices the Lazza-rettos, situated on islands a couple of miles from the Porto Franco. One of them is reserved exclusively for persons infected with the plague; at the other, ships coming from the Levant perform quarantine. I saw three vessels with the yellow flag; but I un-

derstand that, formerly, it was by no means uncommon for a hundred sail to be in the port at one time. This establishment was remarkably well conducted, and considered one of the best in Europe.

Many of the islands in the Laguna are large and populous, such as Murano and Malamocco, the former of which contains 6000 inhabitants, many of whom are employed in the extensive glass and crystal manufactory for which Venice is so celebrated; the latter was formerly a place of some consideration, and the residence of the Dogès. The most interesting island on which I landed was that of St Lazarus, inhabited by a community of Armenian monks, who have a very handsome church and convent. One of the fathers kindly showed me the objects most worthy of attention in the monastery. Their library contains a great many valuable Oriental manuscripts. A printing press is superintended by the monks themselves; and they have printed many copies of the Bible, and of some theological works for the Eastern missions; also French, Armenian, and English dictionaries and grammars. We were presented with one of the works which lately issued from this press, and I consider it a great curiosity. It is a prayer in twenty-four languages and in twelve different characters. They have also some good philosophical and astronomical instruments for the instruction of their young pupils. The monastery and its delightful garden, laid out in walks covered with arched arbours, occupy the whole island; and the industrious fathers have lately raised some ground on an adjoining shallow, in order to extend their hor-

tical labours. When I took my leave of the good monk, I was asked to inscribe my name in a register kept for the purpose,—all the recompense expected.

Many other convents, monasteries and churches, are worthy of attention, as well for their architecture, as for the fine paintings and excellent libraries they contain. The style of the Dominican church of San Giovanni e Paola is uncommon in Italy, being Gothic, with pointed arches, niches, a profusion of ornaments, and a fretted roof. Titian's picture of the Assassination of St Pietro is now replaced in this church, whence it had been sent to the Louvre, and transferred from the panel to canvass, under the inspection of a committee of the Institute, composed of five eminent painters and chemists, who appear to have performed their delicate operation with complete success. The church of the Fraria is another Gothic edifice; but it is more remarkable as the burial-place of Titian than for its architecture. The spot where he was interred is marked by the following plain, but appropriate, inscription on the pavement:—

“ Qui giace il gran Tiziano di Vecelli,
Emulator di Zeuci e degli Apelli. ” *

As this great artist died at a time when the plague raged at Venice, no monument had been erected to his memory. But a few years ago, the Venetians, as if ashamed of so long neglecting the tomb of

* Here lies the great Titian Vicelli,
Rival of Zeuxis and of Apelles.

The two latter names are plural in the original, for the sake of the rhyme.

their best painter, applied to Canova, who was also a native of their territories, to furnish a design. Canova formed a very elegant one, a large white marble pyramid, with four figures at the base which represents the entrance to the tomb. One of them is the genius of Painting, and another the genius of Death, with an inverted and extinguished torch, lamenting the most transcendent ornament of the fine arts. But before it was finished the great Canova himself died, and the monument was erected in the same church to his own memory, only changing the genius of painting into that of the sister art of sculpture. Titian's modest sepulchre is still unadorned ; but a similar monument is ordered for him, to be placed opposite to that of his distinguished compatriot Canova.

My hasty sketches of this remarkable city must necessarily be imperfect ; for of its hundred palaces and churches, I had only time to visit a few of the most striking. To the greater portion of these I have already directed the attention of the reader, and I shall merely enumerate a few of the others. The convent of San Francisco della Vigna is a handsome edifice, built of Istrian marble ; its front beautifully adorned with composite columns of the same material. The church of the Scalzi, or bare-footed Carmelites, is ornamented with bright red French marble, and spirally twisted columns at the high altar. San Giorgio Maggiore contains a number of good pictures by Bassano and Tintoretto, as well as the celebrated marriage of Cana, by Paulo Veronese. This splendid church is considered one of the finest of Palladio's works in Venice ; the Redemptore is another. Palladio was

also the architect of the Balbi and Grimani palaces on the Foscari canal, built after his own peculiarly chaste and elegant style. The Salute church is well worthy of attention; and some of the more ancient edifices contain many curious monuments, connected with the history of the remarkable families and of the state. Some fine pieces of sculpture adorn the tombs of the Dogès Venier and Nicolas da Ponte; and many private palaces are rich in paintings by the earlier masters, such as the two Bellinos and their contemporaries. Venice likewise possesses some of Canova's admirable works, such as, the Dædalus and Icarus, Psychè, &c. it being the spot where his incipient genius was first developed. The cloister of one of the convents formed his workshop for several years.

Besides that most important branch of Venetian commerce, glass, crystal, and mirrors, the manufacture of velvet, silk, damask, and telescopes, afford employment to numerous workmen. Jewellery, especially the fabrication of curious gold chains, the latter by females chiefly, forms also a considerable branch of industry. The fine arts, though not so flourishing as formerly, are still cultivated. Sculpture, copper-plate engraving, and typography, are rather on the decline, although the latter branch was highly important when Venice was the book-mart for Greece and Austria. But the press labours under so many restrictions in every part of the Imperial dominions, even the mechanical arts, connected with literature, cannot meet with much encouragement. Still there is no city of Italy where purchases can so certainly and advantageously be made, especially of those magni-

ficient editions of classical and vernacular works published during the 16th and 17th centuries. Venice is still famed for its liqueurs and theriak (a preparation of opium); and the most exquisite coffee I ever tasted was under the splendid arcade of the Piazza di St Marco. If not "Mocha's berry from Arabia pure," it is such as no other place affords. Whether this proceeds from any peculiarity in the method of infusion, or superiority of quality, I know not, but its excellence is universally recognised.

On the 3d of October, I took a farewell view of this far-famed city from St Mark's Tower, the same from whence Galileo often made his astronomical observations, and for which he was imprisoned by the Inquisition. This square edifice, 360 feet in height, is so constructed, that one might ride to the top on horseback, there being no steps, the ascent winding gradually by an inclined plane of brickwork. The prospect from the top is superb, and embraces all Venice, as well as the murazzi, or sea-wall, which prevents the encroachment of the Adriatic. These massive stone bulwarks are constructed on a line of sandy islands, so as to render the defence against the action of the sea perfectly secure. "*Ausu Romano ære Veneto*," * was Napoleon's inscription on them. On the north, the view is bounded by the Julian Alps, extending from the coast of Istria to the Lake of Garda. At their foot are lower hills, and a plain sloping towards the sea, studded with numberless towns and villages. The Rialto and its beautiful bridge, recalled forcibly to my

* "With Roman daring by Venetian wealth."

mind Shylock, Portia, and other vividly-drawn characters, so familiar to all who are acquainted with Shakspeare's works,—and who is not? Othello's name is identified with the Doge's palace and its gloomy grandeur. One could almost fancy Pierre and Jaffier in the Piazza di San Marco, the original scenery of those interesting dramas in which "the City of the Waters" is celebrated by the magic art of Otway and our immortal bard, at a period when this famous oligarchy was mistress of the sea.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNEY TO FLORENCE.

AT midnight, I took my station in the post-boat from Venice, and soon after my travelling companion joined me. A calm serene night of perfect darkness made the effect of the lights from the windows and lamps, as we glided swiftly through the great canal, appear the more brilliant. We were not long in passing under the fine marble arch of the Rialto; but its double row of shops was at that late hour deserted. No noise was heard, except the splashing of oars in the water, or the occasional cry of the gondoliers, to prevent accidents as they passed rapidly along. A few hours elapsed ere we got quite out of the canal, and across the laguna; but fortunately we met with no delay at the customhouse, which is situated on a small island, not far from the mainland. The conduttore required merely to report our names, and we were allowed to pass, it being part of the duty of those employed at the post-offices in the Austrian States, to see that all passports are regular when places are taken in the public conveyances. At Mestre, the case was different, and we were detained a very considerable time; but

as the Café was open, I availed myself of the opportunity to breakfast at the early hour of three in the morning.

Numbers of thriving villages and splendid villas, in a handsome style of architecture, line the banks of the river. The first rays of the sun were just beginning to fall on the ancient and venerable city of Padua, as we reached it; but the grass now grows on its desolate streets; many of its houses are crumbling into dust; the marble palaces of the Carraras and its other princes are shut up; and learning has fled from the birth-place of Livy. Its forsaken university is now reduced to one solitary college. Professors and doctors are still there; and the old clock (which has replaced the famous invention of the celebrated astronomer Dondi) still reminds the few straggling students when to repair to their studies; but recollecting the fame of “*Padua la dotta*,”* and its ancient splendour, we ask, where are its many thousand scholars? They have abandoned this once favoured seat of the Muses; they cultivate no longer the treasures of learning and science in the school of Malphigi, of Petrarch, of Tasso, of Galileo, and of Columbus, which is now silent, deserted, and gloomy.

Padua still contains several remains of its ancient magnificence. Of these, one of the most interesting is the Great Hall, “*Il Salone*,” standing in the centre of the piazza or principal square, and formerly the scene of election, investiture, and administration of the magistrates of the republic, having been erected between 1172 and 1306. A

* *Padua the Learned.*

corridor of Verona marble runs round the whole building, and forms the ground-story, now occupied with shops, but which originally contained the offices of government. Above, with doors opening into the corridor, is the hall itself, 320 feet long by 138 broad, and the same in height, being one of the largest apartments in the world whose roof is not supported by columns. The roof itself is of most ingenious construction,—not containing a single piece of timber above twelve feet long, the whole being held together on the principle of the arch. Round the walls, painted in fresco by Giotto, though since retouched, are ranged various ancient marbles found in the vicinity, while on each side of the great entrance is placed an Egyptian statue, sent from the East by the enterprising Belzoni, who was also a native of Padua. There is a singular tradition still current regarding this hall, that when the roof was fitted to its situation, almost covered in, but not quite secured to the walls, a violent whirlwind suddenly arising lifted it fairly from its position, and, without fracturing the smallest spar, deposited it in the square beneath, and that, too, while the architect himself was sitting on the very side ! The churches of Padua, though, generally speaking, of gloomy architecture, contain many very precious monuments of the fine arts, both as respects the elucidation of their early history—several having been painted by the disciples of the earliest school of Florence—and as regards the intrinsic merits of individual works, as the sculptures on the shrine of St Antony, the St John of Guido, in the church of St Eremitani, as also the monument of the Prince of Orange by

Canova. The cenotaph of Petrarch * by Bando is interesting, as being erected in the Duomo or Cathedral of which the poet was a canon. The former renown of Padua, too, contrasts in painful interest with its present fallen condition. One of the most ancient cities of Europe—having been built, according to Virgil, by Antinor, soon after the Trojan war—her citizens successively contributed, and not without effect, against the encroachments of Lacedemon and of Rome ; to which latter they finally became most useful allies, sending to her armies 20,000 men, and numbering among their members 500 Roman knights. When the night of barbarism had passed away, Padua was again among the first to cherish the return of liberty ; but Venice would suffer no rival near her throne—and now both are provinces of Austria.

After spending a few hours in the melancholy city of Padua, it was quite refreshing to turn from its desolate streets, and again view the rich pastures stretching into misty distance, with the gay villages scattered on each side. Proceeding onwards by the canal, we saw the gloomy castles of Obizzi and Cutajo, and soon after passed near to the Euganean Hills, towards Arquà, where Petrarch died. In allusion to this place, Boccacio

* An eminent professor of the university, Signore Marsand, has formed a numerous collection of Petrarch's valuable manuscripts, and a copy of every edition of his works that has been published, as well as many interesting books relative to the celebrated poet. These, I am told, he is now anxious to dispose of ; and this would, therefore, be a favourable opportunity for some of our bibliomanists to enrich their libraries.

spoke in the following enthusiastic terms. "I envy Arquà the happiness it enjoys, of receiving into its bosom the remains of a man whose heart was the residence of the Muses, the sanctuary of philosophy, of eloquence, and the fine arts. This village, hardly known even at Padua, will become famous throughout the world; it will be respected as we respect Pausilippo, because it contains the ashes of Virgil; the banks of the Euxine for the tomb of Ovid; and Smyrna, because there Homer was buried."

At length we came to the banks of the rapid Po, which separates the Imperial dominions from the States of the Church. We were soon swung across in a ferry-boat, attached by ropes to four or five smaller vessels, the uppermost being moored in the middle of the river, up the stream, when the current, acting on the ferry-boat placed diagonally by means of the helm, impelled her rapidly to the other side. Such is the efficiency of this mode, that carriages are driven on board, and, without moving from their seats, or having their horses unharnessed, travellers are conveyed across, and, driving out at the other end of the boat, pursue their journey. An escort of Papal dragoons were in waiting to accompany the coach which was to conduct us to Ferrara,—not so much for the purpose of protecting us against robbers, as with a view to prevent any contraband articles being introduced into the sacred territories.

Upon many insignificant rivulets the name of the Rubicon has been bestowed, and travellers are still undecided as to their claims, although the Pisciatello, which we now passed, is generally sup-

posed to be that river so celebrated in the annals of Roman warfare. It is only astonishing that a paltry brook, now almost unknown, should ever have formed so important a boundary as that between Rome and Gaul. This, however, may be explained on the supposition, that, by the well-known accumulation of alluvial soil, a stream once of some magnitude, may have been separated into various insignificant divisions.

Who has not heard of the fair and pining city of Ferrara, and its proud Dukes, who played so distinguished a part during the middle ages? Its appearance is noble and majestic, though gloomy and desolate. Its old fortifications, straight and wide streets, and the Gothic structure of its buildings, still exist. But, alas! the heavy ducal palace, the fortress of the House of Este, with its turretted battlements, ditches and drawbridges, taking "their form and pressure" from feudal customs, are now falling fast to decay. This city was the theatre of many splendid festivals, as well as horrible crimes, when the court of the ancient royal line of Este was held within its walls.

A Cardinal, who acts as Governor of the Legation of Ferrara, now inhabits one wing of the palace or fortress; but having nothing to do with his Eminence, we avoided that part which is distinguished by the triple tiara and keys of St Peter over the gateway, emblazoned by "barbaric carving, painting and gilding," confining our visit to the long damp corridors, which so forcibly recalled to our imaginations the images of Ariosto, Tasso, and Leonora. Nor did we omit to view the dungeon under what was formerly the lanatic hospi-

tal of St Anne, where the infamous Duke Alfonso ordered his quondam friend to be imprisoned for seven years, alleging, I fear with too much truth, that the intellects of the highly gifted poet were deranged. Could there be a stronger proof of incipient madness, than to kiss a princess in the presence of the whole court? The Duke is reported to have said very coolly, "What a pity that so great a man should have lost his senses!" Tasso's imprudent passion also caused him to be guilty of many outrageous acts of violence, affording too good an excuse for the harsh conduct of this despicable tyrant, who availed himself of the specious charge of insanity, to refuse the request of most of the sovereigns of Italy, who deigned to use their influence to procure his liberation. We stooped low to enter the miserable cell, scarcely nine feet square, the scene of the ill-fated Tasso's protracted sufferings. The entrance is by a narrow door in one end, close to which is the only window, grated, and looking out upon a gloomy court surrounded by a low corridor. I deciphered, amongst many names with which its walls were covered, those of "Byron" and "Casimir de la Vigne," who had left these records of their homage to the genius and misfortunes of a kindred spirit.

The other curiosities of Ferrara, are chiefly of a literary nature. The Library is a plain but handsome building, containing some valuable manuscripts, and many rare editions of the classics. Among the former are Tasso's autograph letters, and two copies of the *Gerusalemme*, also in his own hand; two manuscripts of Ariosto's "Orlando,"

one at least original; the pewter inkstand and the oaken chair of this most romantic of poets; as also a medal which had been deposited with his body, and found when his tomb, an erection not very remarkable, was opened by the French General Miollis. This medal, as well as the original portrait by Dosso Dossi, show Ariosto, like Tasso, to have been "of noble presence." In a sequestered part of the city, still stands the house of Ariosto, a modest building, to which his own simple and independent inscription appears to have been very appropriate, "Though not sumptuous, it is enough for me—and purchased with my own money." Here the favourite room of the owner, and that in which he died, remains exactly as it then stood; but its two cheerful windows, instead of commanding the gardens of the "peaceful cloystre" and the distant landscape, are obscured by the vicinity of a German barrack.

We returned to our albergo, which was quite in keeping with every thing connected with Ferrara. "I Tre Mori,"* designated in the guide-book as the first hotel in the town, had induced us to take up our quarters there, a measure of which we afterwards repented. Entering through an immense old-fashioned feudal-looking hall, hung round with the arms and escutcheons of different royal personages who had visited "The Three Moors" amongst which I distinguished those of the late Queen Caroline, we were ushered into a large and lofty, but gloomy eating-apartment, which opened into a bedroom of huge dimen-

* The Three Moors.

sions. Every thing here seemed to be on a great scale. After despatching an indifferent dinner, and imbibing a quantity of bad wine, we strolled out at rather a late hour, and found the air heavy and unwholesome, arising from the marshy nature of the soil for many miles around. Resolving to counteract the damp chilly effects of the atmosphere, by resorting to the first coffee-house we discovered, we searched some time in vain for such a convenience, and could scarcely find a solitary one in this celebrated city.

On retiring to my dreary half-furnished sleeping apartment, although there were four beds and as many doors and windows in it, I had it all to myself, there being few guests at the inn. Fatigue and ennui induced me to go immediately to bed, where I soon fell asleep, dreaming of dungeons, chains, Tasso, and the fair Leonora. I was soon awakened, however, by a horrible scream; and while endeavouring to recompose myself, I heard some most remarkable sounds, accompanied by slow, heavy, gigantic footsteps, proceeding from the adjoining room. I started from my pillow, and the longer I listened, the more alarming became the noise. Such steps seemed to indicate the presence of a supernatural being. The crazy doors of my gloomy apartment shook till the very floor trembled; but fortunately I had taken the precaution of bolting them before retiring to rest. The noise increased in no slight degree, accompanied by frightful groans; and although I endeavoured to banish apprehension, it was in vain I attempted to sleep. Having secured my purse and watch by con-

cealing them under the mattress, although destitute of any means of resistance, I resolved not to surrender voluntarily. A multitude of similar adventures crowded upon my mind; all the dreadful stories I had ever heard of assassins, Italian banditti, the inn at Terracina, and (what seemed the cause of my most immediate danger), the cut-throat look of our host himself; in short, all that was horrible rushed upon my thoughts during that dreadful night. The noise still continued, and now hearing indistinctly, and incoherently these words in French, "*Ouvrez, ouvrez; ouvent me tuer; voleurs! voleurs!*" * I became almost as much exhausted as the fancied victim of their first attack. Soon after, I heard a low groan; and the noise ceased at last; to my great joy, I fell into a sound sleep, and did not waken till morning. Such an occurrence might appear in rather a ridiculous light in a comfortable English inn, where a pull at the bell would summon the whole household in a few minutes. But in Italy, such a luxury is unknown in the unfrequented parts of the country; nay, even in large cities, bells, good attendance, and civil waiters, are by no means common. Besides, at such a place as I have described, there was a just presumption that the people of the house might be in league with robbers or assassins. However, in this instance, I had formed an erroneous opinion of the "*Tre Mori*," which I found out next morning when aroused at an early hour by my friend. On my opening the door to admit him, he owned that

* Open! open! They wish to kill me! Robbers! Robbers!

he had been the culprit ; and attributed his behaviour, in the first instance, to a frightful dream ; and on awakening and hearing a dreadful noise occasioned by the windows moving hither and thither on their crazy hinges by the wind, which blew a hurricane in the night, he imagined that robbers were attacking us ; and being naturally of a highly excited temperament, he was impelled to conduct himself in that extraordinary manner. I could not refrain from laughing, at the idea of a Russian guardsman being such a prey to fear, although the joke was equally against myself, and he good-humouredly joined in my mirth. We ordered breakfast, however, and a carriage immediately, and were not a little delighted, in another hour, to find ourselves fairly out of Ferrara.

The distance to Bologna is only about thirty miles, through a flat, swampy, but rather well cultivated country, enclosed by hedges, and interspersed with houses inhabited by substantial farmers and a hardy peasantry. The aspect of the farms and hamlets improves the nearer we approach Bologna. This is a large and wealthy town, remarkable for the architecture of its public buildings, and noblemen's palaces, as well as for the low open arcades with which the principal streets are lined on both sides, and which give the place a heavy and monastic appearance, though in warm or wet weather the dull effect is more than compensated by the shade and shelter afforded to pedestrians.

We were again unfortunate in our choice of an inn. Having passed so unpleasant a night at Ferrara, my companion was resolved to go to the

Albergo Reale at Bologna, in order, as he said, to make *sure* of good accommodations. Indeed its appearance was much in its favour, being a large and handsome palazzo, once the residence of a now reduced nobleman. But I augured badly of it, from the circumstance of meeting on the stairs a Venetian family, who re-entered their carriage, and ordered the postillion to drive to the Leone di San Marco, (an excellent inn, as I have since learned). Finding that there was abundance of room, I asked the waiter, why the people had left his hotel? He answered very coolly, "*Non siamo convenute del prezzo*;" * which we considered satisfactory, as it is by no means uncommon to agree about charges before taking possession, the system having been introduced on the Continent by the English in their own defence, owing to frequent imposition. The dinners at the Albergo Reale were far from being good, even although we had the addition of the "mortadelli," or well known Bologna sausages. The wine was the worst I ever drank; it had the sweet, rough, and disagreeable taste peculiar to the produce of the north of Italy, which spoils all flavour. Moreover, I found, by my bill afterwards, that I paid exactly double what it had cost me for living at the Escudo di Francia, in Venice, an excellent hotel near the Rialto.

Shortly after my arrival, I went to see the two Towers, the Asinelli and Garisenda, which are in the middle of the city. The former is a very high square brick-building, with about as much architectural beauty as the chimneys attached to steam-

* "We have not agreed about terms."

engines in England, although in general those are not quite so lofty as this edifice. The other is the Leaning Tower, mentioned by Dante, equally ugly, but remarkable from the circumstance of its diverging about eight feet from the perpendicular, which must evidently have resulted from some defect in the foundation. To the same cause may be attributed its unfinished state. It is scarcely more than half the height of the Asinelli; nor can it boast of greater elegance of architecture, being built with coarse bricks, and equally devoid of ornament.

Bologna possesses a very rich collection of paintings by the most eminent masters, at the *Scuola delle belle Arti*, a public gallery which I would cross the Alps on purpose to view, and consider myself well rewarded for my trouble. In the corridors and the first saloon, there are many paintings by the old masters, who lived at the period of the revival of the arts in Italy, chiefly painted on a gilded ground, in the manner then practised in Greece. The two principal rooms contain a most splendid assemblage of masterpieces by the three Carracci, who flourished in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and also by their distinguished pupils Guido Reni, Albano, Domenichino, Guercino, and Michael Angelo Caravaggio, who brought the Bolognese school into such high repute. This school is called the Eclectic, from its principles, or frequently the *Scuola Carracesca*, from its founders, who attempted, although vainly, (as the event showed), to harmonize and combine the various beauties of the different styles. This bold and fine theory proved impracticable, from

its undefined and heterogeneous nature ; and each succeeding master adopted that particular path to which his genius impelled him. Totally disregarding the principle which the Carracci had endeavoured to inculcate, they produced, notwithstanding, some admirable works, and which have lent a lustre to the art. One of Guido's best compositions, the Massacre of the Innocents, is contained in this collection, as well as his picture of the Patron Saints of Bologna, famed for its splendid colouring. The design of Domenichino's Martyrdom of St Agnes is grand and bold, but the subject is very revolting. The Mysteries of the Rosary, by the same hand, and Raphael's St Cecilia, are looked upon as two of the best in the gallery ; which also boasts of some choice pictures by Titian, Paulo Veronese, and several excellent works of other well known masters of the Venetian school. Every good collection of painting and sculpture, when the public can have occasional access to it, is of service. It accustoms the eye to the characteristics of nature correctly represented, and to images of beauty and perfect forms, the presence of which will ultimately be productive of advantage, not only to the local artists, but to the country itself, by the inducement held out to foreigners for the purposes of study and amusement.

The churches, palaces, museums, institutes, libraries, and other attractive objects which Bologna contains, would occupy weeks to examine in detail ; and during the few days which I spent there, I had neither time to peep into every church, nor to view half of the private collections of pictures,

and other works of art, for which it has so long been celebrated, and in that respect looked upon as one of the richest cities in Italy. Its university, which was in great repute in scholastic times, as the *mater studiorum* of the Pope's territories, still subsists, and has produced many distinguished characters in literature, medicine, philosophy, and other sciences, amongst whom figure several ladies; Clotilde Tambroni, not many years ago having filled the chair of Greek Literature! But some of the systems then taught have since been discovered to be useless and nugatory, and are therefore exploded from the curriculum of more enlightened colleges, where the Baconian philosophy has been introduced, and the fallacies of the Stagyrte allowed to fall into desuetude.

Bologna was chiefly indebted for its former fame to medicine. Law and divinity now nearly engross the attention of its ablest professors, while natural science and physics are in a great measure neglected. A chair is still allotted to each faculty, notwithstanding the reductions that have taken place in the number of its colleges. I was much pleased with the church of St Petronio, though built in rather a discordant style of architecture. It was commenced in the fourteenth century, and is yet unfinished; for the front is rough, and requires an ornamented coat. Its interior is grand and striking, and contains some fine paintings; and on the pavement within, is the meridian line, 219 feet in length, equivalent to $\frac{1}{1688}$ of a degree, originally traced in 1575, but which, on the Church being enlarged in 1653, the Senate allowed the great astronomer Cassini, to correct and settle.

In the Piazza del Gigante, fronting this church, there is a bronze colossal statue of Neptune, by Giovanni di Bologna, admired for its anatomical and technical details. But neither the principal figure, nor its accesories—Nereids pressing their breasts—should be viewed except by *amateurs*; for, in the generality of persons possessed of refined feelings, such a group thus exhibited in a public square would be apt to excite a degree of disgust.

There is a remarkable picture of the Virgin, *said* to have been painted by St Luke, in the church of the Madonna de St Luca, on the Monte della Guardia, about three miles from Bologna. A pleasant walk, under a covered gallery or portico of 650 arches, leads from the city gate all the way up to the church. On my return from thence, seeing a very handsome house on an eminence, I made bold to walk into the grounds, (an indictable offence in England); but, instead of being considered as a trespasser, I met with the utmost attention and civility from the worthy proprietor and his family. Seeing me staring about, a young man advanced, and having kindly offered the use of a telescope, pointed out the beauties of the surrounding country, which is fertile and highly cultivated, and watered by the numerous rivers that empty themselves into the Po. The blue hazy line of the Apennines impedes the prospect on one side, but, on the other, it is beautiful, varied, and extensive, embracing the plains of Padua, and the course of the noble river winding along till it falls into the Adriatic. On the north, the long line of Rhætian Alps obstructs

the view. Towards the west, the eye wanders to dim and undistinguishable distance over the fertile plains and rice-fields of Lombardy, bounded by snow-capt mountains. The towns of Modena and Ferrara are the nearer and more pleasing part of the scene, with the river Reno, like a silver thread, flowing close to the palaces, churches, and towers of "Bologna la Grassa." *

The young gentleman, who had favoured me with a lecture on geography, and the loan of his glass, was shortly afterwards joined by an elderly abaté, whom he addressed as Don Giuseppe, and who offered his services as linguist; but finding that I spoke Italian better than he did French—no difficult matter, by the by—he invited me to walk in. Having accepted the invitation I paid my respects to the gentleman of the house and two ladies, who were seated at an open balcony; and after a little conversation, and expressing my thanks for their civility, I took my leave of these worthy people.

This rich and fine portion of Italy is inhabited by an active and industrious race. Although subjects of the Pope, they yet enjoy an adequate measure of liberty and security; and even the delegated ecclesiastical power of his Holiness is exercised in the mildest and most beneficial manner by Cardinal Spina, who reigns over the Legation of Bologna. Indeed this benevolent man is so much beloved, that one of the motives which prevented the people from revolting, some years ago, and demanding a constitution when the Piedmontese made

* Bologna the Fertile.

their vain attempt, was an unwillingness to thwart their excellent clerical governor. 'How differently situated were the inhabitants of Ravenna, who felt ecclesiastical oppression so severely, that they lately assassinated the Legate Cardinal —— in court, which caused a very serious sensation in Rome !

Having engaged places in a Vetturino to Florence, a distance of about 60 miles, or two days easy journey with the same horses, the Vetturino called at our hotel at an early hour, after which we were paraded all over the town to pick up our fellow-travellers. One of these turned out to be a jolly-looking Swiss from the Italian canton of Tecino, and the other a pleasant and intelligent young Greek, who prided himself very much on being a British subject, as he asserted every native of Cephalonia claimed that privilege. Thus were assembled, in this truly Italian conveyance, four individuals, of as many different nations. As we all spoke French pretty fluently, we made it the common medium of conversation ; and after the first half hour, which was somewhat flat, we got on admirably, discussing politics, (rather a ticklish subject in many parts of the Continent), the fine arts, and local topics ; which, although of less general interest, will be frequently found safer and more amusing conversation. As the Swiss seemed quite a " *Un fanatico per la musica,*" * he entertained us with the private history, the piquant and scandalous anecdotes of all the composers, singers, and dancers, in this musical land ; from Rossini (whom he termed his inti-

* An Enthusiast for music.

mate friend) down to the youngest figuranta at the Cocomero of Florence.

We stopped at an insignificant village to refresh the horses, where the indifference of the fare which the inn afforded did not prevent the Russ and Swiss from doing it ample honour. A pair of oxen, by way of leaders, were now required to drag our coach up the steep ascent of the great ridge of Apennines, and it took us several hours to get to Pietra Mala, the Tuscan frontier customhouse, where a few paoli to the officers facilitated the examination of our luggage; and I generally found civility in an exact ratio to the *consideration*. The carriage was not unloaded, and there was no vexatious search. A drizzling rain and fog obstructed our view during the afternoon. However the sun appeared from time to time through the mass of vapours which enveloped the whole mountain, concealing the lofty Apennines, while it doubled the horrors of the place we were in. On the summit of several of these mountains, there are traces of volcanic eruptions, and at a short distance on the left, in the midst of a black barren soil, there is a hill which rises in a conical shape, from which a very extraordinary fire perpetually issues, called *Fuoco del legno*. This phenomenon, being less than a mile from the road, I left the carriage and resolved to examine it, although the evening was approaching and the weather was still rainy. Owing to those circumstances, however, the flame was particularly bright; and I should think the space whence it rises is not less than fifteen feet in circumference. It has all the appearance of ignited gas issuing in beau-

tiful lambent flames from loose rocky ground ; and on being analyzed, I understand it has been found to consist of the carbonated hydrogen, common in the coal mines in England. The atmosphere around, for a considerable distance, was impregnated with sulphureous vapours. Half a league further on, there is a luminous spring of cold water, called *Acqua buja* (water-candle), which becomes ignited when approached by a light. Similar phenomena have been noticed by authors on mineralogy, and by many travellers in mining districts. I could perceive very few plants or shrubs on these rude summits. Some lichens and umbellificarias might however be seen ; but vegetation had nearly disappeared ; nor did we even discover, during the whole day's journey, the Alpine rhododendron.

The most delightful emotions are experienced by some people amongst mountain-scenery, while others complain that only painful sensations are produced, by witnessing the most assiduous labour poorly recompensed by an ungrateful soil. The peasants, nevertheless, who inhabit the chalets of the Alps in summer, I have, during repeated visits, found happy and cheerful. It is true, they do not depend entirely upon the cultivation of the soil ; but I cannot agree with many enthusiastic travellers, who consider the mountaineers as the happiest beings in existence. If abundance of cheese and milk, with the filthiest and most miserable-looking huts in the world, are all that is requisite to make humanity happy, they certainly ought to be supremely blest. They always seemed, and are proverbially (like the Scottish Highlanders) attached to their native mountains ; but I entertain

no doubt that the inhabitants of the low countries have more enjoyment.

We put up in very comfortable quarters for the night at Covigliajo, an excellent country inn, where we had a tolerably good supper, and, what I had never met with before in Italy, female attendants. They were the first Tuscan girls I had seen, and presented rather a favourable specimen of the sex, even in a country so celebrated for the beauty of its *contadine*. Chamber-maids are unknown on this side the Alps. The next morning the sun rose with uncommon splendour from behind the range of mountains which extends all along through South Italy, nearly equidistant from the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. The southern declivity of the Apennines presented quite another scene; and the climate appeared to have undergone a sudden and delightful change. While enjoying our coffee, the Vetturino (who was none of the most civil personages) came into the room, and, with an air of authority, desired us to make haste, as he had been ready for some time, and would wait no longer. There was no resisting this polite appeal without quarrelling with our tyrannical driver; which none of us being inclined to do, we speedily obeyed his summons.

We proceeded at a pretty rapid pace down hill, until we reached a more fertile valley; but the road was in some places rather dangerous, hanging over tremendous precipices, without any parapet. A great many workmen were, however, employed in building high walls on the most exposed passes of the mountain, to shelter travellers against hurricanes, and the sudden gusts of

wind which are so frequent in these elevated regions.

The secularized convent of Monte Seranio, situated on a hill to the north, was the only fine object we discovered for many miles. Throughout the entire country, we saw crosses erected on the roads, and Madonnas carved on the trunks of trees; the former indicating where murders had been committed. Such at least, is the report of some English travellers, who fancy that these active, well-made, swarthy people, are all blood-thirsty villains, without any other *data* to warrant so general a censure, than the frightful banditti stories concocted in England for the benefit of the nursery inmates. Such occurrences, now-a-days, are nearly as rare in the Apennines, particularly in this part of the country, as a highway robbery on Hounslow Heath. Those credulous tourists, however, have the authority of Lord Byron in their favour merely changing the scene. When describing his visit to Cintra, he says,

“ And here and there, as up the crags you spring,
Mark many rude carved crosses near the path;
Yet deem not these Devotion's offering—
These are memorials frail of murderous wrath. ”

But many accidents occur, and are recorded by a cross, as well as murders; nor is it necessary that any tragic event should have happened, to occasion so common a mark of Catholic faith to be placed in wild mountains, sequestered valleys, or even populous towns. Crosses and rude images of the Madonna are met with throughout Spain, France, and the Catholic districts of Germany and Switzerland; yet we never hear of the inhabitants

of the latter countries being peculiarly blood-thirsty. These religious emblems are rather to be attributed to a devout disposition amongst the people, unfortunately too often carried to a superstitious excess.

Within a few miles of Florence, we saw its public burying-ground. Rural cemeteries rank amongst those admirable examples which ought to be followed by the inhabitants of all large towns. Ancients and moderns have ever agreed in the sanitary policy of honouring the dead, without endangering the health of the living. Instead, therefore, of burying bodies in churches, and in the heart of populous cities, where the quantity of putrid effluvia is already much too abundant, rural cemeteries ought to be universally adopted. By the law of the Twelve Tables, it was forbidden either to bury or burn any corpse within the walls of towns ; and at Athens, according to the laws of Solon, and throughout the rest of Greece, the same custom prevailed, from the dictates of health as well as of superstition. At Rome, only Vestal virgins, and sometimes Emperors, were exempted from the operation of this law, and allowed burial within the walls. The salutary practice of burying out of the city, has been adopted for several years past in Paris, where the cemetery of Pere la Chaise forms one of the most beautiful and interesting, yet melancholy, walks in the vicinity of the capital. It is to be regretted that the dead are still buried in the most populous parts of London. We ought to imitate the French in this respect ; but so great is our dread of innovation, that even improvements are opposed, on the plea that they may interfere

with vested rights ; and, in this particular instance, it is not unlikely that parsons, undertakers, churchwardens, and grave-diggers, with a becoming *esprit de corps*, would, as a matter of course, put in their caveat, to resist a measure which, if generally adopted, might prospectively militate against their interests, curtail their perquisites, or in some manner or other interfere with their convenience.

Viewed from a distance, the effect of the fair city of Florence, situated on the banks of the beautiful Arno, is perfectly enchanting, from the moment its domes and spires are first perceived. While descending from the heights on the north, the fading crimson glow of the setting sun was reflected from the summits of the distant Apennines, on the vine and olive-covered hills, enclosing delightful umbrageous valleys, whose sylvan scenes appear on every side, forming a landscape which awakens the most powerful feeling of enthusiastic admiration ; and such is the elasticity of the air in this delightful climate, and the ethereal brightness of its pure blue sky, breathing of tranquillity and happiness, that it proves the most effectual antidote against all gloomy vapours, and speedily dispels every melancholy or displeasing reflection.

CHAPTER V.

FLORENCE.

FLORENCE is one of the many cities that claim the name of the modern Athens. Edinburgh and Dresden assume the same pompous title, which, if it means any thing, implies, that in these places the arts and sciences flourish, and are cultivated and patronized by their inhabitants, who, of course, must be equally celebrated for their superior information and the politeness of their manners. Without investigating their respective pretensions, I believe I may venture to say, that Florence, a city full of monuments, statues, and splendid edifices, may be considered the Athens of Italy, having also produced so many celebrated men who have contributed to the revival of literature and science.

Notwithstanding the many advantages which Florence enjoys, from its beautiful situation near the verdant amphitheatre of the Apennines, in a fertile valley watered by the Arno, from its many solid and elegant bridges, magnificent palaces and churches,—still there are several deep shades in the picture, heightening its effect in the eyes of some spectators; but in mine, producing a feeling of disappointment. I had probably heard too

much of this city and its celebrated gallery ; thus placed in the centre of Italy, of which it may be regarded as the modern capital.

The buildings are ancient and lofty, but too massive and ponderous ; its palaces are of the heavy architecture of the fourteenth century, having more the appearance of strength and solidity than of beauty. Built for the personal safety and defence of their proprietors as much as for comfort or ornament, during the revolutions of the turbulent middle ages, those residences served as fortresses ; but now, although it may truly be said that " every man's house is his castle," their dark Gothic aspect throws a gloom over the whole interior of the city.

The Palazzo Pitti, the town-residence of the Grand Duke, is heavy, dull, and cheerless ; the Palazzo Vecchio, formerly the government-house, at present occupied for public offices, is a lofty, massive, but venerable-looking edifice, with old frowning battlements ; and the Uffizi, or great national museum adjoining, partakes of the same fault. The two latter are situated in the Piazza di Gran Duca, almost in the centre of the city ; and most of the adjoining streets are narrow, but well paved with large flags, though not kept particularly clean. With the exception of the Lung Arno along the river, where there are some elegant modern buildings (such as the Corsini palace), and a few of the principal streets near the Piazza di San Marco, and Santa Maria Novella, there is little to admire in the populous part of the town. The unfinished appearance of most of the churches, built of rough bricks, displays their exterior to very little advan-

tage, and but ill accords with the splendour and richness of their interior, loaded as they are with every ornament that painting and sculpture could produce. - There are, however, many magnificent palaces, such as the Ricciardi, built by the great Cosmo di Medici, the Strozzi, a large cubical mass of architecture, with rustic mason-work, and a splendid residence just built by Prince Borghese, but almost buried by its bad situation.

- Madame Hombert's hotel is delightfully situated on the Lung Arno, and very much frequented by the English. Its rooms are large, numerous, and good, but not particularly clean. From twenty to thirty people sit down to a well-served table d'hôte every day. The charge is only a *Francescone*, or about five shillings, for a bed-room, breakfast and dinner, including wine. The dining-room (on the ground-floor) is the most objectionable part of the house. We felt cold in it, even during the finest season of the year; what then must it be in winter? Old kitchen-lamps ornamented the tables of this large, gloomy, vaulted apartment, which ought to have been a servant's hall (having quite the appearance of one); for the lower stories of houses in Florence are in general only used as shops, or abandoned to the use of servants.

The gallery of Florence is celebrated for one of the richest collections of pictures and statues in Europe. It also possesses medals, cameos, vases, and other rare and precious objects of art, ancient as well as modern, to which general admittance is granted to all classes, natives and foreigners, with a degree of liberality that does infinite honour to the government of Tuscany. On the oc-

casion of my visit, I proceeded methodically,—viewing first the several statues and groups in the square, and under the Loggia di Lanzi, before ascending the staircase of the gallery. The equestrian statue of Cosmo the First, by Giovanni di Bologna, and his group of Nymphs and Tritons, are certainly splendid pieces of sculpture; but nothing can excel this artist's masterpiece, the beautiful group of three figures, representing a powerful youth extricating a lovely young female from the grasp of an old man, called the Rape of the Sabines, though merely meant to pourtray manly strength, beauty, and old age. This group was ideal; and upon the artist's inquiring from a literary friend, what it should be named, the present appellation was suggested, and the relievo on the pedestal added. The attitude of Michael Angelo's colossal statue of David is pleasing; the anatomy of the breast and limbs displays the muscular system of the royal shepherd to great advantage. The figure is upright, with one arm bent, holding the sling; and the general effect is particularly fine. The two bronze statues, one by Donatello, representing Judith, and the other Perseus, by Benvenuto Cellini, are also well worthy of attention. However repugnant the subjects may be deemed, it excites the most pleasurable emotions to contemplate them as works of art. Many of the *chef-d'œuvres* of painting and sculpture in the gallery, and particularly in the Tribuna, have been so often described in all languages, that I merely contented myself with noting down remarks on a few of the most precious gems in this brilliant galaxy, such as pleased or struck me more than the rest.

This princely institution reflects honour on the memory of those great men, Cosmo and Lorenzo di Medici, who, by their merit, patriotism, and wealth, rose from the rank of private citizens to have the power, without the name, of sovereigns, uniting the different petty states, which they brought to the highest pitch of splendour, and which compose the present Grand Duchy of Tuscany. The former acquired the honourable title of *Pater Patriæ*: the second house of Medici, more ambitious, but in other respects much inferior to the first, inherited some of the family love for the arts, which has been transmitted with the sceptre to their successors of the Austrian dynasty. Even now, the brilliant talents of artists and men of literary and scientific attainments, shed a halo around this petty court. Florence and the other merchant republics, amidst their incessant quarrels, when freedom and industry went hand in hand, succeeded in collecting into their capitals an array of talent and genius—men distinguished in art and letters, who were an honour to their country and to those who patronized them. But the race of princely merchants degenerated in Tuscany, when the Florentines were compelled to acknowledge the voluptuous and ferocious Alexander as their sovereign, whose only merit consisted in his being the nephew of a Pope, and the son-in-law of an Emperor. Under the withering influence of Cosmo, and of his son the oppressive Francis, the seeds which had been sown by illustrious predecessors were nipt in the bud; and the once fertile soil of the arts became, for a time, barren and arid, producing only

weeds under the harsh and ungenial culture of those three unworthy Grand Dukes, who disgraced the name of Medici. However, some patrons of the arts and sciences subsequently sprung up among the recent princes of that distinguished house, who, in their encouragement of painting, sculpture, and science, emulated the founders of their family.

My next visit was to the Palazzo Pitti, which contains the most select collection of pictures in Florence, and free access is granted to the public on certain days of the week, with the usual Italian liberality. The interior of this palace is spacious, and elegantly furnished. Its ceilings are painted in fresco, chiefly by Pietro di Cortona; and in the whole collection of paintings, which occupy eight rooms, some of which are very large, there is probably not one unworthy work. Among the master-pieces may be mentioned the St Mark, by il Frate, (Fra. Bartholomew della Porta) *—no less than five Carlo Dolcis, all of distinguished merit. The "Fates," one of Michael Angelo's few oil-paintings, a most extraordinary production for colouring and expression, particularly observable in the faces of these "weird sisters." There are, besides, a Cleopatra, by Guido Reni—a Holy Family, and a St John, by Andrea del Sarto—several very beautiful pictures by L. da Vinci—a portrait by Vandyck—and two admirable Bronzinos (Agnolo and Allori); also the Philosophers of Rubens, so well known, from Morghen's fine engraving; and to finish the splendid list, several Raphaels, four of which are

* A monk, as his name indicates, and one of the great fathers of the art.

portraits, the others a Madonna and Bambino, * and, what many connoisseurs consider one of this divine master's best performances, a small picture, representing the Vision of Ezekiel. This painting attracted my attention more than any other, except his own celebrated Madonna della Seggiola, a performance wherein he displays the Virgin with rather too much voluptuousness; for the flame that sparkles in her eyes does not seem that pure celestial passion with which the mother of our Saviour could be supposed to be inspired. It betrays more of the ardent glowing love of the Fornarina, the well-known model of most of Raphael's females.

The Pitti Palace is not rich in sculpture; but two of the statues are a host in themselves. The superb Hercules, an antique, attributed to Lysippus, and Canova's Venus, which stands in one of the ante-rooms, hung round with mirrors, presenting by reflection four different views from one place. Many skilful artists and practised connoisseurs admire the modern as much as the ancient Venus, to which the former gave place in the Tribuna on the return of the latter from Paris. It is, however, a striking proof of the modesty of the great Sculptor, that he particularly requested his Venus might be placed upon a different and lower pedestal, than the one formerly occupied by the antique marble. The attitude of Canova's statue is undoubtedly copied from the antique, a circumstance which deprives the artist of the merit of originality. The general appearance and

* Virgin and Child.

technical details are of that fine model, seldom seen except in Grecian sculpture, perfect in point of shape and symmetry. The legs and arms are elegant and slender, the breasts distinct and delicate, and the tout ensemble presents the naturally graceful timidity of a lovely woman seeming to shrink from exposure, compressing her drapery, as if in the act of quitting the bath. I will not enumerate the respective beauties of this and the Medicean Venus, two faultless masterpieces of ancient and modern sculpture. The talent of Canova was perhaps never more conspicuous than in this celebrated effort of his chisel, which alone would suffice to rank him as the first sculptor of the age, had he not other and prior claims.

The Boboli gardens annexed to the palace are very extensive. In Italian landscape-gardening, little is left to nature; all is art. Straight avenues, stiff and formal, with trees cut into ornaments in the Dutch style and much too symmetrical, compose its characteristics. So great is our national superiority in point of taste, that we almost consider ourselves entitled to sneer at the Continental imitations of a *jardin Anglais*, which is any thing but rural in general. The redeeming point of these gardens is the presence of the statues, some by celebrated masters, with which they are ornamented. The group of Adam and Eve by Niccarini, though admired for its execution, did not please me so much as the fountain, representing a young rustic in the act of pouring out water from a bucket on his shoulders into a vessel, which I thought admirable, and placed in a very appropriate situation.

I subsequently visited the museum of natural history, founded by the Emperor Leopold when Grand Duke of Tuscany: It contains an excellent collection in Zoology and Ornithology, well arranged and accurately named; and in the latter inferior only to the collection of Vienna. The minerals are also numerous, and judiciously selected; and its botanical garden is large, and furnished with hot-houses.

What has rendered this establishment most interesting, is its celebrated anatomical collection in wax, which is unequalled in Europe. It comprises many thousand specimens in coloured wax, illustrating a series of dissections of the human body, and of animals, which attract innumerable students for the purposes of improvement, as well as visitors from mere curiosity. The last room exhibited contains a representation of the plague also in wax, which is too horrible to contemplate; the very recollection of it makes me shudder. This anatomical collection was formed under the superintendence of the able and ingenious Professor Fontana. It must have been a perfect Herculean labour: requiring profound knowledge of the human frame, as well as enthusiasm, activity, and great patience, in order to support the fatigue and mental excitement called forth, while grappling with the many difficulties attendant on the completion of so scientific and arduous an undertaking. It is indeed a noble monument of the perseverance of the highly gifted and philanthropic Abatè.

Florence may well be proud of her great men. The name of the Medici recalls, even to those least read in history, the munificent and enlighten-

ed patronage of literature and the arts displayed by that illustrious family. This celebrated city has given to the world Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Americus Vesputius, Machiavelli, and Galileo, who rank so high in literature and science ; Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, Brunelleschi and the Alloris, equally eminent in the fine arts ; and now Morghen, the pupil of Volpato, so well known for the excellence of his engravings, and Benvenuti the present President of the Academy, a painter of merit. It can also boast of Bartolini, who, as a sculptor of busts, has nearly reached the highest fame an artist can attain ; and whose studio and gabinetto are deserving of attention. Bartolini was chosen from among the most eminent men in Europe, to superintend the erection of Napoleon's triumphal column in the Place Vendôme, which is justly regarded as one of the most beautiful modern works of art ; and the principal part of its *bassi relievi* is from his elegant and classical designs. Many industrious and able workmen are engaged in this city in different branches of art ; one of which is, I believe, peculiar to it, called the *labori di scaluola*, a species of stucco which imitates mosaic and painting, and for the revival of which they are indebted to Don Hugford, an English monk of Camaldoli. Several clever artists are also employed in the *pietra dura* and mosaic manufactories, which are very flourishing ; as is also, sculpture in alabaster, a native production in which the most exquisite copies of antiques are executed.

Every facility is afforded by government for the introduction of foreign books, periodical publications and newspapers ; and many of the former are

republished. Thus, a certain degree of information is spread, and works of merit are eagerly bought up. The best editions of Voltaire, Rousseau, Byron, and other French and English works, can be obtained of several enterprising publishers, as cheap in Florence as in Paris, although strictly prohibited in the Roman, Sardinian, and Austrian States. Scientific and literary men are therefore induced to resort to a city where they enjoy so many advantages ; and the sociability and kindness of the Tuscans make it an agreeable residence to the many strangers who are thus encouraged to settle amongst them. Courtesy seems to be an obligation on all ; and it is not surprising that numbers of Englishmen and Russians have been tempted, by pleasant society and other attractions, to take up their abode in some of the best “ Casas ” or palazzos of Florence. Frenchmen so seldom travel in Italy, or indeed any where else out of “ la belle France,” that there is little chance of meeting any of them beyond the Alps. Paris is the *ne plus ultra* of a Frenchman’s ambition as to a residence. So high indeed does it stand in his estimation, that he feels quite offended, if any one presumes to imagine that he could have such bad taste as to quit it, from any other motive save love or war ! but I have often seen the same faces from Bath, Brighton, and Cheltenham, transplanted to the Lung Arno, lounging about, or staring at pictures and statues in the gallery. In fact, English carriages, drawn by English horses, filled with English ladies, and attended by English footmen, are now almost as common on the Cascine as in Hyde Park.

Circulating libraries, that delightful resource of

our fair countrywomen, have been long established at Florence. There is also an excellent reading-room, where English, French, and German newspapers, magazines, and reviews, are to be found ; a Swiss keeps it in very good style, and has given it the somewhat pompous title of “ *Gabinetto Scientifico è Literario.* ” *

My travelling companion now announced his departure for Naples, as he wished to get there during the fine weather ! This I thought rather a Russian idea, and begged to suggest that he would be quite safe in any part of Italy in winter, if it were merely the cold he dreaded. I believe he is a solitary instance of a man being three days in Florence without having seen its gallery ; but I forget the absurd reason he assigned for relinquishing that exquisite treat. I never knew a more eccentric, or witty fellow, nor one fonder of argument, than this same companion. A soldier and a philosopher, B. had been expelled from his college and his regiment ; yet he was conciliatory, brave and intelligent. He had fought a dozen duels, and was only then recovering from a severe wound received in his last “ affair ; ” yet he was humane and benevolent : a native of the most uncivilized country in Europe, yet polite and well informed : a cynic, yet an enthusiastic admirer of beauty : a misanthrope, yet endowed with a tender heart : liberal, with meanness : and, to sum up his character, it formed a perfect antithesis in itself.

The Baron de B—, to whom I had been introduced at Milan, I found a preferable, though not

* Scientific and Literary Dépôt.

132 CATHEDRAL OF S. MARIA DEL FIORE.

a more amusing fellow-traveller. He agreed to wait a few days for me, in order that we might set off for Rome together. In the meantime he accompanied me to several of the churches, and pointed out many objects worthy of notice, which he had previously inspected under the guidance of that necessary evil—a cicerone. The cathedral St Maria del Fiore was our first visit. The edifice itself was commenced by Arnolphi di Lapo in the 13th century. The dome, designed by Brunelleschi, is said to have given Michael Angelo the idea of the magnificent cupola of St Peter's. The front is not yet finished! Indeed few of the churches in Florence are in a state of completion, a circumstance which detracts greatly from their effect. The interior of the cathedral of St Maria del Fiore is so dark and gloomy, that many fine statues by Donatello, Michael Angelo and Sansovino, are in a manner lost to the public. The exterior is cased in black and white marble, admirably disposed; and, viewed as the principal edifice of a splendid group, consisting besides of the Baptisterium and Belfry in the same square, it may be considered as one of the most interesting monuments of the wealth and spirit of the Republican days of Florence. The beautiful detached tower or belfry near it, built by Giotto, and covered in like manner with a profusion of marble of various colours, is a fine bold structure; and those who choose to undergo the fatigue of mounting about 400 steps, may enjoy a delightful view of the city and its environs from a height of nearly 300 feet. It was this building which Charles V. said "ought to be preserved in a case like a lady's jewelled bodkin."

Opposite to the Duomo, stands the Baptisterio, an ancient marble church of an octagonal shape, much admired for the elegance of its architecture, and for Ghiberti's celebrated bronze doors, * richly ornamented with bassi relievi on the pannels, which were declared by Michael Angelo, "worthy to be the gates of Paradise." We entered it, and found the priests in the act of christening an infant, being, as the name imports, the only place of worship in the city for that purpose; and therefore dedicated to St John the Baptist. It is adorned by two porphyry columns, and many others of granite, as well as a number of statues by celebrated sculptors. The church of Santa Croce, with its oil and fresco paintings, its tombs and statues, next occupied our attention. Several of the earliest efforts of

* "In the year 1400, the magistrates of Florence resolved to ornament the two remaining entrances to the Baptistery with gates of bronze, similar in design to those which had before, by Andrea da Pisa, been prepared for the third. They accordingly invited a competition of the most celebrated artists, by publicly announcing their intention in every principality of Italy. Of the artists who, on the day appointed, assembled in great numbers, six were immediately acknowledged to surpass the rest in general estimation, though of doubtful superiority as compared with each other. Of the candidates thus selected, Brunelleschi and Ghiberti were Florentines; Jacomo della Quercia of Siena, Nicolo Lamberti of Arezzo, Francisco di Valdambrino, were Tuscans; and Simone dei Colli was from Lombardy. On the expiration of a year, during which they were maintained at the expense of the state, each was required to produce a complete pannel, finished in the proper style, and of the just dimensions, as required in the future work.

The time for examining these performances being arrived, a second assembly of artists was convened at Flo-

Giotto and Margaritoni's pencil grace the choir and vestry. The grouping and attitudes are good, but the folds and fall of the draperies, in the stiff manner of the earlier Florentine school, are woefully defective. The statues are chiefly by Allori, Salviati, and Donatello—all native artists.

The Church of Santa Croce, "the centre of pilgrimage, and Mecca of Italy," is graced with the mausoleums of Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Galileo, Aretino, and other great men. That of the first is particularly remarkable, and ornamented with statues of the sister arts of Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture, in all of which Buonarrotti shone pre-eminent. Here also a monument has been erected by the Duchess of Albany to Count Victor Alfieri, a name dear to every lover of liberty and the Muses. The Genius of Italy is portrayed, with her mural crown, leaning upon the white

rence, when thirty-eight of the most accomplished were requested to act as judges. The competitors having wrought in secret, and apart from each other, the pannels were now first exposed, representing, in mixed relief, the Sacrifice of Abraham,—a subject prescribed, as well calculated to elicit their utmost skill, including both draped and naked figures, and animals. This was a spectacle worthy of the happiest ages of ancient Greece:—the magistrates in their robes presided;—the assembled citizens stood around;—and the judges discussed aloud, in presence of all, the respective merits of the rival productions.

After long deliberation, conducted with the most impartial scrutiny, Lorenzo Ghiberti, a youth of twenty-three years, was declared to have surpassed the skill and elegance of his opponents. The work thus honourably assigned to his superior merits, formed the constant labour of forty years of his life, and still remains one of the noblest monuments of modern art." MEMES' *Life of Canova*.

marble tomb of her favourite son, whose loss she is lamenting. I need not attempt to bestow any commendation on the execution of this splendid mausoleum, when I mention that it is the work of Canova.

I generally spent a couple of hours daily in the gallery, commencing with an examination of the fine pieces of sculpture in the ante-room; then of the excellent and complete collection of busts of the Roman Emperors; and afterwards of the bas-reliefs, which are in an admirable state of preservation. It is extremely interesting to mark the progress of painting from the revival of the arts in the early part of the 14th century, and to read their history in the works before us, from the time that the Senate of Florence introduced several artists from Greece, who formed the style and taste of the students. It was from this circumstance that the first school of painting, at the head of which stands Cimabue, may be said to have taken its rise. When advancing through the gallery, after viewing the productions of the Father of the Florentine school, and those of his pupil Giotto, we arrive at the works of Memmi and Orgagna, closely followed by Uccello, who introduced perspective, and first quitted the stiff, formal manner of the Greeks. We then observe some specimens of the earlier oil-paintings of Antonella da Messina, and those of a later age, Perugino, Bellino, Ghirlandajo, and Mussaccio whose lively colouring and correct design show a gradual improvement. Lorenzo il Magnifico, and Leo the Tenth, possessed a taste and munificence hitherto unexampled, and which perhaps will never again

be equalled ; for, under their fostering influence, flourished Leonardo da Vinci, with whom commenced the modern Florentine school. With the appearance of Leonardo da Vinci, cease the dark ages of the arts ; and during the 15th and 16th centuries, painting was nobly patronized by the wealth and power of the Medici, and kept pace with the luxury and splendour of Italy. Da Vinci was followed by Michael Angelo, and a list of other great masters, whose leading principles may be denominated grandeur, dignity and force. Every subject was attempted, and every subject, I may say, was embellished by the splendid works of the great artists who now sprung up, Titian, Andrea del Sarto, Raphael, Giorgione, Giulio Romano, and Corregio ; and who exhausted every occurrence of more than ordinary interest in Scripture, in Greek and Roman mythology, as well as in ancient and modern history. What a fund of information and instruction is displayed in this gallery for the benefit of artists ! I saw many Englishmen and foreigners copying different masterpieces. The want of a national gallery compels our countrymen to resort to Italy in order to study their art. We have, however, at length commenced one ; and in the course of a few years, I hope we shall have something worthy of England, which possesses so many admirable works, undoubted originals, of the old and best masters.

In this collection, considerable taste and judgment have been displayed in the arrangement of the many admirable treasures it contains. In two long parallel galleries, including the wing near the river which connects them, are to be found speci-

mens of painting from the days of Cimabue, progressively illustrating the progress of the art, down to the present time. The different schools are placed in separate apartments, which communicate with, and open into, the principal galleries. Two rooms exhibit portraits of the most celebrated painters of every country, which were executed generally by themselves, for the purpose of being presented to the Grand Dukes of Tuscany. These are highly interesting, as they recall many of the great masters connected with the art. The names of most of them, together with many of their works, had been long familiar to me, and, therefore, to behold their features, as pourtrayed by themselves, was no small gratification. On the whole, however, it is rather a fatiguing exhibition; and I turned from it with regret, to find so few of my own countrymen amongst those 400 eminent artists. Now, however, there is but one Lawrence in Europe, and our actual skill in portrait-painting has perhaps never been surpassed in any age or nation; nor is it astonishing, with so powerful a stimulus as the wealth of England, that an inferior, but more self-gratifying, department of the art, should have attained so elevated a pitch of success. The gallery was crowded with copyists of both sexes, from many of whom emanated the most wretched daubs, in imitation of the beautiful masterpieces of Raphael and Titian. I found one English artist who had been engaged nearly a month in copying a superb Paulo Veronese, without knowing the subject; which happened to be the Martyrdom of St Agnes. I thought his ignorance evinced very little promise; for in his profession

some knowledge of history, sacred as well as profane, is certainly indispensable ; and worth the trouble of studying, if not for the purpose of selecting subjects for his own pencil, at least that he may understand something of the productions of others. I always closed my inspection with the Tribuna, which contains nothing but masterpieces, selected from the best antiques in sculpture, and the most admirable paintings that art has ever produced. In sculpture the most precious work is the Venus de Medicis, which I had seen already in Paris ; and the opinion which I then formed, remained unchanged with regard to that admirable piece of sculpture ; namely, that for calm loveliness and placidity, it can never be excelled, but there is about it a want of the voluptuousness distinguishing the Goddess of Love, and so often misplaced in the Madonnas. The arms of the Medicean Venus, it is easy to perceive, are not the workmanship of Alcaménès. They are, indeed, known to be modern restorations ; a fact which accounts for a certain stiffness in their position, particularly observable in the left arm. Many also think the head too small, and out of proportion with the body. It is wonderful, however, that a statue, which, when discovered, was in nearly a dozen pieces, (the joinings being quite perceptible), could ever be made to appear with so few imperfections. Had Phidias himself entered the lists on a trial of strength with his two pupils Alcaménès and Agoracrites, it is doubtful if he could have produced any thing superior to this work ; although the Parians allege, that the palm was not awarded to the sculptor, so much on account of its excellence, as

from the circumstance of his being, like his judges, an Athenian. There are some, however, who maintain, and not without reason, that the statue actually was from the hand of the great master himself, who took this method of obtaining the prize for a loved pupil. I will merely enumerate the remaining masterpieces in the Tribuna; namely, the group of the wrestlers; L'Arotino, the spy or knife-whetter—for it is unknown who this disputed statue so named is meant to represent, though some suppose it to have been intended to represent a Scythian slave; and the Apollini or youthful Apollo, the torso of which is considered as the finest piece of antique sculpture of this character extant.

In painting, the Tribuna boasts of six pictures by Raphael, among which the St John in the Desert is allowed to be the best, a Virgin, and a splendid portrait of his patron Julius the Second. There are, besides, the Descent from the Cross by Andrea del Sarto, a Madonna by Corregio, a Michael Angelo, and several works by Rubens; but there is none so remarkable as that gorgeous display of colouring, the Titian Venus, a naked figure the size of life, reclining on a couch in the most graceful, languishing posture. From the position of this work, which is placed near the Grecian Queen of Beauty, the two finest representations of the Cytherean goddess, in painting and sculpture, when thus coming in immediate contrast, cannot but challenge comparison.

There are three theatres at Florence, of which the Pergola, intended for the performance of operas and ballets, is the largest. The price of

admission is low, as in all Italian theatres, not exceeding two shillings to the pit; which, like that of the Opera-house in London, is the usual place of resort for gentlemen. Some of the boxes are spacious; but the greater part of them are private. In some of the scenes which represent streets and buildings, I observed a want of correct perspective, unpardonable in this land of the arts, where one would expect to find greater attention paid to minute and apparently trivial details. Although there were no first-rate singers engaged, the music was admirable. In point of orchestral strength, England must yield the palm to Germany and Italy; for, even in the minor theatres of these nations, she is excelled. They have always an imposing host of performers, scarcely inferior to our Lindleys and Nicholsons, from amongst whom they make their selections. Even German sovereigns are sometimes seen presiding in the orchestra of their opera-houses. When at Darmstadt, I was told that the Grand Duke is so excellent a performer, that he occasionally appears in public, superintending the fiddlers; and it is said the maintenance of his dramatic corps costs more than his whole army in time of peace! We generally find in the larger theatres, that unless the voice happens to be extremely powerful it is quite lost, so seldom is the construction of the edifice free from defect. The Cocomero, however, is a small but excellent theatre, chiefly for the opera buffa; and there is attached to it, a very good *corps de ballet*, among whom are many beautiful females.

The architecture and bassi relievi of the church of La Santissima Nunziata, which forms one side

of the square of that name, are very much admired. Besides many good oil-paintings, it contains Andrea del Sarto's famous Madonna del Sacco in the cloister, so called because the painter agreed to receive in payment a bag of wheat, which he has introduced into his fresco, with St Joseph reposing upon it; while the Virgin is represented seated on a cushion, with the infant Jesus in her arms. There are several other frescoes, by Andrea del Sarto, in the portico of the convent, preferable to this, although many consider it his masterpiece, merely because it has acquired a great degree of celebrity, and has been very often copied and engraved.

But among the finest churches in Florence, that of St Maria Novella, belonging to the Dominican order, is the most remarkable; and so much did Michael Angelo admire it, that he is said to have studied its architecture, in some instances adopting it as his model. The altar-pieces are all by Cimabue, Orgagna, and other eminent old masters. In the choir there are some beautiful pictures by Ghirlandajo (Buonarotti's master), in which he has introduced portraits of the Medici, and other great men of the day. This convent and some others are well known for their adjoining pharmacies and perfumeries, prepared by the industrious friars, who supply the sick with the best medicines—on the lowest terms to those who *do* pay, and gratis to the poor.

One day I devoted a couple of hours to the sepulchral chapel of the Medici family, erected about two centuries ago by order of Ferdinand I., and dedicated to San Lorenzo. The splendour

of this wonder of Florence baffles all description, but it is far too rich and gaudy for the mausoleum of any prince. It is yet in an unfinished state, and consists of a chapel and sacristy—the former being of a moderate size, and in the shape of an octagon, surmounted by a lofty and elegant cupola.

In the latter are the far-famed tombs which give the name to the chapel (*Dei Sepolchri*). These are the entire works of Michael Angelo, consisting each of a sarcophagus of white marble, on which recline two allegorical sculptures, while above, in a niche, sits the statue of the deceased,

“ — There from age to age
Two ghosts are seated on their sepulchre.”

These figures represent Giuliano, Duke of Nemours, and Lorenzo de Medici, Duke of Urbino, the former brother of Leo X., the latter father of Alexander I.; and for truth of expression, especially that of Lorenzo, rank among the finest examples of modern art. Respecting the allegorical personages, much dispute has arisen; but on the most competent authority, they are considered as personifying in the one instance *Dawn* and *Twilight*, in the other *Night* and *Day*.

“ — gigantic forms—
Turned into stone, rest everlastingly,
Yet still are breathing, and shed round at noon
A twofold influence.

These monuments occupy the two sides of the chapel right and left of the altar, opposite to which is another celebrated work of the same artist, being a group in white marble, of the Virgin and Child, like the two former also unfinished. Still it is im-

possible not to discover how admirable they would have been, had they received the last exquisite touch from his chisel. Even the rough outline displays a certain gracefulness and symmetry seldom equalled by any other artist; and none has been found bold enough to attempt the restoration, or rather completion, of works which this sublime master unfortunately left unfinished. The head of a satyr was Michael Angelo's first effort, when he was only fifteen. It is a remarkable performance for a boy; but more so, from its having been the means of introducing him to Lorenzo il Magnifico, and ensuring the future patronage of that prince. The characteristic style of this eminent artist was sublimity of conception and endless variety of subordinate parts. He stamped even meanness and deformity with grandeur; and it has been said, that "his infants teem with the man, and that his men were a race of giants." He was the inventor of Epic painting, but contented himself with a negative colour, rejecting all meretricious ornament. To give the appearance of ease and intelligibility to the most difficult subjects was his peculiar talent. Thus he exhibited the origin, progress, and final dispensations of the Theocracy, in the Sixtine chapel; and personified motion in the groups of the cartoons of Pisa. It would be difficult to say in which of the three arts, of painting, sculpture, or architecture; Buonarotti excelled, so great was he in each; yet it has been his fate to be censured for the impotence of a host of copyists, who, making futile attempts to approach the grandeur of his forms, instead of seizing his bold inspiration, only succeed in imitating him

in his moments of dereliction, when he deviated into mannerism.

Tuscany is, I have no doubt, the happiest country in Italy. Although the government is absolute, it is tempered with much mildness and moderation; nor do the Tuscans feel the want of a constitution, for there are few existing abuses to reform, and they are attached to the reigning family. They forget its Austrian origin, and look upon Leopold the Second as an Italian, born and brought up amongst them. They were by no means friendly to the French; and the Austrians, who succeeded in the temporary possession of Tuscany, never gained much of their affections. Indeed, all the Italians seem to have been disgusted by the parsimony, haughtiness, and moroseness of the Austrians. The present administration enjoys the confidence of the Prince, and the respect of the people. Universal and well organized laws have been instituted, and the real intention of justice is never paralyzed by unequal administration. The higher orders are generally engaged in patriotic and laudable pursuits—patronizing the arts, sciences, and literature, which, thus encouraged, are successfully cultivated.

In Florence, the three principal libraries are the Magliabechina, rich in rare books of the fifteenth century, and valuable manuscripts; the Riccardiana; and that of the Medici at San Lorenzo. This last contains the identical manuscript volumes collected from the East, at so much cost and care by Cosmo and Lorenzo; and from which, in more than one instance, were obtained the present printed editions, and our knowledge of certain Greek authors. The Library itself is the architecture of

M. Angelo, even to the oaken desks, and covers of the books; and his, it is also said, was the invention, still in use, of chaining each volume to its place, so that they may be consulted but not removed. The academy of fine arts reckons amongst its members all the principal native, and many foreign artists. Paramount authority was assumed by the ancient Della Crusca over the vernacular language, which is now united to the Apatisca, under the name of "Accademia Fiorentina." This is a very flourishing establishment, and was founded by the Grand Duke Léopold for literary purposes. It exercises a beneficial controul over Italian philology, as it is absolutely necessary there should exist a standard for the classical language of a country where so many dialects are written and spoken.

In charitable institutions, there is the Spedale di Santa Maria Nuova, a large and well-conducted hospital for sick persons of all descriptions; the Bonifacio, destined for insane persons and invalids; finally, the "Innocents," for foundlings, orphans, and destitute children. I have often thought the want of such an establishment as the latter a reflection on the inhabitants of the richest city in Europe (London); for the foundling hospital there is a misnomer, a certain interest being required to obtain admittance for children. Paris, even *Lisbon*, and most of the great cities in Europe, have foundling hospitals, where children are indiscriminately received, without any questions being asked.

The Misericordia ought to be regarded as a model for National imitation. This interesting and useful institution, is not peculiar to Flo-

rence ; for similar establishments exist at Pisa, and in many towns of Italy and other Catholic countries, being of great antiquity. Its members consist of three classes ;—the first, or *Capi de Guardia*, includes the Grand Duke, the Archbishop, the principal nobility and dignified clergy ; the second is composed of several hundreds of gentlemen, clergymen, and merchants ; and the third class confined to laymen, musters upwards of a thousand members, comprising tradesmen and mechanics.

It is not unusual to meet a detachment of this fraternity attending in profound silence the funerals of the poor, bearing torches (all funerals are after sunset in Italy), and surrounded by the insignia of death. They also distribute alms among the poor, from a fund raised for the purpose by this brotherhood of mercy, which is only composed of persons of good character and behaviour ; and they occasionally parade the city in the dress of their order, soliciting charity in aid of their funds. The poorer members of the order when sick, are provided with a physician, and allowed a weekly sum from the funds of the institution. They hold themselves ready to attend on any emergency ; and not only visit the sick, but convey them to the hospital, and, when dead, to the sepulchre. Even Leopold himself has been known to bear on his shoulders the covered litter of the *Misericordia* conveying a pauper to the hospital ; and in the eyes of a philanthropist, the black vestment of the order of mercy must then have been even more honourable to him than the purple of the Emperor.

When mentioning the *Misericordia*, which reckons among its members so many of the first no-

bility, I may add that there is another institution in Florence, composed of about twenty of the same class, called the Buonuomini de San Martino, which was founded by St Antonino, a benevolent Archbishop of Florence, in the fifteenth century, for the philanthropic purpose of collecting and distributing alms among the decayed gentry, who can neither work nor want, and are ashamed to beg. Large sums are thus distributed weekly among many who are starving under a genteel appearance, and would blush to make known their poverty. This brotherhood of benevolent spies upon domestic misery, also search for the retreats of suffering delicacy, whom they visit periodically and relieve. Most of these *poveri vergognosi* * are ladies who live in garrets, and never go out except to the early mass, unperceived. I understand this establishment now provides for above 600 families.

Travellers, as a matter of course, represent the Italian nobility as destitute of energy and liberality, engrossed by trifling occupations, such as dancing and singing; nay, many persons stigmatise them as degenerate, ignorant, and dissipated. Florence certainly presents a proof of the injustice of these reproaches; for its aristocracy employ much of their time, talents, and wealth, in promoting charitable and literary institutions, such as I have described. They found schools for mutual instruction, and patronize and encourage the fine arts and liberal sciences. When I was at Bologna, Milan, Venice, and other cities of Italy, I was assured from good authority, (after much personal in-

* Bashful poor.

vestigation, amongst natives as well as foreigners), that very many who have been similarly aspersed, follow the same laudable course.

In winter the society of Florence is excellent. I am told the Florentines live with much economy at home, but the upper classes display a good deal of luxury in their equipages, and some taste in their country houses, many of which are elegant and much preferable to their sombre *Casas* in town. Count Demidoff, a rich but very feeble and decrepid Russian, takes the lead in society. This wealthy and affable person is said to have been originally a slave; but my Russian friend assured me such was not the case; he having inherited from his father, who was, however, of the lowest origin, some gold mines, which produced an immense annual revenue. Demidoff is now a Florentine merchant, a Russian count, and an Italian commendatore, and has in his pay a tolerable company of French comedians. His soirées, to which the introduction of a friend procured me an invitation, commence with a play or vaudeville, and are extremely pleasant. The Roman Prince Borghese, who has the largest income of any Italian nobleman, also gives parties once a week when at Florence, and spends his 50,000*l.* a year nobly. It is good policy of the Grand Duke to conciliate two such wealthy individuals. He renders their stay in his capital agreeable by every means in his power, as the want of courtesy in the Papal Court forced them to quit Rome, where the loss of their princely establishments is severely felt, and their presence proportionately appreciated by the Florentines.

Early one morning the Baron de B— made his appearance in my room with a Roman vetturino, and expressed himself very anxious to set off. I felt quite disposed to accompany him, for in the streets, at the inns, and on the promenades, one only meets with English people; and as I came not to Florence to see my own countrymen, I thought the sooner I took my departure for Rome the better, before they made their periodical flight south. When the English commence migrating, the hire of conveyances of every description is doubled, and the country inns are crowded to excess with those birds of passage. We examined the vetturino's coach, which we found strong and commodious. The horses also looked well; but some hours after securing our places, and engaging "mezze carrozza," (half of the carriage) we were told there were to be six inside, a condition I had before rejected. The vetturino, in order to reconcile me to this inconvenience, said that two of the passengers were merely *piccola bambini*, (little children. After a protracted negotiation, every thing was arranged to our satisfaction, we consenting to have two German artists and an Italian Count, as companions, taking the cabriolet seats alternately.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNEY TO ROME.

October 20th. — When on the road to the “Eternal City,” the termination of my Cisalpine peregrinations, I had a much better opportunity, during a journey of six days, to judge of the manner of vetturino travelling, than the slight initiation, which a couple of days, by the same conveyance, from Bologna, afforded me. I had been advised always to make a written agreement, and to get it signed by the vetturino, without which I should certainly be imposed upon, and a thousand unpleasant events might happen. However, as it turned out, although I never on any occasion acted upon the well-meant advice, I suffered no inconvenience from the omission. At Rome and Florence the waiters of the principal hotels, who recommend travellers to particular vetturini, have a certain *feeling*, being allowed a perquisite of a paul* on every crown, or one tenth part, of the sum agreed upon, in order to secure a continuance of their *powerful* influence. The journey is generally performed in a large roomy coach, holding four persons inside, and two in the

* The smallest silver coin current in the Tuscan and Roman States, value about $5\frac{1}{4}$ d.

cabriolet, drawn by four horses or mules. The vetturino provides travellers with beds at night, and their dinner, or more properly speaking, supper; it being the evening meal, and seldom served up before eight o'clock. For all this the charge is commonly about two Roman scudi or dollars, equal to half a Louis-d'or a day. A certain experience is required to make a good agreement with the vetturini, as they are apt to ask at first a great deal more than the regular charge. They have no fixed days of departure, but start as soon as they can fill their vehicle. If they are not punctual to their agreement, they forfeit a deposit of a few crowns, placed in the hands of the traveller when he engages his seat. They have their regular haunts; and there is no inducing them to stop at any other places; generally preferring villages to large towns, where the charges are less, and where travellers suffer in proportion.

The rate of travelling averages about 35 miles a day, as the horses go no faster than four miles an hour, and, when the road is up hill, at a snail's pace; nor is it quite safe, in all parts of Italy, to travel either at a very early hour of the morning, or late at night. It is not much more expensive for three people to join in purchasing a post-chaise, which may be found in almost every town, and may be afterwards sold with little loss. A pair of post-horses, in the Roman States, including the postillion, do not cost more than two paoli and a half, or somewhat more than a shilling a mile; but if a rogue of a courier is engaged, he practises a general system of imposition, and is abetted by every innkeeper on the road. Yet

notwithstanding its *disagremens*, I rather liked vetturino travelling, as it afforded so good an opportunity of seeing the country. Besides, I was much amused with the scenes at the inns, and became acquainted with the humour and peculiarities of my fellow-passengers, who partook more of the character of ship, than of stage-coach acquaintances. Few modes of travelling can be imagined so economical. The whole expense scarcely exceeds what the living alone would cost at inns in England, without reckoning the charge for conveyance at all.

Nothing particular occurred to excite our attention during the first day; and at sunset we arrived at a small village, the name of which I omitted to *record*. We had not travelled more than twenty-five miles, owing to the late hour at which we set off, and being retarded in passing the steep hills near Incisa, a part of the chain of the Apennines. Another vettura had overtaken us on the road, in the cabriolet of which I observed Captain B., a friend of mine, and another young Englishman. On our arrival at this stage, our acquaintance with his fellow-travellers commenced under rather unfavourable circumstances. They consisted of an advocate from Bologna, and his family, who were proceeding to Rome in order to have one of their number inspected by the Spanish ambassador, previous to obtaining a commission in one of Ferdinand's foreign regiments; and, seeing the miserable accommodations which the poor country inn where we were to sleep afforded, the Baron and myself secured a small room. I then called B—— to look after his own interest, which he did by pitch-

ing upon the best in the house ; our own travelling companions took the third ; and the only one remaining for the advocate and his family was wretched enough, for it contained but two beds to accommodate four people, one of them a lady. The advocate having blustered very much at our want of gallantry, I availed myself of the only mode in my power to answer his appeal, by showing him the room we (the first arrived) had selected ; and then offering to give it up to the lady if my companion consented, but this offer was declined, owing to the indifferent appearance of our closet, which, though clean, was small. A tolerable supper, however, and a cheerful glass of light red wine, soon put the whole party in such good humour, that before we retired for the night, we got pretty well acquainted, and had come to a much better understanding.

To avoid the heat, we were again on our journey at an early hour the following morning. As we approached the Apennines, I cast a longing eye in the direction of the famous Tuscan monasteries ; for it was my intention, had I prolonged my stay at Florence, to have visited the Cenobites, who dwell amid the deep recesses of these mountains. The Abbey of Camaldoli is situated in the midst of a vast solitude, about thirty miles east from Florence. It was founded in the 10th century by a romantic penitent (St Romualdo) on the Campo di Maldulo, who instituted it according to the rule of St Benedict ; but having seen his monks in a vision ascending by means of a ladder to heaven, and all clothed in white, he changed the colour of their habit accordingly from the black of the ori-

ginal order. Nor to the English traveller is it the least interesting association, that these delightful retreats were the favourite haunt of Milton during his sojourn in Italy, and that, from the scenery of Camaldoli and Vallambrosa, the exquisite description of Paradise, in the Fourth Book of his immortal poem, is said to have been derived.

We stopped some time at Arezzo, remarkable for its antiquity and agreeable situation, at the foot of a gently swelling hill. It also claims the honour of being Petrarch's native place, his father having retired there when exiled from Florence. But the embryo poet was removed from it when only a few months old, and only visited it once for a few days in the course of his life. Few cities in Italy boast of more celebrated natives than Arezzo, amongst whom Guido Aretino, who lived in the eleventh century, though not the best known, is not the least deserving of being remembered, especially in Italy, he having been the inventor of counterpoint, and consequently of the whole system of modern music. It is said that the monosyllables of the Solfeggio, *ut, re, mi, fa, so, la*, suggested themselves to his mind one evening during the vesper service; but it is more than probable that he was merely the restorer of the true principle of the music of ancient Greece, with which he might have become acquainted through sources which have escaped modern research. Machiavelli, so celebrated for his political writings and his history of Florence—Leonard Aretino, a distinguished historian of the 14th century—and more recently Pietro Aretino, the infamous satirist, * were also na-

* Such is the influence of wit and political genius, that

tives of Arezzo ; while, on ascending to her classic age, we find no less a character than Mæcenas enrolled among her sons. Vasari, a most prolific artist, and an acute observer of men, who did more work than all the Tuscan painters of his time, was also born here. Vasari certainly was better entitled to the merit of expeditiousness, than to the more important one of delicacy of taste. Numberless palaces and churches bear undoubted proof of the superficial character of this mannerist, who was more indebted to the ignorant weakness of Popes and Princes, for the facility with which they allowed him to overwhelm their dominions with “ a deluge of mediocrity, executed with a shameless rapidity,” than to the intrinsic merit of his works. The labours of Vasari’s pen, however, in his “ Lives of the Painters,” are now more esteemed than the productions of his pencil. In modern times Arezzo has also produced Syricci, although an imitator of Alfieri, an admirable young poet, and well known for his impromptu compositions.

Proceeding onwards, we passed several villages, and were struck with the beauty of the villas, with

Pietro Aretino was honoured, feared, and caressed by the greatest men of the age in which he lived. Even Leo X., Charles V., and Francis the First, did not disdain to receive his flattery and patronise his works, though these owed their chief success to their gross licentiousness, and the bitterness of their satire. It has been related, that while one of the friends of this depraved author was disclosing some scandalous anecdote regarding his sisters, who led a most dissolute life at Venice, he was so much amused at the account of their gallantry, that he fell off his chair in an immoderate fit of laughter, struck his head on the pavement, and expired on the spot.

their columns and arcades, which seem to form the general style of rural architecture in Tuscany; and on every side we beheld mountains planted with oaks, chestnut and olive trees, until we came to the fertile and smiling valley of Chiana. Though this road is not so much frequented as that of Sienna, and those of the north of Italy, we lacked not both attractive and amusing objects—fine English carriages, with jaded hacks, by way of post-horses; old calèches, containing Italian families, jogging along in a manner that betrayed their economical habits; monks on foot, or mounted on sorry mules; labourers driving their oxen-carts, and nice-looking country girls in black hats and feathers, or straw-bonnets of their own manufacture, were all passing in rapid succession; and nowhere did I perceive any signs of that squalid poverty, misery or disease, which pains the heart, and shocks the eye.

The bright rays of the declining sun still shone upon our path, when we descried the lake of Thrasimene, the scene of Hannibal's victory over the Consul Flaminius. It was too late in the evening when we reached this spot, for us to behold much of its beautiful and interesting attractions; but indeed, the view we had next morning from Perugia of the field of battle, is much more commanding and extensive than that from the banks of Thrasimenus (now called the Lake of Perugia), where it was fought. This memorable event is familiar to every one, from the descriptions of Polybius and Livy, to whose pages I refer the reader. We were here detained fully an hour at the Pontifical custom-house, and underwent a very rigid search.

The Italian Count had a great many books, the value of which he was here obliged to deposit ; and was also compelled to have them put into a sealed packet, directed to the proper department at Rome, where his money, he was told, would be returned to him, on the books being received and examined by the Censors and Inquisitors. Nothing is so strictly prohibited in the States of the Church, as religious or philosophical works, particularly of the French school.

A scramble, similar to that of the previous night, again took place, when we saw the wretched accommodation of the inn at Passignano, where several carriages had arrived before us ; but here the poor Count fared worst, for he had only a single mattress laid down for his use in the corridor. While we were at supper, an English family arrived ; but how or where they were accommodated, I cannot imagine. We now summoned our vetturino, and insisted that he should take us in future to large towns every night, which he promised to do, and faithfully kept his word, knowing that his *buona mano* (a crown or two for himself) would have been forfeited had he failed in his engagement.

I have already mentioned, that a sleeping apartment to one's self is a luxury seldom met with on this side the Alps. The Baron and I got accommodated in a double-bedded room, but the absence of a mirror proved a source of some amusement. Having desired the *camerière* (a raw, stupid-looking lad) to procure one for us that I might shave—"Non ce, Signore," (There is none), was his reply ; so as I had occasionally managed the in-

dispensable operation without a reflector, and was already lathered, I began to use my razor, standing opposite to a circle which my companion had described with his pencil on the wall. In the mean time, the camériste had returned with a towel, and to his horror and dismay saw me operating on my chin with as much apparent facility as if I had been placed before a looking-glass. The Baron, seeing him stare wildly, and wishing to carry on the joke, told him I was an English sorcerer, which the poor *booby* must have believed, for he made his escape as fast as he could down stairs, devoutly making the sign of the cross, and muttering, as he disappeared—*Mago ! Gesu Maria ! che cattiva gente sono i forestiéri !* " (What a bad set those foreigners are !) and nothing afterwards could induce the fellow to carry my portmanteau to the carriage, or even to touch it. Nay, he gave a more convincing proof of his reluctance to come in contact with me, as he failed to apply for his customary perquisite. Having no inducement to prolong our stay at such quarters, by four o'clock in the morning we were seated in the vettura, to the camériste's great delight, who wished us a *buon viaggio* with all his heart, sincerely praying, I suppose, never to see my face again.

After a pleasant drive along the banks of the lake, we reached Perugia about nine o'clock, in time for breakfast. During five hours which we spent here, we had an opportunity of examining the ancient walls, which surprised and interested me no less than those of Cortona, which we had visited the day before. Some of these walls are still very high, and in excellent preservation. They are

built of huge polyhædric uncemented blocks of stone, belonging to the rude Cyclopic or Tyinthian style, specimens of which may be still found at Orvieto and Viterbo. Remains of these Etruscan walls have also been discovered at Volterra, Fiesolé, and other parts of ancient Etruria. These blocks are generally of different sizes, and often indented, or dove-tailed, into each other, forming such solid masses of masonry, that they have been capable of resisting the tear and wear of more than twenty-five centuries. Many of the Etruscan vases, medals, and household utensils, which have been dug from the ruins of those ancient cities, are exhibited in one of the cabinets of the Florentine gallery, and are most precious relics in the eyes of the archæologist and the antiquarian, having belonged to the most ancient people in Europe, the Etrurians, said to have been originally Lydians, who left Asia to colonize this province.

There are several fine streets in Perugia, particularly a very broad one in front of the cathedral terminated by an old fountain, which is ornamented with statues. But, in general, they are narrow and irregular, and many of the palaces and convents in the place are falling to ruin. It would be tiresome to mention the number of its churches containing pictures, which are chiefly by Pietro Vannucci, Raphael's master, better known by the name of *il Perugino*. Of the works we saw, *Gesu* of Vignola's architecture was the most curious. It is constructed of four stories, only one of which appears above ground, the other three being subterranean. At San Lorenzo, (the cathedral), there is a marriage of the Virgin by *Perugino*, in his

stiff, antiquated manner; also, a Madonna by Luca Signorelli. But the famous Baroccio—a painter who endeavoured to unite the design of Raphael with the colouring of Corregio—has been removed, and a copy sent to replace it. In the monastery of the Benedictines, there are some of Raphael's earliest productions, several of Perugino's best works, and two good specimens of the Bolognese school, by Albano.

We next stopped at the village of Madonna degli Angeli, at the foot of the hill of Assisi, in the midst of an agreeable and picturesque country, where I saw the most appropriate memorial of St Francis, the humble cottage in which he once resided. It is now converted into a chapel, over which Palladio has reared an elegant church. This saint dedicated his life to piety, meditation, and penance, trusting, by his exemplary conduct, to obtain the favour of Heaven. He is accused of having encouraged some pious frauds, such as the Seraphic vision; but though he carried his enthusiasm to a pitch of extravagance, he ought not to be blamed for all that is attributed to him. He was a zealous good man, and the champion of reform, at a period when "the Church triumphant" needed it the most. His followers professed poverty, obedience, and self-denial, in imitation of the apostles, whose lives they were enjoined to consider as their model. An order, professing such principles, and holding out no earthly inducements for wealthy, indolent, or haughty churchmen, has increased since that period (the 13th century) to upwards of 100,000 members, occupying 6000 convents in different parts of Eu-

rope and America. To it, the church is indebted for some learned men, amongst whom were fifty Cardinals and five Popes, including the celebrated Sextus Quintus, and the no less upright and renowned Ganganelli (Clement XIV.) Santa Clara, the contemporary of St Francis, also a native of Assisi, instituted an order for women of the same rule, since called Poor Clares, or the second order. A third has likewise been instituted, for persons of both sexes, married or single, living in the world, but united by certain rules and exercises of piety, compatible with a secular state, though not bound by any vow or precept.

The most meritorious votaries of St Francis are the Sœurs Grises of Flanders, and the Sœurs de la Charité of France, who make vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, devoting themselves to the service of the sick in hospitals, and, to use the powerful language of a French author,

“ Qui pour soulager le malheur seul connaissent la tendresse,
Et au besoin du veiel-age immolent leur jeunesse.” *

They make a voluntary sacrifice of their youth, beauty, and time, to comfort and attend upon their unfortunate fellow-creatures, in those miserable abodes of disease and pain, the sight of which cannot but be revolting to their sex. The brothers of the Order employ their whole time in attending lunatics and sick persons. Every one who has visited hospitals in Catholic countries,

* “ Who only feel happy while alleviating misfortune, and to the wants of old age sacrifice their youth.”

must have observed those philanthropic nuns and brothers exercising their active Christian duties; and have felt how much humanity is indebted to those benevolent individuals, who pass their lives in the constant practice of administering to the wants, and comforting the distresses, of their fellow men. It is here worthy of remark, that the *Sœurs de la Charité* alone, of all the monastic orders, were not dissolved under the late Imperial government, and that, in every hospital, they were to be seen in active attendance upon the sick and wounded French soldiery. No one could better distinguish the "principle of utility" than Napoleon.

It was so late when we got to Foligno, that we were unable to judge of any thing but the inn, which is one of the best in Romagna; and the excellent Aleatico wine we drank there, inspired us with a very favourable opinion of the neighbouring vineyards. No traveller ought to omit visiting the fountain of fabulous virtue, and the beautiful little Corinthian temple of Clitumnus, near the Flaminian Way, which, independently of its supposed classic antiquity, has a peculiar claim to the attention of Englishmen, from the circumstance of its having been celebrated in prose and verse by Addison and Byron. This fane "of small and delicate proportion," consists of a basement almost covered by the "mild declivity" of the sloping hill, and of a superstructure, having a façade ornamented with four columns. Of these, two are twisted in spiral fluting—the others are rather pilasters than columns, with barbarous imitations of Corinthian members. Therefore, although the scenery around be delightful, the site happily

chosen, and the general effect of the little temple itself exceedingly graceful, great doubts may be entertained of the classical antiquity of its origin. Spoleto, the next considerable town we reached, has few remains of that ancient magnificence which it displayed when it contained the Court of the Gothic King Theodoric. The ruins of the Temple of Concord are now converted into a convent. I was amused with the answer of our cicerone to an inquiry of one of the German artists, "Of what order are those marble columns?"—" *I frati sono dell'ordine di San Agostino!*" * said the Italian, with much simplicity, mistaking the question as referring to the order of monks, instead of that of the architecture of some mutilated shafts in the church. An ugly old arch, called the Gate of Hannibal, is preserved, to commemorate the repulse which the Carthaginian general is said to have sustained after the disastrous battle of Thrasimenus; this ruin, however, evidently belongs to the arts of the middle ages. Spoleto being the birthplace of the present Pontiff, Leo XII., he has ordered a gate to be constructed at the lower entrance to the town, which will form a splendid contrast to the other ruined arch of so doubtful an origin.

The mountain La Somma begins a few miles from the town of Spoleto. It is one of the highest points of the Apennines, and derives its name from a temple erected upon it to Jupiter-Summanus. We took several hours to reach the summit, which we gained by a steep ascent pretty

* "The monks are of the order of St Augustine."

well wooded. The sun was hid, and masses of clouds were sailing over the rude rocks, which surrounded us like mists that rise at daybreak from the valleys. The occasional glimpses which we had of huge blocks of schistose rocks, and the crests of mountains, presented a chaos which could scarcely be said to appertain to any specific element. But at other times our view was completely obstructed. After descending the western declivity, we travelled for some time through avenues of trees, till we reached Terni, the birth-place of Tacitus, which is situated in a charming valley, between two branches of the river Nera. Without stopping to admire either the ruins of its ancient temples and amphitheatres, or its handsome modern buildings, we immediately hired a carriage and post-horses, to view the celebrated cascade.

The drive from Terni up to the village, and from thence to the waterfal, must be recollected with pleasure by all who have ever visited such romantic scenery. In less than two hours we got to the canal, which was cut out of the solid rock by M. Curius Dentatus, the conqueror of Pyrrhus, to preserve the valley of Rieti (the country of the ancient Sabines) from occasional inundation, by thus giving vent to the waters of the Lake of Luco, which often overflowed its banks. The Velino rushes into the Nera, and forms the far-famed "Cascata del Marmore."

Few places, even in Italy, are more romantic and picturesque than the cascade of Terni. It is, however, neither the quantity of water nor the height of its fall which constitute its sublimity—but, like every cataract, it must be seen to be ap-

preciated ; for what description can possibly convey an adequate idea of a scene considered one of the finest in Europe ? Byron has probably approached the nearest to reality ; and although his description must be familiar to my readers, I cannot resist the impulse of engrafting it into my sketches :

“ The roar of waters !—from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice ;
The fall of waters ! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams, shaking the abyss ;
The hell of waters ! where they howl, and hiss,
And boil, in endless torture : while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,

And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald :—how profound
The gulf ! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent

To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,

With many windings, through the vale :—look back !
Lo ! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep down all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract,
Horribly beautiful ! ”

The best view of the fall is decidedly to be had from below, in the valley of the Nera, where the tumult of waters are seen descending with infinite grace and velocity, forming three different cascades, every one more lovely than the other. We were fortunately in time to observe the last rays of the setting sun on the waters, equaling in brilliancy and variety of tint the celestial Iris. We afterwards beheld it from a temple, built on a promontory for that purpose, on the upper banks. Abundance of wild flowers grow luxuriantly on all sides ; but trees do not flourish well, owing to their proximity to the spray which rises from the cascade. We passed a couple of hours in strolling about,—here a most delightful occupation,—enjoying at every step new points of view, amidst a scene like an enchanted wilderness, with wood, water, and mountain, in the wildest and most picturesque combination of uncultivated nature.

We set off at an early hour next morning, and soon after reached Narni, a small town which presented nothing remarkable, except the ruins of a magnificent bridge, said to have been constructed during the reign of Augustus. A couple of leagues beyond Narni, being the last link of their lengthened chain, we bade farewell to the Apennines. While descending amid the inequalities of the ground, so thickly covered

with wood, it was difficult not to imagine ourselves in the depths of a forest; the road winding by deep ravines, by sudden and abrupt heights, with rocks and chasms in varied shapes, presenting wild, yet highly picturesque scenery. On our way we met an escort of carabineers conducting seven banditti, who, we were told, had lately committed several robberies in the neighbourhood; and a more appropriate spot than that where we were, could not be selected for such a purpose. As they were coming from Rome, they had probably been already tried and condemned to the galleys, or to work on the fortifications of Ancona, the place of their destination.

Next morning we crossed the Tyber, over a fine three-arched bridge of Roman construction, which was repaired by Sextus Quintus. It divides Umbria from Sabina, into which we now entered. A great part of this day we had walked amidst beautiful olive-groves; but as we advanced further, vineyards appeared, and the soil, fertile and well cultivated, abounded in corn.

At the frightful abyss of Triglia, we passed another bridge of amazing height, built over a tremendous ravine. A dreadful storm, accompanied with thunder and lightning, succeeded by heavy rain, which lasted more than two hours, compelled us to take shelter at Civita Castellana; and when the weather cleared up towards evening, it was too late to go any further. We therefore ordered supper and beds, both of which were infinitely better than could have been expected, as accommodation was to be provided for upwards of thirty people who sat down together.

There is every reason to suppose, that Civita Castellana, was not Falerium, which some writers insist on fixing here, but the ancient city of Veii, which, even at an advanced period of Roman history, like a second Troy, sustained a ten years siege, before surrendering to Camillus. Its situation on a rock, the locality and other corroborative circumstances, agree with the accounts given of it by Roman historians; although it is pretended, on the faith of an inscription lately discovered, that Veii stood on the Cassian Way, about two miles from Isola Farnese. The town contains a handsome square and fountain; also a few churches scarcely worth seeing; but its bridge, citadel, and several remains of ancient architecture, are curious and interesting. We availed ourselves of a serene blue sky which followed the storm, to view the picturesque neighbourhood of this romantic and beautiful town, which has not only an air of antiquity, but stupendous natural scenery to recommend it.

Although impatient in the afternoon of the following day, to reach the ancient capital of the Christian world, we were compelled to stop at the indifferent inn of Baccano, where the fare was bad and the people uncivil; but our horses required to be attended to. Attached to this inn, a solitary house on the dreary Campagna, where the effects of the malaria are easily seen and severely felt, there is a small chapel; and, as it was Sunday, an old Greek bishop offered his services to celebrate mass; but the ceremony was so long, I did not stay till the end of it, having received a summons to partake of an omelette and mutton chop.

As we advanced towards Rome, we perceived

very few trees ; but at intervals the ruins of tombs and aqueducts, which may now be said to compose a soil mingled with the wreck of empires. No rich crops are to be seen in this wild region ; there is nothing but barren herbage, or, occasionally, rank grass, under which some traces of ancient culture are yet perceptible. No villages, few labourers, no herds of cattle, or even flocks of birds, can be found in the midst of the general desolation. Some dilapidated and uninhabited farm-houses appear, alike deserted by proprietors and peasants ; and the absence of all signs of life make this the very abode of gloom, as if no one had ventured to possess themselves of a territory once cultivated by the masters of the world. The mind is apt to be misled by first and erroneous impressions, in such a spot as the Campagna.

“ The fields of freedom, faction, fame and blood,
Here a proud people’s passions were exhal’d,
From the first hour of empire in the bud,
To that where further worlds to conquer fail’d. ”

At a short distance from Baccano, on the summit of a hill, “ Ecco ! ” the all-important “ Ecco,” was repeated by many voices, when we descried the cupola of St Peter’s, the gorgeous diadem of Pontifical Rome, the plain of Latium, and the distant windings of the Tyber ; but I could not look on the scene without much emotion. As we gradually discovered new objects of admiration, our enthusiasm reached the highest pitch, expecting in a few hours to be within the Eternal City, the wonder of all modern travellers. Even our horses and their driver seemed to have acquired fresh vigour, the nearer they approached towards their destination. On

passing the tower of the Ponte Molle (Pons Milvius), the scene of Constantine's victory over Maxentius, which was also that of Christianity over Paganism, we again crossed the Tyber, and rolled along the rough pavement, passing some churches, casinos, and an albergo; the churches being small, and chiefly built over the sites of reported miracles. The features of the approach to Rome are on a grander scale, and more interesting, than the immediate vicinity of either London or Paris; and we had ample compensation for the want of the prim, spruce-looking houses, and their small grass-plots, with neatly cut box-walks, flanked by crocusses and tulips, of the former; or the high dead walls, and formal avenues, of the latter. At the gates, a phalanx of papal soldiers and customhouse-officers impeded our progress; and although we exhibited a "*lascia passare*," * provided by the most experienced traveller of our party, the preliminary ceremony of examination and registration occupied nearly an hour; for his Holiness's scribes were not very familiar with English and German names, and required some assistance in their orthography. However, the examination of the Porta del Popolo made up for the inevitable delay to which we submitted. The proportions of this work are harmonious and well conducted. The details have probably less merit than might be expected from the architecture of Michael Angelo and Bernini; but its appearance altogether is not unworthy of the grand entrance of Northern Europe to its ancient capital.

* A separate passport, certifying the correctness of the usual travelling credentials.

The first church seen on the left hand, la Madonna del Popolo, does honour to Buonarotti's design, and was executed by Vignola. The Piazza, which is of a triangular form, presents an appearance similar to that of the permanent scenes of Olympic theatres. Two twin churches divide the streets, three of which branch off from an Egyptian obelisk, their common centre; and from the Porta del Popolo they have an admirable effect. One of these streets is the Corso, the Bond-Street of Rome, with its palazzos and equipages, rivalling the Piazza di Spagna, as the great resort of the English. The Piazza del Popolo was then undergoing some alterations, to prepare it for the accustomed inundations of the Sunday evenings—a favourite Roman summer amusement. Designs for the embellishment of this square were furnished by Harrison, an English architect, who is still alive, I believe, though very far advanced in years. He was in Rome during the pontificate of the illustrious Ganganelli, * from whom he had the honour of receiving a gold medal on his election as a member of the Academy of St Luke.

Doganieri were appointed to escort us either to the customhouse, or our hotel. We preferred the former, and, while our baggage was undergoing a still more rigorous *examination*, we spent half an hour agreeably, in examining its façade and fine fluted Corinthian columns, which support an architrave, frieze, and cornice, of Grecian marble—part of the open portico of a temple erected to Anto-

* Clement XIV., so well known in this country by his admirable Letters, and throughout Europe by his suppression of the Jesuits.

ninus Pius. I was so much pleased with the appearance of Monsieur Damon's hotel in Via della Croce, and besides having been particularly recommended to go there, that I was induced, as well as my English fellow-travellers, to engage apartments in it; and I had every reason to be pleased with the accommodation during my stay in Rome.

CHAPTER VII.

ROME.

OCTOBER 27th.—THE morning after our arrival a consultation was held, in order to decide on the best mode of employing our time during the day. One voted for St Peter's—the Forum Romanum—the Pantheon; another handed us over to the care of our Guide-books; while a third would call in the assistance of a regular cicerone, generally considered the most essential personage in the suite of an English traveller in Italy. Finally, however, we came to the resolution not only of dispensing with the services of the last important appendage, but even of Cavaliers Nibby and Vasi, and Mrs Marianne Starke, convinced that no small part of the pleasure of exploring those classic ruins must consist in finding them out, guided merely by our own recollections, and by Nardini's *Roma Anticha*. The discovery of remarkable places, sacred and profane, thus becomes infinitely more interesting than when we are indebted to the constant prompting of some parrot-like attendant, who, in his peculiarly tiresome and monotonous strain, injures the effect of the grandest ob-

jects by such interruptions as these : “ Ecco, Signore ! questo è il Tempio della Pace.” “ Vedi ! l’Arco Tito.” * Throwing aside, therefore, every other incumbrance but a plan of the city, we sallied forth, resolving to commence our researches every morning at nine o’clock, and to take full scope till five, which we decided should be our regular ora di pranzo. † By adhering to this plan during my stay, I accomplished a great deal in one month, devoting my evenings to public amusements, and such society as my introductions procured me.

We felt delighted with the novelty of the scene, at so charming a season of the year. The refreshing and enlivening tramontana of October, with an effulgent blue sky, and the satisfaction which every one experiences when just arrived at a new place, and that place Rome, had produced an extraordinary degree of excitement. Hurrying over breakfast, we soon found ourselves in the Piazza di Spagna, the principal square in Rome, which is adorned with the fountain of la Barcaccia, and supplied from the unrivalled Aqua Vergine, and which has lost nothing of its original purity. This fountain, as its name imports ‡ is in the form of a boat, and spouts water like a Triton. It was executed by the elder Bernini, and had sufficient attraction to detain us for a short time from the summit of the steps opposite to it, which we soon after ascended, thinking we could not commence our rambles better than by taking, from the Monte Pincio, a ge-

* “ See, Sir ! that is the Temple of Peace.” “ Observe ! this is the Arch of Titus.”

† Dinner-time.

‡ Fountain of the Bark.

neral view of the grand theatre of our projected visits.

Beginning with the spot on which we stood, the Obelisk, one of the many Egyptian monuments of art rescued from oblivion, * terminates and crowns what might have been one of the noblest flights of stairs in Italy, for the steps are ample, with an extensive sweep; but the whole is too frequently subdivided by landing-places, or little squares, surrounded by balustrades. There are so many breaks and other incongruities apparent, that the general effect is entirely destroyed. The church of Trinita del Monte, and the adjoining convent of San Vicenzio di Paula, are perched on the Monte Pincio, and look pretty well at a distance; but, on a closer inspection, their architecture is discovered to have too much of the modern Italian style, and, what is worse, the buildings are gaudy and white-washed.

Modern Rome recalls in the most vivid and impressive manner all the earlier and more lasting associations connected with our school-days or subsequent studies. Every ancient name we hear is quite familiar to us; the shattered porticos, broken arches of bridges and aqueducts, fallen columns, crumbling walls of overthrown temples, mutilated triumphal arches and massive ruins, intermingled with some of the most splendid edifices in Europe—all furnish subjects of the most intense interest. Seating ourselves under the trees in the delightful avenue in front of the Villa Medici, at

* It had been found in the Circus of Sallust, and was erected on this spot by Pius VI.

present, and ever since the reign of Louis XIV., the French academy, we admired the grandeur of the surrounding scene. Although Rome in some respects now resembles other cities, it still preserves a peculiarity of character; for where else can be found a similar mixture of magnificent modern architecture with crumbling but classic ruins—from its chaste and elegant Pantheon to its Gothic walls, or from the Egyptian spoils it possesses to the sublime cupola erected by Buonarrotti, on a structure which eclipses all that modern art has achieved?

What a contrast do the frail memorials of our times present to the immortal structures of the Greeks and Romans! And how unsubstantial is the present state of the arts, when compared with the dignity and stability of their grand edifices, which seem of an almost indestructible nature! It is impossible to behold the awful grandeur of the venerable piles which the genius of Republican and Imperial Rome has left us, without having our feelings deeply interested by their unfading enchantments! If the temples, odeons, and theatres of Greece, were in better taste than the public edifices of Rome, the latter were more numerous, costly, and colossal. They abounded all over the empire, even in the provincial towns and colonies; while the capital itself was literally studded with temples, baths, amphitheatres, aqueducts, circi, basilicæ, and curiæ; either built at the expense of her emperors, or of private wealthy citizens, or carried from conquered kingdoms by her victorious generals.

There are now very few remains left of the re-

ticular work * of the Republic ; but it appears that the Roman character, in point of taste, was then inferior to their wealth and vanity. Oratory and the sword, eloquence and the art of war, were their only acquirements, being the easiest steps to power and greatness. No country in Europe has experienced greater vicissitudes than Italy, once the mistress of the world. By the encroachment of barbarous nations, she lost the greater part of her territories ; and the remainder was split into a variety of governments, which have now few vestiges of Roman power or grandeur. She thus presents, at every step, noble structures, ruined by the merciless soldiers of Alaric and Genseric, who, however, unlike the reformers of modern times, waged war on the inhabitants, and their magnificent civic edifices, but spared the temples of God. Yet even amidst the wreck of empires, it is still evident that the Eternal City owes its most lasting celebrity to architecture.

Fields and vineyards now occupy part of the space within the walls. Rome is yet grand in its decay ; and every impartial observer must allow, that its Pontiffs, from the middle ages to the present day, have done much to restore the arts. Modern Rome has benefited by their exertions, almost as much as ancient Rome suffered from the invasions, conflagrations, and destruction of Gauls and Goths ; and infinitely more than from the boasted exertions of recent invaders. The modern Gauls vaunt their patronage of the arts, when in posses-

* A mode of building in brick, by laying them not on their faces, but on their angles, so that each brick presented a diamond shape to the eye.

sion of the defenceless States of the Church. They certainly caused a few pillars and statues to be dug out of the ruins of temples, and made some excavations, in search of more rare objects of plunder. They even removed Pompey's statue from the Palazzo Spada, at the expense of an arm during its transit, to the Coliseum, in order to get up the tragedy of Julius Cæsar for the amusement of the ruffian Republican soldiers. They also gutted the Vatican, the Capitol, and many private palaces of their finest pictures and statues, to enrich the Louvre; but they omit to mention having destroyed Daniel di Volterra's fresco of the Descent from the Cross, in the Church of la Trinita del Monte, which was one of the three finest pictures in the world.

Nothing strikes a stranger more powerfully than the beauty of the Roman females; and, when gazing on their faces and forms, of such transcendent loveliness, reminded of the Lucretias and Virginias of ancient Rome, we are apt to exclaim, that such were the women whose beauty caused Tarquin to be driven from his kingdom, and Appius to rot in prison!

Among the many noble works of the Romans, their Aqueducts for supplying the city with water, brought from the neighbouring and even distant mountains, over a space, in some instances, of fifty miles, were the most substantially useful and ornamental. Some authors have reckoned fourteen aqueducts; but Frontinus, an excellent authority, only treats of nine, which existed during the reign of Trajan. It is imagined that the Romans were then ignorant of the well-known principle of hydraulics, that water finds its level. But

there is a passage in Pliny,* quoted by Dr Adam, which seems to indicate that they were not unaware of the circumstance. To other causes, therefore, must be attributed their not acting upon it.

The exuberance of water became the pest of Italy during the wars of the middle ages, when whole regions were depopulated, and became desert wastes and marshes. Subsequently, splendid fountains were erected in Rome, supplied by Aqua Felice, and Aqua Vergine, which latter refreshes the Piazza Novona, where there is a magnificent fountain, surmounted by an obelisk, and ornamented by emblematic colossal statues of the four principal rivers in the world. As a substitute for the naumachia, the modern Romans amuse themselves in this square on Sunday evenings in August, with a favourite pastime, which consists in merely inundating the street by means of the fountain, and then driving through it in their carriages!

The first church I entered in Rome, was the magnificent structure dedicated to Santa Maria Maggiore. It requires minute attention to examine its splendid Corinthian-fluted column of Parian marble, its obelisk of Egyptian granite, its thirty-six Ionic columns of Grecian marble, taken from the temple of Juno, its four noble pillars of Oriental granite, and its sumptuous high altar, which was formerly an ancient porphyry sarcophagus. I did not much admire the gaudy-looking

* “Aqua in vel e plumbo subit altitudinem exortus sui.”
“Water flows, in or out of lead, to the height of its source.”
The passage is quoted differently by Facciolati, and admits of a doubtful interpretation.

roof, which is too low in proportion to the dimensions of the church. A vast quantity of gold was employed in gilding it, and being the first quantity of that metal brought from Peru, the workmanship has been rather overdone. Sextus Quintus's chapel, ornamented in a style somewhat fantastic, was built after the design of Fontana, the celebrated protégé of this Pontiff, who performed the Herculean labour of removing several obelisks by means of some very ingenious machinery which he contrived.* This church contains several pictures by Guido l'Agarda and Della Porta; also one of the Virgin by St Luke! who, it seems, was not only a skilful physician, but also a highly gifted painter. Seven portraits of the Virgin are preserved in different parts of Italy, said to be the work of the Evangelist's inspired pencil. Of these, we are told, this is one; but even Catholics, who are understood to be endowed with pretty strong faith, do not *all* believe implicitly in this tradition; nor is it necessary, I presume, that they should, as many of them have too much taste not to prefer a Madonna of Raphael as a work of art, leaving devotion out of the question, to the daubs attributed to a scriptural authority; for, viewing both as artists, there can be no comparison between the saint and sinner. All these alleged portraits of the Virgin, however, are evidently ancient, and in all probability were executed by the early Greek painters, who were so numerous in

* Fontano's Book on this subject, *Transporto dell' Obelisco Vaticano*, &c. is very interesting; and some idea of the difficulty of the undertaking may be formed from the fact, that the wood alone for the frame-work, on one occasion, cost 3000 Roman crowns, equal to 600*l.* Sterling.

Italy during the 12th, 13th, and part of the 14th centuries. The construction of this edifice is ill adapted for viewing pictures to advantage, being much too dark. It presents, however, a rich and fine example of the most perfect ancient Basilicæ. But I do not agree with those who reckon it, with its many splendid modern embellishments, the finest model of a Christian church. I consider it rather as a memorable instance of the effect of admirable architecture spoilt by the love of finery.

The first objects which present themselves to the view, on approaching the finest church in the world (*Limina Apostolorum*), are the columns of the circular portico or peristyle, the Egyptian obelisk, and the two splendid fountains which adorn the magnificent square in front of St Peter's. Much consideration is requisite to enable one to appreciate fully the beauty or rather sublimity of this edifice. I could not conceive the grandeur and vast extent of the front, until I got close to the pillars, when, from a comparison between their real and fancied circumference, I was enabled to ascertain more correctly the magnitude of the whole. The details being in such just proportion, they are calculated to deceive the eye by their diminished appearance, when seen at some distance. The bas reliefs and the equestrian statues of the two founders of the temporal power of the Pope, Constantine and Charlemagne, under the grand portico, next attracted my attention. The original church of the Vatican was built by the Emperor Constantine, and dedicated to St Peter, on the spot—the site of the temple of Apollo—where the Apostle suffered martyrdom, and is said to have

been buried. Having fallen to decay, it was rebuilt by the Pontiffs of the 16th century, when Julius the II., Leo X., and Sextus V. employed successively the most celebrated architects, painters, and sculptors of the age, to furnish designs, and to superintend the accomplishment of this great work. Bramante and some of his successors, who commenced the edifice, scattered it into an infinity of jarring parts. Though improvements were contemplated by Raphael, it was Michael Angelo who concentrated the complex fabric, and gave it an air of magnificent simplicity. He suspended that masterpiece of architecture, the cupola; and the structure, as it now stands, is therefore chiefly of his planning, though finished by Bernini many years after. Paul V. (Borghese) had the honour of completing this admirable church more than a century after its foundation was laid. When I speak of St Peter's being completed, I mean, of course, its being brought to its present state; for, internally, it is still far from being finished. The changes referred to in its early history, chiefly respect the general design, whether that should be in the form of a Latin or Greek cross. Bramante, the original architect, adopted the former; Michael Angelo the latter. Maderno again reverted to the ancient plan, which was finally adhered to. The question, however, is still undecided, which would have produced the nobler effect.

Churches in Catholic countries are constantly open from morning till night every day in the year. There is no distinction of ranks, every body being freely admitted; so that rich and poor, the prince and the peasant, the elegant lady and

her humble menial, kneel side by side, professing the same creed, and worshipping the same God. On raising the heavy curtain, which, as in every Roman church, is suspended across the doorway, to feast my eyes with the magnificence of the interior, my sensations were of the most intense description. The mind, however, is not bewildered in the contemplation of this triumph of modern art, and of the many grand and sublime objects which it contains. Such is the harmony of their proportions to the structure itself, that their gigantic size is for the moment forgotten; and it is only after examining them minutely, that one recovers from the first astonishment which their appalling grandeur excites. It would be absurd to attempt a detail on paper of half what I admired during the many visits I paid to St Peter's. There were, indeed, few days on which I failed to direct my steps towards it. I once ascended to the top—a town in itself—with houses and workshops of all descriptions, in which many persons are always employed to keep the fabric in a perfect state of repair. The view from the summit of the cupola appears one of ideal beauty, possessing a charm almost beyond nature.

We next visited St John Lateran, the first Christian place of worship which was built in Rome by Constantine, and which has therefore the designation of "*Mater Ecclesiarum*." * It was erected upon the site, and with part of the materials of the palace of Plautius Lateranus, a senator,

* Mother of Churches. The inscription, however, is "*Ecclesia verbis, et orbis mater et caput*," i. e. Church of the city, mother and capital of the world.

who being concerned in Seneca's conspiracy, was put to death by Nero. I have incidentally mentioned this circumstance, though I do not profess to be an etymologist, as accounts of the origin of names so often differ. This edifice is said to have been one of the ancient Basilicæ, or halls of justice—a surmise which does not agree with the origin attributed to it by other authors. It is well known that as these halls were found much better adapted to the Christian mode of worship, from their size and shape, than the Heathen temples, which were in general too small and ill calculated for the forms of the new faith, some of them were purified and converted into churches, retaining their ancient names Basilicæ; and it is said that this was one of those, and afterwards dedicated to St John. Borromini rebuilt it in modern times, in a very different style of architecture. It contains statues of the apostles by Rusconi, La Gros and others, being the last great work in sculpture during its decline in the 18th century; and these are much admired, as well as its magnificent columns of verd antique, oriental granite, and bronze, of astonishing magnitude and incalculable value.

The Corsini chapel is a perfect *bijou*, with regard not only to its proportions, but to the display of marble, mosaic; and, above all, the porphyry sarcophagus, now the tomb of Pope Clement the Twelfth, one of the Corsini family, which was found in the Pantheon, and supposed to contain the ashes of Agrippa.

The palace, and other buildings connected with the Lateran, are now converted into an hospital, and form one of the finest objects of modern ar-

chitecture in Rome. This place was the usual residence of the Popes until their departure for Avignon. Gregory the Ninth preferred the Vatican, and his successors have resided either there, or at the Quirinal, ever since, the air of the Lateran being considered bad. On great festivals, however, they still officiate at the Lateran, whose church retains pre-eminence over all others in Christendom. There is a small chapel called La Scala Santa, erected near it, in honour of the *real* stairs of Pontius Pilate's house in Jerusalem, consisting of twenty-eight steps of white marble, which were brought from the holy city by some devout crusader. As our Saviour was known frequently to have *trod* upon them, no one presumes to follow his example in this particular. They are in fact reserved for the *knees* of pious Christians of *implicit* faith. There is also a remarkable relic exhibited in the church of St Praxedes, which demands an equal degree of faith or credulity. It is the pillar at which our Saviour was scourged, anciently kept on Mount Sion, and is of grey, or black and white marble, about twenty inches in height, and a foot in diameter, with the iron ring at the top, to which criminals were tied. The little chapel where it is exhibited, through a railing, bears an inscription, stating, that Cardinal John Columna, Apostolic Legate in the East, brought it thither in the year 1223.

A sunbeam in November is an exotic in our gloomy climate, but in this bright atmosphere it is indigenous; and I never saw a finer day in July in England, than that on which I visited the Lateran. When passing through one of the cross-

streets near the Corso, on my return, I was attracted by the sight of an immense crowd, collected at the gate of a Palazzo, which was guarded by a picquet of dragoons (the *guardia nobile*) in their dark-green uniforms, cocked hats and plumes of black feathers. Just as I approached, an old-fashioned state-coach, gaudily gilded, drawn by six black steeds, drew up to the door. Every individual amongst the gaping crowd immediately fell on their knees, calling out, "Benedictione, Sancto Padre!" A tall, venerable-looking man, apparently about seventy, in clerical robes, raising his right hand, made the sign of the cross, and in the most dignified manner bestowed his blessing on the kneeling multitude. It was Pope Leo the Twelfth, who had been visiting his private palace, previous to its undergoing some projected repairs. His unwieldy vehicle, followed by half a dozen others equally antiquated, filled with cardinals and officers of his household, drove off, escorted by the guard of honour, amidst the respectful silence of the spectators; but not until one of them, a widow apparently, had thrown a large folded paper, a petition no doubt, into the coach. The old man took it up, bowed to her with a benignant smile, and handed it to one of his attendants. It is our own feelings which give their tone to the objects we behold; and I acknowledge that the Pope appeared to me at this moment much more like what an ecclesiastical prince ought to be, than if I had first seen him presiding over the whole *sacro collegio*, surrounded by all the splendour of the Roman court; or even during holy week, with its many ceremonies, gorgeous, glitter-

ing, or luctiferous, and its interminable processions, aided by the unequalled *miserere*, allowed by the most musical people in the world to be the acmé of human melody.

Some superficial travellers in Italy content themselves with declaiming against Catholicism, while others are amazed, in their simplicity, that Popery and morality should exist together. It is, I believe, pretty well known to all who are acquainted with the moral influences of different nations, that sensual immorality is more and more prevalent the farther south we proceed. Does this apply to religion, or to climate? In Europe, we often find its effects regulated by the latter, as well as on the African coast; yet we find the Catholic Swiss, Bavarians, Belgians, or even the Tuscans, more moral as a people than the highly civilized inhabitants of our own Babylon itself. Man is essentially a religious being, as much as he is a social one. This may be laid down as an aphorism, and proved by the soundest arguments; and what would Rome be without religion? or, which is an infinitely more serious inquiry for the present race of Romans, what would *they* be without it? why, what the Parisians were on the commencement of the Revolution, or the inhabitants of any other great city at the present day, deprived of their sense of moral duty. Were I to judge from what I have seen of different states in Europe, I should say that the climate and government of countries have the greatest effect on the moral character of the people; for men, in the mass, are what their rulers make them.

Historical, political, and religious works in

French, are, in general, despised in Italy, they are so seldom written conscientiously, and the authors are so fond of imparting to the world that of which they have but a very superficial knowledge themselves. But owing to the restrictions on literary productions, such foreign works are, by a legal fiction, supposed not to exist; and therefore Italian literati are constrained to treat with silent contempt, arguments and misrepresentations which they might otherwise be induced to answer.

The learned Romans laugh when they hear Englishmen attempting to speak Latin; for nothing can be more absurd than our affected and incorrect pronunciation of most of the vowels, which renders Anglo-Latin quite unintelligible to foreigners in conversation. Even in Ireland and Scotland, Latin is taught in the principal schools and colleges in the same manner that it is in Italy, and all over the Continent, instead of that vicious pronunciation peculiar to England; and it may easily be imagined, that there is no place where Latin is known so well as at Rome, nor where an inscription can be more distinctly deciphered. The fact is, our boarding-school misses receive an education in some respects more available for general society, than the majority of University graduates. Many pedants, proud of their knowledge of Greek, and a barbarous unintelligible Latin, feel quite at a loss when they happen to go abroad; for such is the nature of their education, that they can scarcely articulate a word of any modern language, their own excepted. An *extract* from an English University, lately expressed to me his admiration of the *Lusiad*, which he had just been reading in Portuguese. I

presumed, of course, that he was acquainted with the language, to enable him so fully to appreciate the beauties of Camoens. But he acknowledged that this was not the case, having merely perused the work *philologically*, without understanding one word of it!

On the eve of All-Saints, I accompanied an Irish Franciscan, who had resided many years in Rome, to the Vatican, to witness the imposing ceremony of Pontifical vespers, which was to take place in the splendid Sixtine Chapel. Stationing ourselves within the railing, which ungallantly excludes the fair sex, I saw the Cardinals successively arrive in state, decked out in their rich scarlet silk robes, and followed by their chaplains and train-bearers. Two of the Cardinals, Zurla and Capellari, who are Camaldolese monks, wore splendid white silk robes. They were the only two members of that order I had ever seen. The contrast between their attire and that of the other personages of the Sacred College, induced me to make inquiries about them; and I learned that the present Pope has appointed not only them (although monks are seldom admitted into the Consistory), but three others, including the general of the Capuchins, Micari, a noble-looking fellow, who was likewise present, and who, in his black robes and fine flowing beard, seemed to have more the air of a field-marshal than of a friar. Upon this occasion, I counted upwards of twenty Cardinals, who ranged themselves on both sides of the altar, according to their seniority, besides Monsignores, Bishops, and heads of religious orders without number. At length I beheld the Pope, who en-

tered from the palace, and seated himself on an elevated throne, having his brow adorned with the triple tiara. He was clothed in gorgeous robes of white and gold, and attended by a motley assemblage of Roman clergy, nobility, and foreign ambassadors, dressed in the most glaring style of magnificence, and decked out in all colours, from the sober grey of the anchorites and mendicants, to the sombre black of the monks; from the purple of the monsignore to the crimson of the canon; and from the scarlet of the cardinal to the white of the Supreme Pontiff. I cannot enter into a prolix detail of church ceremonies. In fact, I paid very little attention to them, amidst the superior attractions of the unrivalled frescoes of Michael Angelo, which cover the walls of the Sixtine Chapel, together with the heavenly music of its full choir. The great effect of the fine evening service of the Catholic Church, is produced by the perfect training of the band of singers, who practise constantly together, without any accompaniment.

The sopranos, I am sorry to say, are unfortunate castrati, sacrificed for the sake of sweet sounds. The Italian voice, though not always pleasing in conversation, soars in its higher tones into the richest and boldest musical expression. The person who chiefly attracted my attention, (and fortunately my Hibernian cicerone knew every individual of distinction), was the Cardinal della Sommaglia, from his strong resemblance to a celebrated ex-Lord Chancellor. They are about the same advanced age, both possessing the *suaviter in modo*, the same penetrating eyes, still lighted up with an almost youthful fire, when directing a keen

piercing glance ; and their countenances exhibit occasionally the same play of iron features relaxed into a Sardonic smile. The Cardinal was formerly gifted with considerable skill and address in the management of affairs, but is now (unlike his British counterpart) incapacitated for business, owing to a loss of memory, which is certainly a strange negative quality for a minister of state, an office he yet holds. Nor is it only physically that Della Sommaglia resembles the venerable peer I have alluded to, for their minds seem to have been similarly constituted ; they are equally attached to religion, Roman or Anglican, in all its exclusive spirit, and to all ancient institutions ; they are equally opposed to innovations, and to the too hasty spread of knowledge, or to what is vulgarly called the “ march of intellect.”

During our walk home by the Ponte di S. Angelo, I asked my reverend Irish friend if he ever intended to return to his own country ? “ Yes,” he said, “ I should like to leave my bones in the land of my fathers ; but what pleasure can I have in witnessing the majority of my countrymen deprived of their civil rights ? ” I told him that I did not see how he could be affected by any change, as Catholics enjoyed toleration, and the free exercise of their religion, whilst there were many Protestants in Ireland who were the principal proprietors ; and that it was necessary to support the Established Church there, as well as in England. The friar indignantly exclaimed, “ No ! Catholicism is the religion of the Irish people ; it is the ancient, indigenous plant of our fertile but neglected land : Orangeism is but an exotic, more

recently implanted by a foreign hand in the green fields of Erin—alas! too often watered by the blood of her sons, before it attained its present rank and luxuriant growth. When England has the wisdom to wipe off the foul and opprobrious stain attached to the professors of our holy faith (so long retained, after the shadow of a pretext for such narrow and exclusive policy has ceased to exist), then, and not till then, will Ireland be happy, and England just.” I can give but a faint idea of the impression which the old Milesian wished to convey; nor can it well be imagined without actually beholding his dark pallid countenance, with his venerable locks, and the sparkling of his still intelligent eye, and hearing his sonorous voice, agitated by the earnest energy of his manner, and listening to the dictates of his enthusiastic patriotism, warmed by religious zeal. As his opinions were fixed, the time and place were equally unsuited for a lengthened discussion; and therefore, shaking me cordially by the hand, the worthy old man wished me good night at the door of my hotel, and disappeared, afraid, no doubt, of arriving too late at his convent.

It is surprising how little is known of his present Holiness, even in his own capital. During my stay at Rome, I endeavoured to satisfy my curiosity regarding Leo XII. and was at length, from peculiar circumstances, enabled to collect from several sources, many authentic particulars of his early life and subsequent conduct since he reached his present exalted station.

Count Annibale della Genga was born in the year 1760, at the hereditary estate of la Genga,

near the town of Spoleto. As there is only one road to fortune or fame in the States of the Church, at an early age he repaired to Rome, to commence his ecclesiastical studies. When about four-and-twenty, his handsome person and the elegance of his manners attracted the notice of Pius VI. who was so much struck with the noble and prepossessing appearance of the Abate della Genga, then just entered into holy orders, that he was immediately summoned to his Holiness's apartments at the Quirinal Palace. The Pope's object was, not only to form his court of the best looking young aspirants after ecclesiastical dignities, but also to put their talents to the test, by employing them in his private correspondence, historical researches, or in any secret proceedings in which he saw fit to engage them. It happened at that time, that some new arrangements were framing for the government and discipline of the church in Germany, which it was necessary to keep secret from the court. The Pope, relying on the discretion and zeal of his young protégé, employed him confidentially for many months, writing under his dictation upon ecclesiastical affairs, chiefly at night, with much precaution and mystery; until, by a series of skilful manœuvres, Cardinal Colnacci, one of the most ambitious men at the Papal court, discovered the nocturnal occupations of his Holiness, and intrigued successfully to have his amanuensis discarded. Having pumped the secret of the proposed reforms in the German bishopricks from the unsuspecting youth, from the height of the most brilliant hopes, founded on the Pope's predilection for him, della Genga as suddenly fell into the un-

distinguished ranks of the ordinary prelacy, without appointment or consideration, except that of Monsignore,—a class from which those destined for the highest offices are generally selected. Though subsequently restored to favour, his appointment to a foreign mission compelled him to leave a capital where he was as much admired by the one sex, as he was envied by the other. In the end, however, it proved more to his interest to be removed from the pleasures and dissipation of Rome, to a sphere better calculated for the display of his natural talents, and the development of his excellent abilities. The legation of Munich becoming vacant, he was named to it, and soon became a decided favourite at the Electoral Court—an honour to which his amiable manners, elegant person, and highly cultivated mind, justly entitled him. Here he formed some valuable acquaintances, particularly with Prince Louis, now King of Bavaria, whose visit to Rome lately was intended as a proof of his friendship. In the year 1793, Count della Genga was promoted to the highest rank in the Episcopacy, by the honorary title of Archbishop of Tyre, *in partibus infidelium*; * and on the death of his patron in 1800, he was recalled to Italy from his post of Legate, where he found Cardinal Gonsalvi, the nephew of his old enemy Colnacci, in power, he having been appointed secretary of state—an office which he retained during the latter years

* “The country of the unbelievers.” All the former titles of the Roman clergy, when their church was really Catholic, are retained, but distinguished by the above phrase, being however not altogether titular; for salaries are, in many instances, attached to those imaginary Sees.

of the protracted pontificate of Pope Pius VII. Della Genga now retired for a while from public life ; and his chief occupation and amusement, at this period, lay in the chase, to the pleasures of which he devoted most of his time. During the fifteen years Italy was governed by the French, the Pope's temporal sovereignty was in abeyance. The Roman States, reduced to a province of the new Empire, were obliged to submit to the degradation of receiving laws from a French prefect, who resided in the Eternal City ; and who relieved the Papal Court (when held at Rome) from the troubles and anxiety attendant on worldly concerns. Of course, Cardinal Gonsalvi, the honorary *secretario di stato*, held a complete sinecure, or rather his functions were limited to the cure of souls, having only the responsibility of those spiritual matters of which the Pope, as head of the Catholic Church, could not be divested. In the mean time, della Genga obtained charge of the diocese of Sinigaglia, where he was much beloved, during the few years he presided over it.

The restoration of the Bourbon dynasty in France was so important an event in the fortunes of his Holiness, that he immediately sent Archbishop della Genga to congratulate Louis the Eighteenth on his return to Paris. That he might not relinquish an opportunity of obtaining, by entering into negotiations with the restored monarch, as much influence for the Holy See as it had lost under the Imperial Usurper who preceded him, the Nuncio was instructed by the crafty and politic Gonsalvi, to endeavour to prevail upon Louis to renounce those advantages which had been secured to the Gallican Church by the

famous Concordat—a mission which terminated successfully for the Roman Court. It terminated otherwise, however, with regard to its effects upon the character of Della Genga, who had been appointed to the office of Nuncio, merely because the jealous Gonsalvi had considered the object of the mission impossible of attainment. Finding that the French monarch had expressed his favourable intentions towards the interests of the Pope, Della Genga impolitically addressed a letter to Gonsalvi, giving a *candid* opinion of the favourable prospects of his undertaking.

This error was one of the greatest he could have been guilty of, and in most courts is never excused or forgotten. It nearly proved fatal, not only to his reputation, but to his life. Had he written vaguely, exaggerated the difficulties that obstructed him, and abstained from despatching a courier until the arrangement was concluded or formally signed, his skill, talents and finesse, would have been extolled, and a Cardinal's hat and some rich benefice would have been his reward. Instead of this, Gonsalvi informed the Pope that the affairs of the Church absolutely required his (Gonsalvi's) immediate presence at Paris, to counteract the awkward position in which the inconsiderate Nuncio had placed the negotiations on the tapis; and as France stands higher than any other power in the estimation of the Holy See, from the importance which her adherence reflects on the head of the Catholic Church, Cardinal Gonsalvi was very soon on his way across the Alps.

In little more than a fortnight after writing his unfortunate despatch, affairs having gone on most

prosperously in the meantime, Della Genga was about to wait upon the French minister, to give the finishing hand to the Concordat, when he was surprised by the unwelcome arrival of Gonsalvi; who, in an hour afterwards, receiving the necessary documents from his thunderstruck rival, superseded him in the negotiations at the Tuilleries, and acquired the merit of terminating the affair, although he had merely got it formally signed. The distress produced by this untimely interference in the mind of Della Genga was such, that for many months he never left his bed, an hemorrhage having immediately declared itself, which brought him to the point of death. Grief, disappointment and mortification, preyed on his health; and this malady has never since ceased to afflict him at intervals. It is said he has received the *viaticum*, or extreme unction, no less than a dozen times since this revolution in his system.

Nearly two years after, in the consistory held on the 8th of March 1816, Della Genga was elevated to the honours of the purple, and soon after appointed Vicar-general to Pius the Seventh. At the last conclave in 1823, Cardinal della Soma-
maglia, from his advanced age, and because he held the office of Dean of the Sacro Collegio, as well as other circumstances, had great hopes of being elected to succeed Pius the Seventh. A young man seldom succeeds; and Della Genga was at that time not much more than sixty—quite a youth in this Council of Ancients. But, it is said, that he dexterously made an arrangement with his old friend Della Soma-
maglia, to promote the interests of one another, on condition that, if either were

elected Pope, the other should have the office of Secretary of State. This is the only plausible manner of accounting for the result of the election in favour of the young Pope, and the nomination of the old Ultra-minister of State. Leo the Twelfth, however, certainly owes his present elevated station in some measure to his pleasing elegance of manner, and his handsome, graceful person, which secured him many friends; and, although a man of pleasure in early life, he is not only reformed, but more strait-laced and rigid in his conduct, than if he had been equally exemplary in his youth. In this respect he resembles all converts, who affect greater austerity, and make less allowance for the faults of others, than those who have never strayed from the path of propriety. Since the appointment of his present Holiness, the Vatican has been indebted to him for a vast accession to its treasures, in antiquities, literature, and the arts. Several collections of books, antiques and curiosities, have been lately purchased, such as the Verentini and Ranandini, which are part of the Aldobrandini statues and relievi. He has also continued the different public works commenced by his predecessor for the embellishment of Rome; fulfilling, in an exemplary manner, many of the duties of a pontiff and a prince, by enacting and promulgating laws for the protection of commerce, and the improvement of the public administration. He has succeeded in eradicating the banditti who so long infested the maritime provinces. He has added a cabinet of mosaics to the Vatican Museum, augmented the number of Theological Colleges, and increased the salaries of the Professors.

Although an effort was made by the Ultra party to prohibit public Protestant worship in Rome, it is still protected by the Court, and even a guard allowed to sanction the English service ; an inestimable advantage to the many foreign residents there. To the influence of Cardinal della Sommaglia, may be attributed the measures now in contemplation, to found a college on the same footing as the Sorbonne, a philological establishment, charged with the examination of all literary works before they are printed. There can be little apprehension of any liberal productions escaping the vigilant eyes of ecclesiastical censors. I believe his Holiness owes his unpopularity solely to his unfortunate choice of a minister, as the recollection of the beneficent and conciliatory Gonsalvi is still cherished by the Romans with a sentiment of grateful affection, which the less congenial and intolerant government of his antiquated successor has strengthened and confirmed.

Italians, before the last century, called all ultramontanos Barbarians ; and Voltaire allows that his own countrymen deserved that appellation in a literary sense, before the establishment of the French Academy by Louis XIV. They still look upon foreigners, when they talk of painting, sculpture, or music, as little better than barbarians. In regard to the fine arts, Italians may, without presumption, arrogate to themselves a general knowledge of the subject, as well as an intimacy with its most minute details, and a fineness of tact not to be met with in the inhabitants of any other country. As to climate, they enjoy even in winter a genial warmth, a purity of sky, and an elasticity of atmosphere,

of which our English weather gives no example; and they are therefore amazed that we can feel attached to a country, where fogs and frost form the varieties of our winter, while even in summer we are often inundated with rain. We in our turn, however, pity the Laplander and the Icelander, who live amidst ice and snow in their hyperborean regions, forgetting, in our tenderness, the attractive power of the naked crags and desolate shores, which their native country present both in its external appearance and old associations, and which naturally endear to the rude unsophisticated boor the land of his fathers.

Rome is always full of strangers, four-fifths of whom are English, who conduct themselves rather improperly, particularly with regard to religious ceremonies. This is in extreme bad taste. I know not why it is that we act in a manner abroad, which we should be ashamed of at home. I am by no means inclined to underrate the good qualities of my own countrymen, celebrated as they are for the exercise of many virtues, and at least as pure a morality as that of the inhabitants of Continental nations; but I have ever remarked a striking difference between Englishmen at home and abroad. The national spirit which prevails proverbially among the Scotch would be laudable, inasmuch as it contributes to their happiness, if it did not make them too partial to their own merits. It must, however, be allowed, that they show a greater deference and respect to the customs of foreign countries, than their southern brethren. Indeed, were attention to the public ordinances of religion, and the strict observance of Sunday, to be

taken as criterions of the morals of a people, I should say that Italy or Scotland would stand pre-eminent in morality; for I know of no country which excels them respectively in these qualifications.

Sterne, in his enumeration of the different descriptions of travellers, has omitted the vituperative traveller. When one of this class (by far the most numerous of our countrymen who visit Italy) speaks of the people, no term of abuse is strong enough to convey his opinion of the natives of a country, where Englishmen are invariably received with urbanity and attention—often with kindness and hospitality. If he talks of its antiquities and its arts, a thousand silly abusive epithets (ycleped learned criticisms) are bestowed on the finest monuments that have escaped the ravages of ages, or been erected in modern times by the genius of man. Science and literature appear to him alike contemptible, where artists and authors are either upstarts who raise themselves from obscurity, or owe their fame to the adventitious aid of birth or patronage. Italian nobility and professional men are equally misrepresented; while the females are declared to be uneducated, vulgar and licentious, notorious for amours which would elsewhere exclude ladies from society. No rank is exempt from this general censure; but his own country, forsooth, is held up as the centre of knowledge, religion, morality, and toleration; combining a certain tone of fashion, high-bred ease, and polished gayety, which the vituperative traveller seeks for in vain abroad. Wherever he goes, his national prejudices, improperly

termed *amor patriæ*, accompany him; and, if admitted into good society, he compares the manners of Italy with those of England, and that comparison, as a matter of course, tends always to the advantage of the latter. Every page he writes contains a libel on the character of his polite and hospitable entertainers. However highly gifted they may be, as foreigners, they must pay homage to their abusive guest, and thus have their kindness requited by ingratitude. I pity more than I envy the feelings which dictate such conduct; nor is it easy to fancy any man so totally insensible to the charms of ancient literature, as not to venerate that land from which it first emanated. To Greece and Rome we owe the brightest visions of our youth, which can no more be forgotten than the valiant deeds of their heroes, their fabled gods, and all the beautiful illusions of their mythology, celebrated by bards and historians whose pages have afforded us so much instruction and delight. We now contemplate the faded glory of their literature and arts, so forcibly recalled at every step we take in Rome, where, however on a deep substratum of venerable antiquity, has been raised a superstructure of unparalleled magnificence.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROME CONTINUED.

ON All Saints' Day, having obtained admittance to the same part of the Sixtine Chapel where we had been the evening before, we set off at an early hour to see one of the grandest ceremonies of the Catholic Church—a pontifical high mass. A similar array of Cardinals and other dignitaries officiated as at vespers, and the like divine music again enchanted our ears. But the *spectacle* was still more brilliant; for, besides the dazzling pomp and splendour of the clergy, the whole of the *Corps Diplomatique* were present, to pay their respects to his Holiness after mass, which lasted about two hours. The Pope, by whom it was celebrated, after the ceremony, seated himself on the throne, when a young canon of St Peter's mounted the pulpit, and preached a Latin sermon very fluently, with a graceful delivery, and distinct enunciation.

The ceremonies of this day were altogether supremely grand, and some of the intensely pathetic musical sounds would have reached the soul of an infidel. Music is an exotic art with us, ac-

quired with a feeling of effort and assiduity ; whilst, in this gifted land, it appears to flow from the heart as its own habitual language, and as the source from which the sentiments of all classes take their tone. The facility with which Italians acquire a knowledge of music, must appertain to some peculiarity of auricular organization. They have, from infancy, an ear for time as well as sound, and they advance in skill almost intuitively. What a delightful residence Rome must be for any man who has a musical taste ! It must be no less so to him who chiefly occupies himself in antiquarian researches, or the study of the fine arts. In fact, there are instances of travellers who visited Rome merely to spend a few weeks, having remained all their lives. Poussin could never make up his mind to quit a country which afforded such beautiful landscapes. Far from being surprised that Rome should have subdued the world, Petrarch, when he first beheld it, although it was torn by faction during the short-lived power of Rienzi, " the last of the Romans," rather wondered that the conquest had not been earlier accomplished.

The spacious subterranean Church of St Peter's is, from its antiquity, well worth inspection. It formed part of the original edifice built in the fourth century, and contains the remains of many Popes and martyrs. The most highly valued treasures of this description which it possesses, are the relics of St Peter and St Paul, which lie in a sumptuous vault under the cupola, ornamented by a magnificent altar, at which only the Popes say mass. Thither pilgrims resort from all

parts of the world to reverence and pray before their shrine. The three last chiefs of the unfortunate Stuart line are also interred under St Peter's, and on each of their tombs the empty title of "King of Great Britain, France and Ireland," is inscribed. When I ascended into the church from this subterranean region, an Italian peasant, who was standing near the high altar (surrounded by the most gorgeous display of human magnificence and splendour), inquired of me "Abasso é piu brutto che qui di sopra?" ("Is it uglier below than above here?") rather an unsophisticated manner of expressing his opinion! I recrossed the Tiber to view the mausoleum of Augustus, now almost concealed, and seemingly forgotten, amidst the mean-looking modern buildings which encompass it. I cannot say that the sight of this monument afforded me much gratification, as it has been converted into an amphitheatre for bull-baiting, or some such horrible amusement. The walls that remain are of tufo and brick, of great thickness, though much dilapidated.

The presentation of letters of introduction is not generally followed by invitations to balls and dinners in Italy. But one hour's conversation with such men as the Conservator of the Vatican Manuscripts, Monsignore Angelo Mai, or Signore Morini, Prefect of the Archives, known by several erudite works, proves far more agreeable to strangers who may be introduced to them, than the formal mode of acknowledgement, which is considered the indispensable result of introductory letters. I derived more satisfaction during the short time I spent in company with some of the literati of Rome, than if they had invited me to banquets, such as

were wont to be given by Lucullus, the Apicii, or any of the Imperial gluttons who disgraced the purple. I was presented at the "Caza" of a Roman widow lady, whose evening converzationi were generally frequented by some of the literati of the capital, and occasionally by scientific foreigners. I cannot say much for the specimen it afforded of blue-stocking society. We had neither cards nor refreshment; but a bravura was sung by a very young lady, and an elaborate piece of music by another, "*d'un age fort raisonable.*" The conversation, of which we had abundance, was supported chiefly by a couple of elderly Abates, a Dottore, some artists, and other nondescripts. But the few English people present contributed little to the intellectual part of the evening's display; they seemed quite satisfied to listen as short a time as possible to what they scarcely understood, and too happy to seize the first opportunity of a formal pause, in order to effect their retreat, apparently unaccompanied by the regret of those they left behind. — I know not a created being more annoying than a pedantic woman, superficially acquainted with general literature, and gifted with a tolerable memory, but affecting a taste for more than she understands; and withall so overpoweringly learned, that she is never happy unless when surrounded by a herd of men-scribblers, who exhaust any moderate stock of patience, talking of unread books because not worth reading, and priding themselves upon a knowledge of what nobody but themselves thinks worth his while knowing any thing about.

One day I resolved to dedicate myself sole-

ly to the ancients ; and first bent my steps to the Corso, leaving learned antiquarians to settle the point, so often agitated, as to whether this is the *locale* of the *Via Lata*. I thought, however, that it must have formed part of the disputed place ; and it has been pretty accurately ascertained, that the remainder follows the direction of the *Via Triumphantale*, beyond the site of the Flaminian Gate. The Campus Martius is more accurately designated, not from the obscure lane now bearing that name, but owing to some of its ancient monuments, which still appear. Strabo describes the Campus Martius as a place sacred to the memory of the most illustrious citizens, to which, in the reign of Tiberius, the city itself appeared only an accessory and secondary object. How different now ! It is covered with houses, and reckoned one of the most populous quarters of Rome. Before entering the grand scene of our destination, we stopped to view a colossal Isis, the Mona Lucrezia, and the celebrated Pasquin at the corner of the Orsini palace. This disfigured white marble torso, unless pointed out, would never attract the slightest observation. There is a group at Florence, representing Menelaus carrying off the body of Patroclus, which bears a striking resemblance to it. The mutilated figure now known by the name of Pasquin, owes its celebrity to a satirical cobbler or barber, notorious for the bitterness of his gibes, and raciness of his jokes. His shop, in the days of Leo X., was near the spot where the statue now stands ; and neither his Holiness nor the Cardinals escaped the lampoons of the wits, any more than their successors, and

other public characters, do at present. We entered the residence of the senator, whose duty is confined to the superintendence of markets and prisons, the latter being situated under, and the council chamber over, his hall of justice. We had no inducement to pay his Worship's premises a very long visit, for the Mayor and Aldermen of modern Rome, (Senator and Conservators) excite as little interest as those of an English borough-corporation. I observed the well-known S.P.Q.R.* inscribed transversely on a Gothic escutcheon, preceded by a cross, and surmounted by a coronet, presenting rather a grotesque appearance in such a spot. The office of Senator is now held by a nobleman of the first rank, who must be an alien, no native of Rome being eligible. A few pictures relieved the dulness of the dingy walls; and they were precisely of that description on which Goldsmith's Connoisseur passes the qualified eulogium, "that they might have been better painted, if the painter had taken more pains." We remained a longer time in the area below, admiring the bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius and his horse, once the idol of Rome—I mean the horse, which was the magnet of attraction, the Emperor being only the accessory. No monument of antique sculpture has been more admired than this, which is the model of equestrian statues, as much as the Pantheon is the model of all cupolas which have been erected since the reign of Augustus. Having been one of the first statues found at Rome, and never subsequently equalled, it has naturally been exposed to much criticism, and has consequently suf-

* *Senatus, Populusque, Romanus*, Senate and People of Rome.

ferred both from praise and censure, though the former predominates.

The magnificent ruins in the Forum Romanum, which now bears the undignified name of Campo Vaccino, * obliterated for the moment the recollection of every other object. The first of the mighty vestiges of antiquity, which strikes the stranger on entering this classic ground, is the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus, composed of one large and two smaller arches of Grecian marble. It is too much interred for one to judge properly of its proportions or effect; and I ought not to censure what has found so many admirers. But I certainly thought less of it, from the poverty of its entablature, than any of the Roman arches. The very proximity of the others is dangerous, in as much as they provoke a comparison, in which this arch is quite eclipsed by the superior excellence of others. The arch of Titus, though small, is crowded with sculpture and bas reliefs, representing, on one side, the conqueror of Jerusalem in his car crowned by Victory, and on the other the spoils of the temple. I do not think that the repairs or modern restorations have very much injured the effect of this arch, as the same style has been preserved pretty faithfully; but unless the addition were deemed absolutely necessary to prevent it from falling to utter ruin, it might as well have been left untouched. The Corinthian arch of Constantine is larger, but less noble, and far more incorrect in its architecture than that of Titus, being indeed much inferior to that of Severus. There are eight

* Cattle-market; literally, Cow-field.

magnificent columns of *giall'antico*, and an equal number of statues of Dacian captives. The bas reliefs, representing the conquests of Trajan, are supposed to have been pilfered from an arch originally erected in honour of that greatest of all Roman Emperors. The sculpture on the frieze is so inferior, that little doubt can be entertained of its having been executed for this patched-up work, during the decline of the Empire, which was also the decline of the arts.

We descended to the Carcere Mamertina, or prison of Jugurtha, where a fountain is shown which St Peter, when incarcerated there, is said to have called into existence, in order to baptize his jailors. I never saw a more horrible place, and was not a little pleased to get into the open air again. I found, however, that it was expected I should also look at the pictures of an expiatory church erected over the spot, and dedicated to St Peter. Being anxious to return to the inspection of the ancient treasures of the Forum, I made my stay as short as the Sacristan (a well-fed retainer of the church, remarkably partial to half a crown) would, in his enthusiasm, permit. The three grand columns of the temple of Jupiter-Tonans, and the Corinthian columns of that of Antoninus and Faustina, were next examined in detail, passing the gigantic mass of brick, which, according to some, was the temple of Peace, and if we are to believe others, the Basilica of Constantine. The point is of little importance now, though the most unlearned antiquary may safely venture to pronounce the absurdity of the latter supposition, from the shape and appearance of the ruins. We closed our in-

vestigation for that day, with the largest edifice in Europe, built in four years by Vespasian and his son Titus, known by the name of the Coliseum, or Flavian Amphitheatre.

The northern exterior of this structure exhibits the different orders of architecture which the building combines—Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian; open arcades, and an attic sustained by Corinthian pilasters with foliated capitals. The 80 Vomitoria, or entrances from corridors, are still perceptible, and were so admirably disposed, that 80,000 spectators could assemble or disperse without confusion. Its form is elliptic, with an external circumference of 1700 feet. In viewing this gigantic edifice, one cannot avoid lamenting the rapacity of modern Roman patricians, to whose depredations, not to the natural decay of time, the dilapidated state of the interior is to be attributed: for the immense masses of masonry with which this noble structure was built would never have yielded, unassisted by the efforts of the Barberini and other *barbari*, who pillaged its travertine and calcareous blocks, in order to build their fine palaces. A stop has however been put to the work of destruction by the late Pope, who prohibited any one from removing the materials of this stupendous fabric, and raised a solid buttress to prevent any more of it from falling. He also expended large sums in repairing some of the ravages which originated in the Gothic rapacity of his predecessors' nephews. This wonderful edifice owes its beauty more to the grandeur and symmetry of the whole, than to the correctness of its minuter parts, some of which are very deficient in beauty and proportion. I was lost in surprise

and admiration when contemplating the immensity of this building, which cannot fail to inspire the mind with an exalted idea of Roman magnificence, while we regret the barbarous purposes to which it was applied; for it is well known that during the period intervening from the time of Cæsar to that of Carinus, the combats of gladiators and wild beasts were generally given in these amphitheatres. Chariot-races (games of a more innocent nature) were always exhibited in the circus.

The Palazzo Doria Pamfili is a large edifice, loaded with ornament, designed by Borromini. Its gallery, considered one of the finest in Rome, contains many masterpieces, and a number of excellent landscapes by Gaspar Poussin and Rosa da Tivoli. Amongst the celebrated pictures I saw the Aldobrandini Nuptials, copied by Nicola Poussin from what is probably the most perfect specimen of ancient painting in the world, and which to me appeared to merit the great admiration bestowed on it. The original is a beautiful fragment found in the bath of Titus, supposed to represent the marriage of Peleus and Thetis. There are ten figures upon the same plain, forming three groups. The ground is a grey skreen, breast high. The design and attitudes have all the severe simplicity of sculpture, or of bas reliefs, without any richness of colour, draperies or accessories, to heighten the effect. Poussin's Bacchanalian scene in the British national gallery, as far as regards the grouping of the figures and the colouring, has evidently been borrowed by the artist from the same ancient model.

Rome has half a dozen theatres, and the worst

opera in Italy. I went seldom to the only one which was open during my stay ; but when I did go to this place (La Valle), I found that Rosini's operas were performed alternately with miserable tragedies and comedies. The theatre Aliberti is only used for masquerades during carnival time. The largest house is called the Argentini, which is, I understand, well attended in winter, when it has a tolerable company of performers ; but at La Valle, even the music was bad, and the acting wretched. The theatre is conducted in a most arbitrary manner, by an avaricious *empressario* (director), watched and controlled by a harsh police, having the power to inflict severe penalties, fines, and even imprisonment, for the slightest transgression. To exemplify this, as far as regards the audience, I may mention, that if a person is found with any description of weapon in the pit or gallery, he is liable to be sent for five years to the galleys ! The unfortunate Thespians are worse off ; for should any of them use an expression not in the prompter's book, or allow himself any indecent gesture, he is sent to the galleys for life. All applause or censure is forbidden, under pain of three months imprisonment. Such specimens of the recent theatrical code certainly exonerate the Ecclesiastical Government from the charge of having any particular predilection for the drama. This despotism is many degrees worse than the monopoly of patent theatres, or even the literary censorship exercised by a deputy play-licenser, against whom play-going folks in England exclaim so much. I spent a few hours one evening, at the private theatre *Cæsarina*, in a very distant part of Rome. An opera buffa, and an indifferent comedy, made up the per-

214 CASTLE OF ST ANGELO—ST PETER'S.

formances; but neither were so attractive as Polinella with all its absurdity, which is used by the Romans as a vehicle for satire.

It is to be regretted that the approach from the Castle of St Angelo to St Peter's, entering through the elliptic range of pillars to the grand staircase of the Vatican, should not be more in keeping with the grandeur of the square and the surrounding objects. Could the old mean-looking houses near it be carried out of sight, the beauty of the façade of the church would appear to much greater advantage. However, any defects are speedily overlooked, when the pillars, fountains and obelisks, appear. In fact, every incongruity is forgotten; the only thing that remains is a feeling of admiration towards the splendid scene which opens upon the view.* The Museum Pio-Clementino, enriched with the most numerous collection of statues and antiques in the world, its walls lined with busts of consuls and emperors, illustrating the interesting history of Rome, is indebted to Clement XIV. and Pius VI. for its most spacious gallery, in which are preserved so many precious ancient monuments of the arts. This is an institution which tends more than any thing else to diffuse a longing for the elegant and beautiful, in art, into the mass of the people, and to promote what is equally desirable, a pure taste.

I perambulated for hours through the almost

* It may here be mentioned, that the beautiful view on the Title-page, after Firanesi, is taken from the Pincian hill, and represents some of the most striking objects in Rome—namely, the Bridge and Castle of St Angelo and St Peter's—between which and the Castle, the Vatican appears in the distance.

interminable succession of halls and galleries of the Vatican, rich in the most graceful forms of antique sculpture. The splendour and extent of this edifice is not less amazing than its superb marble columns, painted ceilings, and mosaic pavements. My attention was rivetted by the admirable Hercules, as supposed, better known as the Torso Belvidere, which displays the muscular system of the heroic demi-god so perfectly. The Mercury, young, airy and light, yielding only in beauty to Apollo and Bacchus, is generally called the Belvidere Antinous. There is a marble viga or car, drawn by two horses (one of which is modern), and the statue of an Auriga, in the act of driving; who is clothed in a magnificent toga bound with a zone, and bears the palm of Victory in his hand, which gives a lively idea of the *Pompa Circensis*.

I closed my hasty inspection with the group of the Laöcoon, the same it is believed, which Pliny reckoned the finest piece of art in Rome. The expression of terror and pity in this production are transcendent. Many, however, consider it inferior to the Apollo Belvidere, which they reckon the finest masterpiece of ancient statuary; and the attitude of which is appropriate and commanding, with all the graces of youthful and manly beauty; the figure being naked, with the exception of the chlamys. I saw no modern statues in the Vatican, except Canova's pugilists, and his Perseus, the former, in forcible expression and simplicity of design, displaying all the excellence of his great genius; and the latter being a model of vigorous and manly beauty, with the most perfect delicacy and harmony of outline. These are the only works by

the greatest modern artist,—and they are scarcely inferior in truth and nature to the antiques of the Parthenon, which have been admitted into this sanctuary of the *chef-d'œuvres* of antiquity.

Why should antique sculpture be so superior to modern, whilst modern painting is fully equal to antique? This is a question which I have asked oftener than I have heard satisfactorily answered. It is not merely because sculpture accords better with the serious physiognomy and tranquil gesture of the Greeks and Romans, and because the ancient draperies displayed part of the naked figure, which is rarely exposed to the eye of modern sculptors,—for the latter reason is equally applicable to the sister art. Is it because the human form was then more muscular and symmetrical, and abounding in models nearer perfection?

Many paintings of the most celebrated masters of later ages, Raphael, Guido, Titian and Domenichino, adorn the walls of the lower range of rooms in the Vatican, amongst which the Transfiguration—the finest picture in Rome, the Communion of St Jerome, and a few others, are reproduced in mosaic, copied so correctly, that they are scarcely distinguishable by an unpractised eye from the originals, especially at the distance from which they are viewed, they being placed as altar-pieces in the magnificent chapels of St Peter's. Before quitting this spot, I took a view of one of the most pleasing objects in the interior,—Canova's monument of the unfortunate Stuarts. The two figures representing the genius of Death, with their inverted and extinguished torches, are symmetry itself. The model was one of the most

beautiful young women in Rome, whom I should have liked much to have seen, as a living proof, that there are still *some* finely proportioned female figures in this degenerate age. There is a sparkling whiteness and beauty about the Carrara marble of this group, which equal in purity the finest Parian of antique statues. Such a monument is highly honourable to the liberality of our present Sovereign, who gave Canova the commission to execute it, at an expense, it is said, of 12,000*l.* to the privy purse.

The feelings of every Englishman who visits the Vatican must be gratified, when he enters the lower gallery, to perceive, that the first picture in it is a full-length portrait of King George the Fourth, in Lawrence's best style. It was ordered by the late Pope soon after his return to Rome, when his heart was full of gratitude towards the Sovereign of a people who had destroyed the power of Buonaparte. It is no small compliment to admit the picture of a *tramontano* artist among so many *chef-d'œuvres*; and as a proof of the high estimation in which either it or the original is held, Roman and foreign artists may be seen daily taking copies of it.

I was indebted to my friend the Chevalier H—, whom I had the pleasure to find at Rome in the capacity of Charge d'Affaires from a foreign court, for an invitation which I received to attend a splendid ball at the Duc de Laval Montmorency's. H— kindly picked me up at my hotel about ten o'clock, and I accompanied him to the magnificent palace of the French ambassador, where upwards of 400 persons of the first distinction, native and foreign,

comprising all the rank and beauty of Rome, were assembled. On entering the splendid saloon, the *coup d'œil* was more dazzling than any thing I could have imagined; it being the fête of his most Christian Majesty, who is so appropriately represented at the Papal Court, by "Le Premier Baron Chretien," (one of M. de Montmorency's titles.) Every one appears in court-dress or in uniform, on such an occasion;—and the men, covered with stars and ribbons, and a hundred of the handsomest women in Rome, glittering with jewels, gave the *tout ensemble* a most brilliant effect.

In addition to the usual amusements of cards and music, there was dancing, the first quadrille being the signal for the retreat of all the cardinals, who, not being votaries of Terpsichore, retired, I suppose, to avoid temptation. Waltzing followed. Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the scene to a spectator; but it would appear very insipid in description, for, after all, such assemblies are much the same thing everywhere. A couple of hours was the extent of my stay; and I found considerable difficulty in getting to my conveyance, owing to the long line of carriages belonging to princes, nobles, and prelates, that blockaded the neighbouring streets. I cannot help remarking, how apt we are to underrate what we have within our reach, while we sigh in vain for pleasures which are denied us! Such is the perversity of human nature, that I should have enjoyed infinitely more, a quiet evening, enlivened by that easy hospitality, and those unaffected graces, which often adorn the mistress of an agreeable mansion, the centre of a society at once pleasing and varied, giving fresh animation to those around

her. A few hours passed in female society, listening to the pure pronunciation of “*la bocca Romana*,” form a gratification denied to the casual stranger, whose stay is too short to allow him to enjoy the witcheries of that most rational of pleasures—select society. Yet if I have had few retrospections of this nature since leaving Rome, I have often remembered its sublime scenes, the contemplation of which afforded me unspeakable satisfaction.

The Dominican convent and church of Santa Maria Sopra la Minerva—a strange combination of names—is supposed to have been built on the site of a temple erected by Pompey, and dedicated to Pallas, in gratitude for his victories. We were induced to visit this splendid church one Sunday morning, having been deluded by the expectation of hearing some fine music ; but it was a mistake on the part of our informant, for we had no music of any kind, either good or bad. After service, we waited a short time to look at an image of the Saviour in white marble, considered one of Michael Angelo’s finest statues, and observed a long printed paper in a conspicuous part of the church, which proved to be a decree issued by his Holiness, regulating the dress of ladies attending mass, and strictly enjoining the use of veils—few of the fair sex are, however, to be seen at their devotions without that necessary appendage. It also contained instructions as to the behaviour of artists and foreigners who resort to the churches to view specimens of the arts, which instructions, I am sorry to say, are shamefully infringed upon every day and every hour, particularly at St Peter’s, where our fair countrywomen conduct themselves in a

manner that would not be permitted, in any public place in England. Their lounging gait, impudent stare, and loud laugh, would almost disgrace the lobby of a theatre. They seem to consider the interior of Catholic churches as much public promenades as the chain-pier or the Steyne at Brighton.

I did not neglect to visit the Villa Borghese, or to admire from thence the cypresses of Mount Marius, and the pines of Villa Pamfili. The situation of the former is fine, though said to be unhealthy. The prospect of the city, which this view presents, is at once beautiful and extensive, embracing the Campagna as far as Frascati and Tivoli. The inscription on the gate of the Villa Borghese, is worthy of imitation by the nobility and gentry of our own country; as is also the liberality of Italian princes and nobles, whom the ignorant and the prejudiced among us are so apt to censure and condemn.

“ Quisquis es, legum compedes ne hic timeas,
Ito quo volest, petito quæ cupis, abito
Quando volest. Exteris magis perantur quam hero.”

Rich groves, unfading verdure, and fine old trees, but chiefly the *Pinus pinea* of Linnæus, ornament this spot, which presents a variety of surface formed by two hills and a dell, laid out as pleasure-grounds to its handsome casino. The artificial style of the building, with its neighbouring *modern* temple and *ancient* columns, I did not so much admire. As the palace was shut up, I saw none of the few statues which still ornament it; but I was infinitely amused with the scene in the open air. A Sunday at Rome, in autumn, is a gay festi-

val for the lower orders, some thousands of whom, upon this occasion, had assembled in the delightful Borghese gardens. The young girls were tastefully dressed, exhibiting their elegant figures, and their fine sparkling black eyes. We were surrounded on all sides by happy groups, some dancing, others listening to the music of the guitar, the lute, or the tamborine. Amongst whom were faces and figures equal to my idea of the Clelias and Virginias of history, and such as would not have been unworthy as models of the Titians and the Guidos, when they represented their Madonnas. The modern Romans certainly are not physically, however much they may be morally, degenerated from their great ancestors, the ancient masters of the world. On leaving the gardens we met many open carriages filled with women in gay attire repairing to the same spot, or to Mont Testacio, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, these being the principal places to which the populace resort for amusement on Sundays and Thursdays in October. These sports may be termed Bacchanalian, as they commence when the vintage terminates. There are, however, no revolting scenes of inebriety during these festivals, which are considered by some the remains of the ancient Saturnalia. I confess that I find no analogy between them; the one being local, the other general; the one in autumn, the other in winter. I observed cheerful countenances, perfect gayety, and every appearance of good humour, without the slightest sign either of intemperance or indecent mirth. Tents and booths were erected in different parts of the gardens for the sale of wine and other refreshments; but no

one indulged to excess, for the Italians rarely sacrifice to Bacchus, in the common sense of the term. Ardent spirits they seldom drink ; and wine being their daily beverage, they do not consider it a luxury.

The higher classes of Italians are not pedestrians. We do not meet them at all hours and seasons in the public walks, like the French ; they are a people of repose and enjoyment, allowing pleasure to come to them placidly and tranquilly, instead of running to embrace it. But when disposed to enjoy the delightful relaxation of fine gardens, they consider it no matter of favour, to enter one of the many enchanting villas, which, in the environs of Rome, and most other cities of Italy, are, with a liberality and munificence worthy of better days, constantly thrown open to the public.

CHAPTER IX.

ROME CONTINUED.

THE Palazzo Borghese, near the Strada di Ripetta, is more celebrated than the Villa, owing to the numerous collection of paintings which it contains. This structure, but especially the magnificent colonnade of the court edifice, was constructed by the architect Bramante, on the grandest and most splendid scale. The walls of the upper rooms, not generally shown to the public, are covered with landscapes by Vernet; and when the spectator enters them, so perfect is the illusion, that he is apt to fancy himself in the midst of green fields. A badly lighted, though extensive range of apartments on the ground-floor, forms the gallery, which has long been one of the grand points of attraction to people of all countries who visit Rome. When I say that many of the pictures it contains are by Titian, Raphael, Annibal Carracci, Albano and Domenichino, it can scarcely fail to be considered an interesting resort even to the most superficial observer, and a delightful treat to all lovers and cultivators of the fine arts.

I will not attempt any description of this col-

lection, which comprises so many gems of inestimable value, nor of the Colonna, which I also visited the same day, and where I spent many hours with infinite satisfaction. All the rooms of the Palazzo Colonna, are filled with paintings by the first and most eminent masters. The grandeur its splendid saloon displays strikes every one with awe and admiration. It is the residence of the princely representatives of the heroic Stephen Colonna, the friend of Petrarch,—the great Marc Antony Colonna, one of the conquerors at Lepanto, whose valiant deeds are emblazoned on the walls of his descendant's palace, and for whom its storied ceiling forms so appropriate an heirloom. Besides these ornaments, its amazing and well-proportioned size, its *giall'antico* columns, and pavement of Grecian marble, all combine to render it one of the noblest galleries in Europe. When I see so many proofs of the liberality and philanthropy of the great families of Rome, I lament that their meritorious exertions are so inadequately appreciated by foreigners. The founders of most of these princely mansions were Popes and Cardinals, who built palaces and villas, as receptacles for the most splendid objects of art, less for their own pleasure, than the admiration of others. Their taste, learning and riches, were devoted to the embellishment of their country, while they often lived themselves in a frugal manner, having no children to provide for. Their fortunes were not absorbed by the turf, the gaming table, nor in those enjoyments which centre in self. Many of their magnificent galleries are now enriched with valuable and elegant additions, by their heirs, some

of whom have also inherited equal good taste, which they display in the excellent use they make of their riches. Though Pius VI. spent millions in buying statues and digging up antiquities, he granted none of them to his relations, but consigned the whole to the public gallery of the Vatican, which bears his name. The same fine spirit of liberality, which we admire so much in the Roman princes, whose palaces and villas are ever open to the public, is not confined to their own class, but pervades the whole of the Italian nobility throughout the country ; so much so, that they are even accused of ostentation in the display of their treasures of art.

Noblemen in Italy, as such, have no political importance in the state. Their title gives them a certain status, and, in virtue of it, they enjoy a degree of consequence in society ; but the Pope's valet-de-chambre, or Cardinal della Sommaglia's confessor, has more influence than any Count or Marquis in the States of the Church. The patrimony of many of the higher ranks, and particularly of younger brothers, is often insufficient for their maintenance, with a suitable establishment. In that case, they do not always content themselves with the idle or place-hunting mode of life, generally resorted to by their titled brethren in other countries ; they apply themselves to useful arts and sciences, not merely as amateurs, but with a view of turning their talents to some profitable account. I became acquainted with an excellent young man, Count Alessandro S——, who has very properly put himself above all prejudices, and is now, with every prospect of success, studying ar-

226 PAINTERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

chitecture at Rome as a profession. I know others who devote their time entirely to literature; and the title-pages of numerous works, on a variety of subjects, show that they have not been remiss in their literary pursuits, however poorly they may have been compensated for their labours. Every one must allow that such conduct is highly honourable in any class of society, but particularly so in that where *merit* has never been deemed equal to *birth*.

Having recently seen so many admirable pictures produced by modern painters, I have been led to the inquiry, why it is that they excel the ancient, as much as ancient sculptors were superior to the modern? We have no specimens preserved of the works of an Apelles or a Parrhasius; but many ancient frescos have been dug out from the ruins of cities buried under the dust of ages. We can also form some opinion of ancient paintings from the descriptions which authors give us, and by some of the later works of the Grecian school, imitated by the old masters; from all which it is evident, that the rules of perspective are better understood by modern painters, although the ancients are said to have treated it as a science, and reduced it to principles. The moderns are likewise acquainted with a greater variety of colours; but it is yet to be learned whether they are more vivid and enduring than those used by the Greeks, many of whose paintings Pliny speaks of as objects of admiration to the Romans centuries after they were executed.

The cafés of Rome are crowded in the evenings, not with politicians, who are limited to the staid and sedate old gentlemen, occasionally seen poring

over the insipid columns of the *Diario di Roma*, but with groups of listless idlers who resort to the coffee-houses, the theatres, or *conversazioni*, immediately after the Ave-Maria bell has proclaimed the close of day. The higher and middling classes of society then mingle together for a few hours after sunset, in quest of that universal desideratum—pleasure. The illuminated awnings, and tapers before the images of the Madonna, (which preside in every shop, and even at the corner of the streets), supersede the necessity of lamps—for the modern improvement of gas is a luxury which has not yet reached Italy. In the Corso, there is a truly Roman establishment called the *Café nuovo*, on a magnificent scale, as far as regards size, but deficient in other essential points. It occupies the lower story of the Palazzo Ruspoli, and consists of a number of anti-chambers and billiard-rooms, terminated by an immense unfurnished hall, with dingy-looking walls, more suitable for a ball-room, than a place of resort to partake of a glass of “*mezzo mezzo*,” or a *granata*, an ice scarcely inferior to the unrivalled plombers of Tortoni, or the no less celebrated *matonelle* of Venice. From this hall there is egress to a small but delightful garden, where all the old and young dandies of the capital may be seen early in the morning taking their *café latte*, or, later in the day, sipping their *café forte*. In summer, people of fashion meerly drive up to the door in their shabby old equipages, seldom condescending to enter the interior of the *bottega*; and the ladies eat their ices without leaving their open carriages; while their cavalieri *serventi* chat with them, or seat themselves no

the benches under awnings. In the evenings, the gardens are lighted up by chandeliers, every alcove and recess being filled by the numerous groups who assemble to enjoy the cool evening air, amidst orange-trees, and partake of refreshments. A few artists, or old abbates, are observed in retired corners, while the younger and more gay clerical beaux are strutting about, as consequentially as their rivals in coxcombry, the officers of the *Guardia nobile*. These are the most regular frequenters of this well known lounge. Occasionally a *maestro di lingua* may be seen looking out for pupils among the fresh imported *forrestieria*; and there sometimes may be discovered a half-pay officer of the army of Italy, whose tremendous mustachios give him the air of a Hector, and whose ribbon of the Legion of Honour, oftener sported in the *Café Montansier* of the *Palais Royale*, indicates him to be a Roman by birth, but a Frenchman in manners and politics.

The present Pope receives strangers who are introduced to him, with as much affability as his venerable predecessor Pius VII., whose partiality for the English was so well known. The services of one of the clergymen residing at the Irish college are therefore often put in requisition, to perform those functions of ambassador at the Papal court, which were so long the province of a Scottish ecclesiastic, the good old Abbé Grant, noted for his urbanity and gentleman-like manners. Leo XII. receives only a few at a time, to whom he accords a sort of private audience, in one of his apartments at the Vatican palace; and their names being previously in-

serted in the abbate's list for presentation, he takes them in their turn, unless there happen to be peers, who enjoy the courtesy of a preference similar to the *entrée*. Etiquette requires that every one introduced should appear in uniform or court-dress ; and, after the preliminary introduction to Cardinal della Somaglia, they are ushered into the presence of his Holiness, who receives them without the slightest pomp or ceremony. In this respect, his audience forms quite a contrast to the court presentation, or the royal levee of any other sovereign in Europe, from the Apostolic Kaiser down to the pettiest prince in Germany. I was amused at the account I heard of an English country gentleman's conversation with the Pope, who, it seems, asked this genuine John Bull, if he had ever been in Rome before ? " Yes," he replied, " but it was during the reign of the late Pope, *your father*."

English ladies also get admitted to an audience with the same facility, except during holy week, or when Rome is very full, as levees are then seldom held, owing to the many church ceremonies. They are, however, requested to wear veils in the Pope's presence.

A few years ago, I remember attending a ball in France, where some Englishwomen of rank attracted the gaze of every one in the room. Their half-naked bosoms and arms, and the shortness of their petticoats, surprised even the French roués, who could scarcely believe that those lovely young creatures were innocent or modest, according to the common acceptation of the word. They had committed a great mistake, in appearing thus in a country where semi-nudities were unfashionable,

and only seen under the colonnade of the Palais Royale. Although we observe none of our fair countrywomen so very much in a state of nature in society now, still they are guilty of as great and glaring improprieties in the eyes of foreigners,—such as staying for days and nights at convents, without any male friend, where the presence of ladies is only tolerated by matter of favour, being an infringement of strict monastic rules. At public spectacles, and among crowds in foreign cities, they are again conspicuous. If a *lion* is to be seen, no exertion of arms, elbows, or lungs, is spared, to ensure a good position. I recollect seeing a young lady crossing a square in Rome, holding up her petticoats to her knees, to avoid splashing a gaudy silk gown, after a shower of rain, while the Romans smiled contemptuously at what they called her “*brutta gambe* ;” for a fine leg, or a well-turned ankle, would excuse even greater improprieties. This is by no means a general censure ; for the propriety and modesty of the great majority of the fair sex *in* England, is as well known as the frequent dereliction of their natural character when abroad.

At an early hour one fine November morning, a party of us assembled at the Café Greco, preparatory to an excursion to Tivoli, which we had contemplated for some days before ; and after a hasty cup of coffee, we got into a calèche at the Piazza di Spagna. During the first part of the drive, our attention was engaged in taking a cursory view of ruins of baths, tombs and temples, strewn about the environs of Rome, which, notwithstanding the frightful description often given of them, in my

opinion possess uncommon grandeur. I am aware that, to an agriculturist, the sight of vineyards or corn-fields would be more pleasing; but would the man of taste or the scholar wish for any alteration in that soil, which may be said to be as antique as the ruins which are still scattered over it? Being yet untouched by the hand of modern culture, "this long explored, but still exhaustless mine," has been sacred to contemplation.

We alighted at the cottage of a vine-dresser, now the entrance to what was once the superb Tiburine villa of Adrian, and made a complete circuit of the extensive grounds, embracing several miles.

"Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide;
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth supplied."

What has already been traced out, of those remains shows on a grand scale the ruins of temples, baths, barracks, a naumachia and hippodrome, which appear almost equal to those of Rome itself. Adrian might be called great, were it not for an indelible stain on his character. He omitted nothing in this spot to gratify the most refined taste; his palace, bibliotheca, and hospitalia for visitors, were all in a style of elegance and grandeur scarcely credible. The theatre is still partly remaining. The pleasure-grounds form a representation of the Elysian fields, the realms of Plato, and the beautiful temple at Thessaly. Another Peneus was made to flow near this spot, to recall to the mind of the luxurious Emperor the charms and associations of that delightful region, the Vale of Tempe.

Tivoli, the Tibur of Horace, is not only interest-

ing from its enchanting situation, its ruins, its rocks, waterfalls and splendid villas, but from the romantic and classic scenes which surround it, and which remind the spectator of Horace's correct description. The house of the poet stands on the slope of the hill, amidst other classic remains of the Augustan age. On one side we beheld the villa in which Mæcenæ died, satiated with the luxuries of the world; on another, the Temple of Hercules, and that above the cave from which the Sibyl dictated her oracles.

On our arrival, we had accepted the proffered services of a cicerone, and were accordingly conducted over the regular routine, and compelled to listen to his tiresome, and often incorrect details. What a jumble of historical names he made! We first descended to the grotto of Neptune; then we admired the beautiful ruins of the small temple of Vesta, a circular cella, surrounded with a portico, of which ten Corinthian columns still remain. The cascade, although one of the finest in Italy, is artificial, like that of the Velino at Terni, but inferior to it in magnitude and effect. It appears singular enough, but the truth must be told, even at the risk of passing from the sublime to the ridiculous, that the cascade of Tivoli had got out of order, and, when we saw it, was undergoing repairs; the stream was therefore diverted from its usual channel, until the machinery connected with the adjoining rocks and banks could be reorganized. How very absurd it was to announce, that the cascade could not be *got up* in time for the present season, but would *positively* be ready for the next! After making the whole circuit of the

charming environs of Tivoli, and listening to descriptions of every modern Italian villa, we returned by the lovely Cascatelles,—which compensated for the disappointment we experienced at the grander waterfal. We then recrossed the Anio (now the Tiverone) by the bridge of Lupus, passing by the villa d'Este, the property of the Duke of Modena, a bastard branch of that ancient family; and returned by the olive grove, through the Sabine gate, where we re-entered our temporary quarters, after a few hours walk. I observed a chapel dedicated to the Madonna Quintilanea, where the villa of Quintilius Varus formerly was situated, and descried at a distance the three Montecelli, the Campagna, and the plains of Látium; in short, many of the scenes described by ancient poets. This landscape, seen on one of the finest autumnal days that the pure azure sky of Italy displays, embraced the Sabine hills, embosomed in which lies the valley of Rustica, the Ustica of Horace, offering a scene to which only the pencil of a Claude or a Poussin could do justice; which two artists, the former especially, it is worthy of remark, passed annually several months of study here, and from the surrounding scenery many of their finest conceptions are taken.

Soon after my arrival in Rome, I called to present a letter of credit from Coutts & Co. to Torlonia & Co., or in other words, from the London banker the Duchess of St Albans, to the Roman banker the Duke of Bracciano. Oh the universal power of that *sine qua non*—wealth! In common courtesy, I refrain from alluding to his Grace's origin. Whatever it may be, no one will discover

ungentlemanly or ungraceful manners while getting his bank bills exchanged at Torlonia's counting-house, or partaking of the festivities of his splendid mansion, to which the circular introduction will readily procure him an invitation. I made my appearance one evening in the midst of a gay throng, when all the beau monde of Rome were assembled at the Palazzo Bolognette Cenzi, now inhabited by Torlonia. Italian princes and princesses, cardinals, foreign noblemen and ambassadors, with English of all classes, male and female, composed the various groups I witnessed at the Ducal banker's soirée—for it was not a regular ball. There were many charming and fascinating Italian ladies of rank, sparkling with diamonds, which, without poetry, I thought scarcely equalled the lustre of their eyes. Although the English season, properly speaking, had not then commenced in Rome—as the living avalanches were only descending the declivities of the Alps and Apennines—still a sufficient display of lovely interesting girls were assembled that evening to give a favourable specimen of our fair countrywomen. Music, conversation and cards, were the amusements which this modern Cræsus had provided for his guests. The concert-room was crowded with dillitanti, who paid attention to the excellent performers, and, which rarely occurs in England, the music seemed to be appreciated as a real, and not merely as an ostensible source of attraction. But gold was the grand magnet. The faro table was surrounded by all ranks of every nation, and of both sexes. The votaries of Plutus evinced that eagerness and avidity which characterize gamblers every where; and

for the moment, even beauty and harmony lost their charms, or were forgotten in the sincerity of an idolatrous worship at the temple of the favourite idol. The most striking difference between a Roman and a London route is, that in the former the rooms are spacious enough for the company, whilst in the other, a squeeze and an overflow are not only indispensable, but appear to be the supreme delight of the assemblage, who seem desirous of punctually solving Bishop Berkeley's problem, of "how many human beings in a perpendicular position can a given number of square feet contain." On grand occasions Torlonia gives balls on a more magnificent scale, at a palace he has recently purchased in the Piazza di Termini, where all the vanity of the wealthy parvenu is displayed in its marble galleries, painted ceilings and splendid columns, in the midst of which our Amphytrion retains his natural air, "plus intéressé qu'intéressant."

Monte Cavallo was so called, from the colossal statues of Castor and Pollux that ornament its summit. Each of these figures is holding a horse by the bridle, the workmanship of Phidias and Praxiteles, if the modern *Latin* inscription on their pedestal is to be believed. Some antiquaries suppose that they originally stood at the corners of the base of Adrian's mausoleum, and were subsequently placed in Constantine's baths on Mons Quirinalis. It is not improbable that they might have been copies of two of the statues which Alexander ordered Lysippus to make, in honour of the royal horses killed at the battle of the Granicus, brought from Dia in Macedon to Rome by Metellus, nearly 300 years after.

Visited the Quirinal Palace.—I was much pleased with the fine suit of apartments, which were occupied a few years ago by the Emperor of Austria during his visit to Rome, from the effects of which visit, it is said, the pontifical treasury has scarcely yet recovered. Millions of crowns were then lavished; and the Sacred College complains, that one of the most violent edicts against it was actually concocted in the Quirinal, and issued on the return of their Imperial guest to Vienna, as a reward for the splendid fêtes and hospitable entertainment he had received at the Roman Court. To defray this expenditure, a new tax was levied on the people, who, of course, cherish peculiar recollections of his Majesty, and their mistimed festivities—"les souvenirs chers et cruels."

The Quirinal Palace was the favourite residence of Pius VII. both before and after he was forcibly torn from it, despoiled of all external honours by the agents of Buonaparte, and confined in the most odious and unjust manner, first at Savona, afterwards at Fontainebleau. The pictures it contains are not numerous, but all of acknowledged excellence, including several of the proudest triumphs of Raphael's pencil, and other admirable productions of the Roman school, the noblest and most important of any.

On leaving the Quirinal, I viewed the column of Trajan, who aspired to be the best of Roman Emperors, desiring rather to be loved as a man than honoured as a sovereign. It was thus that he gained both the love and respect of the people, and inspired with dread only the enemies of his coun-

try. Trajan's magnificent pillar is encrusted with marble bas reliefs, illustrating his victories in Dacia, and it has been faithfully imitated in bronze in the pillar of the Place Vendôme in Paris, to represent Napoleon's battles in Germany. The bronze gilt statue of the Imperial Roman, which surmounted this superb monument, having passed away, Sextus V. had it replaced by one of St Peter, while that of his brother Apostle, St Paul, under the direction of the same Pontiff, succeeded M. Aurelius Antoninus in the Piazza Colonna. The statues of these Roman Emperors kept their elevated stations longer than the French Imperial conqueror, who has already yielded his, on the *Colonne de la Place Vendôme*, Paris, to the white flag and its lilies, until a St Louis or a St Charles can be executed. I also took a passing glance at the arch of Janus Quadrifrons, a fine quadrilateral building perforated by two spacious passages, each side being thus occupied by a great arch; but it is unfortunately in a very bad position; while Marcellus's theatre near it is in this respect still worse off, for its ruins are built upon, and form part of the walls of mean-looking houses, inhabited by the very dregs of the people. Four beautiful Corinthian columns of white marble, the remains of the portico of Octavia in the same quarter, now grace a fish-market. "Sic transit gloria mundi!"

Strolling along the Strada Giulia, I obtained admittance into the Palazzo of Prince L. Spada, who has been long a prisoner at the Castle of St Angelo. I there saw Pompey's statue, said to be the same which had been sprinkled with the blood

of the Dictator. It is very interesting to view the imposing stern majesty of this heroic statue, which brings to our mind the memorable event of the death of Cæsar, stabbed by his friend, who sacrificed private feeling to a sense of public good; "but Brutus was an honourable man!" Many doubts have been raised by antiquaries as to the identity of this statue; some rejecting it, owing to the improbability of a Roman Consul being represented with the globe of power, and a nude, except the chlamys, which constitutes the heroic statue—attributes which accord much better with the imperial master of the world, than with the republican general; whilst others pretend to discover some likeness between this statue of Pompey the Great, and his features, as represented on medals. Nay, they carry their fanciful hypotheses so far as to assert, that a stain near the right knee was certainly caused by the blood of Cæsar. Would the Senate of Rome have refused to erect an heroic statue to honour the conqueror in a hundred battles? who subdued the East, and gave to his country an empire, whose triumph lasted two days, and was graced by innumerable trophies, and several captive kings? The answer is obvious. But supposing the identity of this piece of marble to be a fiction,—for the play of the imagination may cause an erroneous judgment—it nevertheless operates as effectually on common observers, and much more agreeably than plain matter of fact. There is little else worth seeing in the unfortunate Prince Spada's palace, if we except an admirable design in alto relievo by Bernini, illustrating the rules of perspective, according to the proportions adopted by Vitruvius.

I occupied many agreeable hours inspecting the Arabesques, chiefly designed by Raphael, in the corridors or loggia of the Vatican, which are generally known by the very fine engravings of them by Volpato. I afterwards visited the stanze or chambers of Raphael, covered with frescos, both walls and ceilings, all designed or painted by that admirable master and his favourite pupil Giulio Romano. The most celebrated *chef-d'œuvre*, here, is known as the School of Athens; which is a misnomer, however; for it ought rather to be called the Progress of Science, so many philosophers and artists being introduced who flourished long after that school had ceased to exist. But any anachronism, in point of date or costume, is excusable from such a pencil. Bramante figures in it, under the name of Archimedes, with whom Balthazar Castiglioni, Perugino, and Raphael himself, are seen disputing the honour of immortality in the arts. The representation of the battle gained by Constantine at Pons Milvius, is regarded as one of the grandest displays of colouring. It occupies one side of the Sala di Constantino, which is entirely decorated with the deeds of that Emperor. His donation of Rome to St Silvester is not forgotten. It is represented in this fresco by the presentation of a golden image of the goddess Roma to the Pope. It naturally occupies a conspicuous place in the Vatican, as one of the grounds on which his successors have founded their claim to temporal power, and the possession of the patrimony of St Peter's, which, except during short intervals, they have retained ever since. I spent several mornings amongst the

inexhaustible treasures of the Vatican library, one of the most valuable in the world. It owes its origin to Martin V., who brought a collection of MSS. from Avignon in the early part of the 15th century. Calistus III. employed many persons in Greece, England and Germany, collecting all the precious stores of literature, and transcribing MSS.; to enrich it. Leo X. made considerable additions, and Sextus V. ordered Fontana to build the present library, which was thrown open for the use of the public by some of his venerable and learned successors. It was farther enriched by three valuable collections in the 17th century; 1st, The Duke of Urbino's MSS.; 2d, The extensive library of the Elector Palatine, who was driven from his capital by the Duke of Bavaria; 3d, That of Christina, Queen of Sweden, a great patroness of literature and the arts, who resided long in Rome, and bequeathed her library to the Vatican. It now consists of more than 70,000 volumes, besides MSS., and a large collection of valuable objects of curiosity, modern and antique, of which the collection of vases is especially valuable. The paintings on its walls and ceilings are well executed by Raphael Mengs, and many other able artists, who were employed in decorating them. There is also a collection of Christian antiquities, formed by Pope Benedict XIV., and a small one of bronze statues and ancient instruments; likewise two magnificent candelabra of Sevres porcelain, presented to Pius VII. as a reward for his crossing the Alps in the depth of winter, to anoint the head of Napoleon with the sacred unction, the most subservient action of the

good Pope's life, and that of which he is said to have most sincerely repented. This humiliating memorial of Papal servility is preserved in the gallery of the Vatican; but silence is maintained with regard to its *history*. In one of the buildings attached to the museum, there is an establishment of Mosaic painting, which is the principal school of that fine branch of art in Europe, now in so flourishing a state in Italy.

Of the many splendid churches in Rome, few merit more particular attention than that of St Pietro in Vincoli, not so much for its fluted Ionic columns of marmo Greco, which separate the nave from the aisles, as for the tomb of Julius II. (della Rovera), which is adorned by the most sublime emanation of the genius of the greatest sculptor modern times has produced. This tomb is adorned by a statue of Moses, the work of Michael Angelo, which excels many of the exquisite productions of the Grecian school in originality; and, for elevated propriety of expression, beauty of outline, and grandeur of conception, it still remains unapproached. The solemn and awful majesty of this matchless piece of sculpture presents a boldness of conception characteristic of this great master's unrivalled powers; but with characteristic excellences, it exhibits also much of the irregularity and extravagance which distinguish unhappily many of the best productions of the author.

One evening I directed my steps along the banks of the Yellow Tyber, to enjoy the tranquil hour of departing day. The river rolled turbidly along its lonely and desolate course, through the swampy plain, which had then been refreshed by

autumnal rains after the summer heat. Before me was the bleak waste of the Campagna, bounded by a beautiful amphitheatre of hills, terminated by the Sabine mountains. Of these, the more distant were enveloped in a vapour of a violet-coloured tint, while the last rays of the declining orb tinged their summits with gold, rapidly vanishing to illumine other points of the horizon. This prolonged the charm of closing day, exhibiting a deep expanse of blue, variegated by some superb tints, as they were yet visible in the west. I approached that bridge, where, fifteen centuries before, Constantine, under the religious influence of his sacred banner, "In hoc signo vinces,"* aided by a good manœuvre, from his own military inspiration, conquered the rival Emperor, and overturned the fanes of Polytheism, with all its oracles, deifications, games and divinations, converting the idolatrous temples of the Imperial masters of the world, into the gorgeous sanctuaries of a rational faith, which, from this spot, soon spread itself universally over Europe.

The Pantheon is now converted into a church, called Santa Maria della Rotonda, dedicated to all the Saints. Its portico is composed of eight columns in front, and a similar row within, of the Corinthian order. Its dome, well known as the finest in Europe, is 160 feet in diameter, and almost the same in height, having neither pillar nor window, only a large round aperture in the top; a peculiarity which, together with the shape of the edifice, renders it very unfit for the purposes of a

* "Under this ensign (the Cross) thou shalt conquer."

Catholic place of worship. The light, which once fell on the statues of heathen gods, now shines upon the busts of an assemblage of modern great men, amongst whom are Dante, Petrarch, Raphael, Annibal Carracci, Palladio, Metestasio, and Corelli, some of whom, for their poetic, pictorial, or musical genius, are only not deified by their enthusiastic countrymen, who almost deem them worthy of the honours of an apotheosis. This noble fabric was built by Agrippa, one of the most magnificent patrons of ancient art, and possesses that massive simplicity, severe grandeur, and enduring character, which pervaded all the efforts of early Roman industry. Its dome, the prototype of Santa Maria del Fiore at Florence, and of St Peter's at Rome, the proudest boast of modern architectural talent, is supposed to have been designed by Vitruvius, the great name in architecture of the Augustine age, to whom the city of the Cæsars, and the art in general, are so much indebted. What a superb mausoleum the Pantheon would make! A society of eminent artists, of whom Canova was the head, and at whose expense the undertaking was chiefly carried on, with infinite taste and proper feeling, caused the busts of many illustrious individuals to be placed in appropriate niches. One regrets that so magnificent a temple should not be *exclusively* set apart for memorials of the mighty dead.

The Picture-gallery of the Capitol has few attractions, compared with the opposite wing, where some of the finest antique statues, which were scattered with such profusion throughout Italy, have been collected from every different source, and are

there deposited. The rooms, which contain busts of the ancient philosophers, and of the Roman emperors, from the first Cæsar to Gallienus, embracing a period of three centuries, excite the most lively interest, from the recollections they call forth. But, independently of their historical and classical interest, they are invaluable as exhibiting specimens of the art during an important epoch. Amongst them are many pieces of sculpture, which would not suffer by comparison with the finest labours of Greece of the first ages. In the Capitoline Gallery, the statues most deserving of attention, are, the Dying Gladiator, partly restored in the arms and feet by Michael Angelo; the Faun, ascribed to Praxiteles; the basalt Centaurs; the colossal statue of Pyrrhus; the group of Cupid and Psyche; and, above all, the admirable seated statue of Agrippina, which for drapery is the finest in existence, and whence the famous one of Napoleon's mother was copied. I may also mention an invaluable little gem in this collection, described by Pliny. It is a beautiful mosaic, regarded by antiquaries as the original of Sosus, known as the Four Doves, which are represented playing on the side of a vessel full of water; justly considered the *chef-d'œuvre* of the art of ancient mosaic. After enjoying an exquisite treat of a few hours, while contemplating the ancient treasures enshrined within the venerable walls of the Capitol, I did not omit the view from the top of its tower, which is equal, and even preferable, in some respects, to that from the dome of St Peter's.

There are no objects in Rome more interesting than the ancient *Thermæ*. To give some idea of

the extent of those of Dioclesian, I need merely mention, that the Piazza di Termini, the public granaries, the Pope's oil-cellar, the churches, convents, and gardens of the Carthusians, and the monks of St Bernard, occupy their site. The outer hall or rotunda of these baths is yet in a perfect state. It had formerly an aperture in its roof similar to that of the Pantheon, and is now a church dedicated to the Madonna degli Angeli. The four largest columns of Oriental granite which have ever been brought to Europe, support the dome; and an equal number, in imitation of those large masses, has been put up to complete the effect. This is rather a solecism in Rome; for however appropriate brick and plaster pillars may be in London, they seem quite out of place in Roman balnearea. The splendour of this noble edifice is mentioned by most ancient authors. A part of it is now the property of a community of Carthusian friars, who have very wisely availed themselves of the surrounding materials to build a magnificent convent, the cloister being part of the ancient structure.

The ruins of the baths of Caracalla still bear witness to the magnificence of that Imperial monster. The roofless walls of these immense piles of brick are still standing, open to the sky, and stripped of every ornament, including 200 superb marble columns, and 1600 seats of the same material, which they are said to have contained. Being situated in the midst of fields, far distant from any other building or human habitation, abandoned to woods and solitude, these frowning ruins appear in all the wildness of decay, contrasting

the more strongly with the splendour they once exhibited; their isolated situation enabling the spectator to form a correct idea of their extent. The oblong hall or lobby, where loiterers waited their turn to bathe, served also for recreation, exercise, and instruction. There, philosophers were in the habit of lecturing; and we have the authority of Horace, that the porticoes were resorted to by poets to recite their verses.

From the amazing number of statues, mosaics, and the rarest specimens of the fine arts, dug out of these ruins, and now scattered all over the public museums and private collections of Rome, we may judge of the luxurious and ornamental manner in which they were furnished. The pavements were inlaid with marble, and decorated with splendid mosaic; and the walls and ceilings were covered with frescos.

With a feeling of sadness, I viewed the extensive mass of ruins, on the Palatine Hill, where once stood the palace of the Cæsars, now the gardens of the Villa Farnese. This is also the site of the Circus Maximus, which was probably finally demolished by Paul III., the universal destroyer of antiquities. Here silence and desolation now reign; the very soil is formed of fragments of old brick-work, tufo, and indurated plaster, which defy the most lynx-eyed, skilful, and persevering member of the Antiquarian Society, to make out any intelligible vestige, or to discover the slightest clue to gratify his research, or lead to any satisfactory result.

A visit to the monument of Caius Cestus, near the gate of St Paul, occupied me one afternoon. This proud stupenduous tomb, unlike Eastern py-

ramids, "built by slaves for tyrants to moulder in," transmits the name of Caius Cestus to posterity—and no more than the bare name. Unaccompanied by glory, a stranger to fame, the page of history neither records civic virtues in the senate, nor heroic deeds in the field, achieved by this great unknown. Were it not for this splendid monument, no trace of his existence would ever have reached after ages. History is silent regarding the mere rich man; for wealth alone is no title to fame; and he who is destitute of genius or valour, can only be accidentally handed down to posterity. Near the gate of St Paul is also situated the English burying ground, or, more properly speaking, that of all foreigners not Catholics. A few insignificant tombs and paltry inscriptions vainly attempt to rescue from oblivion the names they record. They can attract the attention of such only as have to lament some friend or relative, who may have found a resting-place in this classic soil. *

* For the sake of true genius, it is to be hoped that there is at least one exception from this conclusion. A few years ago, the mortal remains of the Author of "*Hyperion*," and "*The Eve of St Agnes*," were deposited in this "strangers' burying-ground"—See SHELLEY'S *Preface to "Adonais*," Pisa, 1821, from which the following is an extract. "John Keats died at Rome of consumption, in his twenty-fourth year, on the — of — 1821; and was buried in the romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, under the pyramid which is the tomb of Cestus, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death, to think that they should be buried in so sweet a place."

CHAPTER X.

ROME CONTINUED.

THERE are many modes of killing time in Rome, without flying to the tiresome resources which "men about town" are under the necessity of adopting in London. It does not, therefore, surprise me, that so many people of all classes, even down to the veriest cockney, who annually heretofore exchanged the foggy atmosphere of Cripplegate or Cheapside, for a trip to Margate, should now be induced to enjoy for a time the warm sun of Italy, and breathe the pure air of the south. For the mere loungeur who has plenty of money to throw away, there is no want of attraction at Diez's and Rinaldi's. The Piazza di Spagna, Via di Condotti, or the Corso, hold out temptations enough in the shape of cameos, mosaics, medals and *entaglios*, as many can testify, besides the more expensive luxuries of pictures and statues; and one may have the pleasure of paying as dear for them in Rome as at Christie's or Robins's sales, all warranted genuine originals from the most celebrated masters! There are also regular *manufactories* of antiques, which bear all the characteristic marks

of twenty centuries, although not as many days from the workshop of some industrious Roman. Every ingenious expedient is tried, and not in vain, to get English money, a talisman, the possession of which, is a passport to the affectionate regard of our French, Swiss, and Italian friends, and I sincerely believe, the *only* recommendation we have in their eyes. Recollecting the old adage, "When you are at Rome," &c., I followed the general example of patronising *modern* artists, and selected a few memorials of the city of the Cæsars, (although little skilled in numismatics), such as a few medals, covered with the rust of ages; a mosaic cross, blessed by his Holiness, and some other trifles; availing myself of the opportunity the purchase of them afforded me, to take a review of the different branches of industry, which flourish in a great measure owing to foreign encouragement, or, more properly speaking, gullability.

I spent a day in the Transtivere, where there is still observable a certain bold fierceness in the physiognomy and character of the Roman peasantry, who reside on the right bank of the Tyber, a characteristic which is not discoverable in any other district of the patrimony of St Peter. These people form a distinct race, inheriting from their ancestors that local pride which Rome has always excited in its natives; and, under an uncouth exterior, they are said to conceal hearts that beat nobly, with love and pride of their country. It was there I heard, for the last time, the beautiful and pathetic air of "*Roma, Roma! non sei piu come era prima!*"* and under such circumstances, that

* "Rome! Rome! thou art not as at first."

it can never be effaced from my memory. In this abode of the ancient Romans, the church of St Cecilia, the patroness of music, is worthy of a pilgrimage, that one may admire that lovely image of death, a statue of the Saint by Maderno. The interior is also adorned with a Madonna by Annibal Carracci. Just as I was leaving the Temple of Music, if I may use the expression, these inspiring words, "Roma, Roma!" resounded in my ear, when turning the corner of the street, near the melancholy Farnesina Casino, in the grass-grown Lungara. I found that they proceeded from some itinerant musicians, one of whom was a beautiful black-eyed female, gifted with a voice which distinguished her even amongst the tuneful daughters of Italy.

A few hours may be most agreeably spent at any time in the gallery of Cardinal Fesch, who is extremely liberal and polite to all strangers who are desirous of visiting his delightful palace, tickets not only being readily granted on application, but even sent to those who desire admission. His collection consists chiefly of the works of Flemish and Dutch masters, in which it is superior to any in Italy. It contains several by Teniers, Ruysdael, Cuyp and Hobbima, of the very highest merit in their class. I have reason to believe that it would not be very difficult to prevail on his Eminence to part with some of them for a *valuable* consideration; for, during his Imperial nephew's reign, he was extraordinarily lavish in his expenditure, especially upon objects connected with the fine arts, of which he was a most judicious and munificent patron. He now possesses a gallery

unsuited to his present income, which is so much curtailed, that he is in a great measure dependant on the allowance he enjoys as a Cardinal. It is even alleged, that he avails himself of the fortunate chance of any rich picture-fancier pitching upon some of those, in his collection, of which he entertains a less favourable opinion himself, to get rid of them *sub rosa*, in order to supply the exigencies of his establishment.

The exterior of the Gesu church is as splendid as its interior is rich and magnificent. It was designed by the architect Vignola, and built at the expense of a Cardinal who died a member of the order of Jesuits. The altar of St Ignatius de Loyola, its illustrious founder, is pre-eminent in ornament, enriched with marble and precious stones, and decorated with some good bassi relievi by eminent sculptors, four superb pillars, and a globe of *lapis lazuli*. This is the principal church belonging to the powerful and influential order of the Jesuits in Rome, which, if not the richest religious society, is the most celebrated in Europe. The principles on which it was founded in 1555, established its power for more than two centuries, in Asia and America, as well as in every Catholic State of Europe, the members having been chosen as confessors to many crowned heads.

The Jesuits, although extolled as the promulgators of the best system of public education, have been proscribed and expelled no less than thirty-seven times since their first suppression by Ganganelli, from France, Italy, and Portugal. They have lately been restored in the two former countries, and, owing to their eminent talents, still

maintain a greater sway than the votaries of any other religious institution. The order is governed by a general, who is elected for life, and always resides in Rome. He is vested with absolute power in the appointment of all priors, and in every regulation connected with the constitution and internal management of the communities over which he presides. Both D'Alembert, and de Pradt ex-archbishop of Malines, have treated the subject of Jesuitism logically and impartially in their works. Doctor Fortis, a Venetian, is the present general. He was long chief of the college at Modena, where these worthy fathers took deeper root than in any other part of Europe, Friburg in Switzerland excepted. He is a very old and infirm, but learned man, and much esteemed by *literati*.

Resolved to visit some of the colleges of my own countrymen in Rome, I availed myself of the kindness of a venerable Franciscan friar, to whose services I had previously been indebted as a cicerone at one of the church-ceremonies. He ushered me through his own humble chapel and convent, which formed a striking contrast to the splendid establishment of the Jesuits, which I had just left. Instead of the riches and magnificence displayed by the latter, I found in the Irish Franciscan convent only that which mendicants profess in their vows, self-denial, poverty, and contempt for worldly grandeur. My next visit was to the Scotch college, which is quite on as moderate a scale. Mr M——, the rector, received me very politely, and sent one of the students to conduct me into the church, and to show me the whole establishment, which is in no way remarkable; nor did it present any object worthy of particular attention. There

are seldom more than four priests, and about a dozen students in it.

The Pope has lately published an edict, which has made him extremely unpopular. He has instituted an asylum for assassins at Ostia, and some other unhealthy towns, about ten leagues from Rome, with a view of increasing their population, though, it is to be feared, at the imminent risk of travellers passing near them. Sanctuaries were first suppressed by Urban V. in the fourteenth century. They were afterwards re-established, enabling men, though guilty of the greatest crimes, to shelter themselves, by seeking refuge in the court of a Cardinal's palace: and they were again abolished about forty years ago. They are now restored—for a short time only, it is to be hoped. The threshold of a church in Rome cannot at present be passed by the assassin, whose hands, reeking in blood, would be raised in vain to demand an asylum from the ministers of that religion which he had outraged; for even when in the act of begging mercy of an offended God in his temple, he may be seized by the officers of justice, to expiate his crime.

The higher orders of Romans cannot brook the *morgue aristocratique*, or characteristic arrogance of demeanour which Englishmen seldom attempt to conceal, even under an external show of politeness; and by the lower classes they are still more disliked, with all their profusion, which is rendered, by a perpetual dread of imposition, devoid of that grace which even munificence requires. I can imagine that Rome would be an agreeable and even delightful residence, were our countrymen

who wish to make any stay there, to get introduced to some of the principal families of the middling ranks of society, “*mezze cetto* ;” where they would meet with well-informed men, fond of literature and the arts, from whose conversation amusement and instruction might be derived ; taking care, however, while in company with the antiquary, the literateur, and the *dilittanti*, to lay aside their cold stiff manner, and assume a little affability for the occasion.

Accompanied by one of these, a very intelligent Roman friend, I derived great pleasure from an inspection of some of the ancient monuments and ruins. Directing our steps towards the river by the Forum of Trajan, we first viewed the small but beautiful circular Corinthian temple of Vesta, ornamented with fluted columns, and now called *Santa Maria di Sole*, which, considering its size, is one of the finest remains of antiquity. Under this spot is the stone arch, by which the *Cloaca Maxima* runs into the Tiber ; and near it the *Pons Subli-cius*, the most ancient of all the eight bridges which adorned ancient Rome. There are now only some fragments of a broken pier and fallen arch visible, and, even these, when the water is low. This bridge is famed for the heroic deed of *Horatius Cocles*, thus commemorated by a monument, which, from its dilapidated state, serves the better to remind us of the act which gave rise to its decay. *

* On this narrow bridge *Horatius Cocles* resolutely opposed the advancing army of *Porsenna*, until the Romans succeeded in breaking down that part of it which was behind him ; then, plunging into the Tyber, he regained his companions—having, perhaps, saved the Capitol. From the same bridge at a subsequent period, the bodies of *Commodus* and *Heliogabalus* were thrown into the river.

We then continued our walk towards the Porta Latina, and, leaving Mount Celia on our left, struck off into a vineyard to view the tomb of the Scipios. An old hag was the custodia, who brought torches from her cottage, which overhangs the ruined sepulchres concealed in a subterranean cavern, containing the ashes of those who once filled the world with their fame. These monuments are venerable from their unassuming aspect, having been formed before the Romans aspired to magnificence and splendour. I was, however, somewhat disappointed with them; for I expected to have found the columbaria, lachrimatoria, sepulchral lamps, and cinerary urns, with the original inscriptions. Instead of which, we with difficulty deciphered copies of them rudely chiseled on grey stones—the urns and sarcophagi having been conveyed to the Vatican Museum by order of Pius VI., during whose Pontificate this burial-place was accidentally discovered while digging to plant vines, a circumstance of which I was not then aware. The inscriptions tell, in short sentences, the achievements of this heroic race, in all the simplicity of the ancient language of Latium. The vaults are extensive, and occupy several acres; but are of a damp and gloomy subterranean description. I own that, notwithstanding the light thrown upon the interior by the glimmering lamp of our conductress, and her attempted elucidations—for she officiated as cicerone—an hour's sojourn under ground had effectually cooled my antiquarian ardour, and I was not a little pleased upon my return to the pure air of upper day. This spot is by many supposed to be the tomb of Scipio Afri-

canus, who, according to Plutarch, was buried near Rome. Livy mentions, however, that he was interred at Liternum, where he had retired to voluntary banishment; and with this statement many other authors concur. The record he left of the ingratitude of his country was inscribed on his tomb, near the sea-shore, at the latter place, where a modern tower bears the name of "*Patria*," from retaining that portion of the original inscription, "*Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habitis:*" Ungrateful country, thou shalt not even possess my bones.

Next day we made an excursion into the interesting environs east of Rome. When we reached the Campagna, the country looked dreary, and was by no means pleasant, the ground we walked over being barren, uneven, and full of gaps, with scarcely a tree to be seen. It was an unlimited picture of poverty and desolation. Though thinly inhabited, the air is not so sickly as towards *Civita Vecchia*—that fatal neighbourhood where every thing depicts wretchedness. The virulent miasma, which pervades the whole atmosphere, is attributed to the noxious effluvia which rises from the adjoining marshes—the want of fires to purify the air from pestilential exhalations—and its former redundancy, and present thinness, of population. The malaria prevails in a greater or less degree all along the coast, from *Liguria* to *Calabria*; but the lover of antiquity traces monuments of ancient splendour every step he proceeds, which amply repay him for the desolate prospect around. The first which attracted our notice was the Temple of *Bacchus*; but it possessed few elements for the

gratification of our researches. We then arrived at what antiquaries call the Egerian Valley of Juvenal, and saw the grotto and fountain of the nymph Egeria, so called, though I believe without sufficient *data* to establish the designation. This valley is still as much resorted to by the inhabitants of Rome on May-day as it was by their ancestors, for the purpose of celebrating the Floralia, or games of Flora. They attach a salubrious quality to the water of the fountain, which trickles from an orifice in the grotto. A mutilated recumbent statue has been placed over the spring, but there is no tradition of its having first been found at this place. It is, moreover, the torso of a male figure. It is not surprising that antiquaries are often puzzled, and commit ridiculous mistakes, where there are neither inscriptions, nor statues of a marked character, to guide them in their inquiries. They are apt frequently to select any name at random, which may answer their purpose. The study of ancient relics, &c. is an amusing one for persons possessed of perseverance for deep research; and, strange to say, the greater the difficulties and conflicting testimonies that intervene to baffle conclusions, the more interesting the pursuit becomes. We next examined the Circus of Caracalla, not far from this spot, which forms another proof of the vague ground upon which antiquaries apply any name or origin to their discoveries, that may occur to their fancy, if supported by the most fragile train of coincidences. It seems the designation of this ancient arena for Roman games, was changed from the Circus Maximus to that of Caracalla, by the discovery of a medal of that

Emperor, of which the reverse shows a circus, and some connecting link to identify the locality. The tomb of Cecilia Metella would merit little notice, merely as that of the almost unknown wife of the Triumvir Crassus; but, as one of the most remarkable monumental remains of the remote age in which she lived, it is deserving of attention, especially by the architect.

Pursuing our ramble across the fields, after about an hour's walk, we approached some lofty walls on the Ostian road, unroofed and desolate, still bearing the marks of the fire, which, a few years ago, destroyed one of the finest churches in Italy. The Basilica of St Paul belongs to a rich abbey of Benedictines of the congregation of Mount Cassino; and I rather think that the accident was attributed to the negligence of some workmen in their employment. The lay-brother who conducted us through the cloister told us a confused story about the unfortunate occurrence, but he did not seem to relish any questions upon the subject. We of course desisted, though he was perfectly civil. After introducing us into the church, he locked the door upon us, and walked off. We seated ourselves on the prostrate shaft of a marble pillar, and contemplated, at leisure, the splendid wreck of this church, which contains part of the relics of St Paul. It was one of the first seven Christian places of worship built by Constantine, and finished by Theodosius. Most of its 120 splendid marble pillars (which were taken from Adrian's tomb and Antoninus's baths in order to support the roof) have been shattered. The pavement of the church was strewn with bases, broken shafts

capitals, fine marble slabs, and fragments of an entablature. The rebuilding of this edifice has been intrusted to a committee, with the Cardinal Della Sommaglia as President. They have consulted the Academy of St Luca regarding the plan, and some trifling alterations have been suggested. The sum already collected amounts to upwards of 200,000 Roman scudi; and the repairs having commenced, it is expected to be rebuilt in ten years, with all its former splendour. But the precious remains of antique sculpture and inscriptions never can be replaced. White marble columns are ordered from the quarries near Lago Maggiore, some of which had then arrived at Rome, to replace such as were destroyed. The fine pavements, mosaics, inscriptions, and bronze doors, are all in ruins. As to the portraits of Popes on the walls, their partial destruction is not much to be regretted; indeed they reminded me of *our* Pope's witty allusion to some of the daubs which decorate old English mansions.

“ On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre.”

I was much gratified by the view of this classical Basilicon, which contained four ranges of columns, separating it internally into five longitudinal divisions, similar, we may suppose, to other works of Metrodorus, the first Christian architect of the lower Empire.

We then summoned our conductor to liberate us; and, after thanking him for his trouble, resumed our walk, with the intention of visiting the Basilicon of St Sebastian, situated about a

couple of miles from the Porta Capena, on the Appian Way. The only object that here claimed our particular attention, was a statue of the saint by Georgetti, better known as the Teacher of Bernini, an eminent architect and sculptor, who was master of the works to several successive Popes. There is an entrance to an extensive range of catacombs at this church. The examination of these subterranean labyrinths, with their galleries and lateral passages diverging in every direction, detained us a long time, and interested us extremely. The subsoil of all the district to the east of Rome, is a stratum of volcanic tufo, of a red-brownish colour. Those excavations were formerly pozzuolane quarries, which occupied a vast space for miles around, and subsequently served as burying places for Christian martyrs. "*Sepulti sunt viâ Appiâ, milliario secundo ab urbe, in loco qui vocatur ad Arenas.*"* Many of the primitive Christians are also supposed to have hid themselves in them, during the persecutions raised by Nero, and continued by most of his successors, till the reign of Constantine. They are of such vast extent, that they may be called a city under ground ; and though deeply interesting to posterity, it is probable that they would, ere this, have been lost in obscurity, had they not proved a mine of relics to pious pilgrims from all Christendom, who have at last succeeded in carrying off even the smallest relic of 170,000 Christian martyrs said to have been there interred.

The finest palaces and best hotels in Rome are

* They were buried on the Appian Way, two miles from the city, in a place called the Sand Quarries.

now occupied by some of our opulent countrymen, whose chief amusement consists in visiting churches, galleries, and studios, exhausting their admiration on the *chef-d'œuvres* of painting and sculpture, and exploring the ruins of antiquity. As soon, however, as these objects are accomplished, their taste palls. Deprived of their usual society, and environed by new customs, ere many months have elapsed, they fall into a state of morbid sensibility, or find themselves possessed by the demon of ennui, which can only be shaken off by flight. A first visit to the "Eternal City," therefore, is generally terminated by a rapid migration to Naples or Florence, where enjoyment is again made a toil, and, in their labours to be agreeable, are considered by the rest of the world as insufferable. Very different from these heirs of wealth and rank do the foreign artists feel, who find in Rome a place of endless instruction and pleasure. They are, I think, its happiest residents. There is no species of enthusiasm which partakes less of the ridiculous, than that feeling which they entertain for their profession. They exhibit smiling faces, though they often wear shabby coats; and are so much devoted to the theory and practice of their art, that they absolutely fancy there is nothing in the world worthy of attention, but painting and sculpture; while they view men merely as their models, and consider themselves amply repaid by Nature when her works afford the sketch for a landscape. The Trinita di Monte is their favourite abode, and it is endeared to them as the spot where Salvator Rosa, N. Poussin, and Claude resided. The houses of these illustrious men were

pointed out to me, and they are still occupied by artists.

Having devoted some time to the inspection of the picturesque and classic ruins of the Forum Romanum, and having inhaled the atmosphere of past centuries in the catacombs and tombs of the Scipios, I resolved one morning, as a variety, to visit, along with my friend, the Baron de B——, the studio of Thorwaldsen, and some Roman sculptors. In one corner of a large square, ornamented, as is usual in this city, by a fountain in the centre, and overlooked by the massive Barberini palace, built with travertine stone, pillaged from the Coliseum, we beheld immense blocks of Carrara marble, which almost impeded our entrance to the studio of Thorwaldsen. On gaining admission, we had an opportunity of observing the progress of a statue, from its primitive state, while in the hands of different workmen. At first it appeared a huge unshapely block of marble—now exhibiting a rude outline of the human form—now approximating what it purported to represent, with its imperfections rounded off—now developing still finer proportions—now dotted by the black marks of the artist—now improved in appearance by a fresh touch from his chisel—till, finally, all its beauties were perfected by the master-hand of the Dane himself. I was not fortunate enough to meet the *genius loci* on this occasion ; but, were I to judge by the busts which he has modelled of himself, I should say that he might justly be termed, “a hard-featured man of genius.” The originals of some, and the models of many, splendid works are in this studio, with innumerable busts of princes,

lords, ladies, *et hoc genus omne*, as well as many works yet unfinished. Amongst the latter, there are a very fine equestrian statue of Poniatowsky, one of Eugene Beauharnois, and the continuation of the celebrated frieze, illustrating the triumph of Alexander, ordered by Napoleon for the Quirinal Palace, when fitting it up as a residence for the young King of Rome, and which long since has been sold to the late Count Sommariva. The great work which now engages the Danish sculptor is the Saviour and Apostles, intended to adorn a church in the capital of his native country. The whole of these magnificent colossal statues are nearly finished, in the artist's usual admirable style. Among the models of his previous works, I particularly remarked the Mercury, the Venus, and the Jason, fine studies for effect and character, and not inferior, in fidelity and nature, to the antiques of the Parthenon. The Adonis, too, is a perfect specimen of youthful masculine beauty, and reckoned one of his best works. I was delighted also with a figure of Hope, infinitely superior to most antiques; but, above all, with the two well-known and much admired ærial figures of Aurora and Night, of which every good collection or academy in Europe has got either a copy or a cast. No artist in Rome meets with so much encouragement, or merits it so deservedly, as Thorwaldsen.

It is much to be regretted, that in Rome there is no Academy; institutions which are so honourable to the French, Spanish, Neapolitan, and other governments. In these excellent establishments, a certain number of the most promising young artists are liberally pensioned, in cities

where they enjoy the double advantage of studying the best works of antiquity, and of receiving instruction from the most celebrated masters of the day. The little encouragement afforded to the fine arts by our own government, whether at home or abroad, has long been regarded as a national reproach. That the charge cannot be fully repelled, is undeniable ; and its truth may account in some measure for the fact, that our artists excel their Continental rivals chiefly in portrait-painting, which gives such scope for the gratification of individual vanity, while they can only maintain an inferior station in the higher branches of the art. As the foundation for a national school of sculpture, we can, however, boast of the treasures of the British Museum, which, although limited, are of such inestimable value as studies, that Canova declared it was worth taking a journey from Rome to England, for the purpose of viewing the Elgin marbles alone.

It would fill volumes to enumerate the works of the many celebrated Roman sculptors whose studii are open to the inspection of those who have any taste for the arts. Signore Baruzzi ranks among the first ; but Albaccini and Fiochetti are also artists of great talent. The last studio we visited was that of Signore Trente Nove. I found rather a sameness, not only in the unfinished works of this able sculptor, but also in those of several of his brother artists, which I defy the cant of ciceronism, or even the elaborate criticisms of the most accomplished connoisseur, to render interesting. In fact, I question if any person, except a sculptor, can sufficiently appreciate the merit of

embryo statues. A host of German artists reside in Rome, some of whom have already acquired celebrity, and others give indications of future excellence. They have an annual exhibition of their works, which are highly and deservedly admired. Schnetz, Cornelius, Weiss, and Leopold, are the painters of most distinguished talent; the flower-pieces of Serft, as well as the landscapes of Koch, evince very considerable genius. Among our own countrymen, there are many painters of considerable promise; for instance, Severn in landscape, and Davis in historical painting. Wilkie, while at Rome, painted several pictures; but it is much to be regretted that he left none behind him as specimens of his peculiar and pleasing style; and many of Turner's finest landscapes were painted under the pure sky, and amidst the delightful scenery of Italy. In the sister art, Gibson probably ranks next to Thorwaldsen; and although still a young man, has executed many performances of very high merit. Campbell has great ability as a sculptor, and particularly excels in busts; and for the anatomical correctness of his figures is remarkable. Goff, in delineating animals, surpasses every other artist. Rennie, a nephew of the late eminent engineer of the same name, is an artist of promise, especially with respect to the classical antique style of his figures.

I was obliged to content myself with a rapid view of the College of the Sapienza, and that of the Congregation of *Propaganda Fide*, so renowned as the parent establishment of the different missions *in partibus infidelium*.

The many libraries in Rome would each require

days to be examined properly ; but unless one can enjoy something more of books and MSS. than the mere sight of their fine binding, or the embellishments of their illuminated pages, the mind is rather tantalized than either gratified or instructed.

If, as we are told, the population of Rome exceeded six millions, when a census was taken during the reign of Claudius, it is impossible that the space included within its present walls could have contained more than an insignificant fraction of such a number of human beings. The city was then said to have covered a circumference of 50 miles. In the fourth century, the population had been diminished to little more than one million ; and in the fourteenth, during the constant warfare carried on between rival factions, it fell so low as 33,000, which was the minimum. At present, it is calculated to contain about 150,000 inhabitants. According to the census of 1826, the population of Rome presented the following classification in round numbers :—

10,000	Jews and Foreigners,
1,500	Priests, Prelates, &c.
1,700	Monks and Friars,
1,400	Nuns,
1,000	Sick in the hospitals,
800	Confined in prisons.

It is difficult to ascertain the exact annual revenue of the Roman Court, it is so very irregular and uncertain. It arises partly from annats and dispensations from foreign countries, but principally from internal taxation, comprising only a

small proportion from customhouse duties in the sea-ports; for although this fertile and beautiful part of Italy, committed to the care of the Roman Pontiffs, possesses many natural advantages—with a soil capable of yielding every useful production—bounded by two seas, and watered by numerous rivers, national industry is impeded, and the springs of commerce are almost completely absorbed. Before the French invasion of Italy, and the consequent dismemberment of the patrimony of St Peter—which, by diminishing the number of contributors, as well as impoverishing them, of course lessened the revenue—it was calculated at three millions of Roman scudi, rather more than 600,000*l*. The greater part of this sum was once erroneously supposed to be derived from other Catholic countries; but it has been correctly ascertained, that even France—probably the richest and most productive source—previously to the Revolution, never paid more than 70,000 crowns a year. In Spain and Germany, the annats have been either abolished or bought off; and the other ecclesiastical contributions, in the shape of dispensations to contract marriages, to hold livings, and to perform other functions, contrary to the prescriptions of the Canon law, added very little to the Papal revenues, being chiefly swallowed up in the legal and official expenses of the *Ruota*, *Cancellaria*, and other spiritual courts through which they necessarily passed. It is generally supposed that pilgrims bring wealth to Rome. This is an egregious mistake, unless heretical pilgrims are meant! English and Russian visitors are always the most welcome, because they increase the circulating medium, by the vast sums

in foreign coin which they bring with them; and their annual expenditure is an object of amazing importance to the Romans. But the generality of pilgrims from Catholic countries are said to bring little save filth, beggary, and devotion, from all Europe to its ancient capital, where they are lodged, fed, and even clothed in hospitals, which are endowed for their reception and maintenance, and which, I understand, contain at this moment six or seven hundred persons who are thus charitably supported. In the "Anno Santo," (1825), during the Jubilee, there were nearly as many thousands, who resorted to Rome to gain plenary indulgence at St Peter's, half of whom were provided for at the public expense. If the sources of revenue arising from voluntary contributions from the more pious and devout classes, have diminished during the present and the last Pontificate, those derived from taxation have certainly increased in an equal proportion. The present income, therefore, of the Papal court may be fairly estimated as high as it was during the reign of Pius VI.; and since the legation of Bologna (the richest and most productive part of his Holiness's territories), Ferrara, Ancona, Ravenna, and the principalities of Benevento and Ponte Corvo, have been restored, it may be calculated that, from every channel, including foreign countries, the treasury is in the annual receipt of 3,500,000 scudi, equal to about 800,000*l*. The public debt, which is funded, is small, and does not exceed a few years revenue; and as the interest upon it is regularly paid, the stock sells at a high price, generally about par. Torlonia, the Papal banker, and contractor for the loan, is

partly indebted for his dukedom to the business which he transacts.

Popery is generally regarded as an anomaly in modern civilization, blending, as it does, the supreme temporal with the highest spiritual power. Only in the former light, of course, can it be considered objectionable; but, were the Pope divested of his political independence, he would then be under the controul of some foreign State; whereas, in his capacity of a sovereign Prince, he is unrestrained by any party, and his temporal power thus serves as the safest guarantee of his neutrality towards all. The Pope is an absolute monarch. The jurisdiction of the Cardinals, who constitute the Consistory, extends only to ecclesiastical affairs, not interfering with the civil government, which is administered by the Secretary of State in the capital, and by Legates, or Vice-Legates in the provinces. The Podestas, Judges, and most of the civil officers in the Roman States, are generally selected from among the clergy. The Sacro Collegio, when complete, consists of 72 members; but, at present, there are only about 60. When a vacancy occurs, the election of a successor to the supreme Pontiff is vested in this body, that is, the Cardinals, and six suffragan Bishops, who compose the Conclave. Seldom more than 50 attend, some being prevented by old age, and others being unable to travel from France, Spain, and Germany, where twelve of the Cardinals now reside. Candidates for the triple tiara must be Italians by birth, 55 years of age, and neither appointed at the recommendation of, nor related to, any foreign sovereign. The power of

the Emperor in Italy is as great as it is detrimental; and in the event of the demise of Leo XII. besides direct influence in the Conclave, Prince Metternich would employ able negotiation and adroit management to elevate to the Papal throne an adherent of Francis, on whom he could reckon as a willing instrument to consolidate the Austrian domination in Italy. But there are at present five French Cardinals; men of talent, assisted by the influence of the French ambassador, in the Papal coteries, and backed by that of "la Grande Nation," to which great importance is attached; so that a pretty equal struggle is generally expected to take place between the candidates recommended by the two preponderating parties. These two powers, as well as Spain, have a negative *veto*; but the latter has now little influence at Rome. Bavaria, Naples, and Portugal are too insignificant to exert themselves successfully, in a direct manner, over the decision of the Cardinals; and the greatest external precautions are taken to guard against intrigue, and to prevent any improper communication from reaching the Vatican during the deliberations of the venerable body.

When about to leave Rome, after an agreeable residence of several weeks, it is almost unnecessary to say that I felt considerable regret—and that I should probably have been induced to remain during the winter, had I not happened to be of a temperament which requires locomotion. Possessing very little of that melancholic disposition which can be satisfied with the same studies in the same easy chair for months together, without the least desire

for change, a love of novelty made the idea of staying even in Rome itself repugnant to me—the more so, that much of Italy still remained unexplored. I therefore determined on here closing my account of the “Eternal City,” and I sallied forth in order to make inquiries about a conveyance for Siena.

CHAPTER XI.

TUSCANY.

NOVEMBER 25th.—A convivial parting with my Roman friends the preceding evening, and the neglect of a lubberly camerière, occasioned my remaining fast asleep until aroused at seven o'clock in the morning by the Florentine Vetturino, Meccoci, whose carriage was already in waiting. An hour afterwards, my portmanteaus and self were at the door, where I found an elderly gentleman-like personage, decorated with a red ribbon at his button-hole, which appeared between the loose folds of a large cloak in which he was enveloped. The poor man kept walking up and down the street at a rapid pace, to guard himself against the effects of the cold and bracing tramontana of November; but returned my bow with a cordiality which I did not deserve, as I had kept him waiting so long. I attributed the delay, however, more to the lazy waiter, who had neglected to call me at the hour appointed, than to the real cause, the effects of my nocturnal conviviality. We picked up another traveller at the Porta del Popolo, who was accompanied by

his wife as far as la Storta, the first stage. From thence she walked back to Rome, under the escort of her *compare*, a stout good-looking fellow, who, I doubt not, did the utmost in his power to console the lady during her husband's absence; more particularly as she was young and rather handsome, and seemed so little affected at the parting interview, that the poor fellow told me (after the interkissing was over between himself, his wife, and her companion), that he was quite shocked she did not even shed a parting tear. Of course I sympathized with him in his affliction; and, by way of consolation, sang a strophe of the French air, which begins—

“ Pauvres maris, qui voyagent,
Voyez le sort que vous attend. ” *

I once more crossed the Ponte Molle, after passing the straight well-paved road, with its avenue of trees from the city gate, and proceeded rapidly over the Campagna, where the picturesque ruin, called by the popular voice, “ il Sepolchro di Nerone, ” † was pointed out to me as an object worthy of attention, though it is well known that Nero's real tomb, instead of being one of the monuments on this dreary waste, was situated at the Piazza del Popolo, on the spot where a church dedicated to the Madonna now stands; besides this monument is evidently Gothic.

We arrived at an early hour at Ronciglione, and supped in company with the late Cardinal

* Luckless husbands that would roam,
See your certain fate at home.

† The Tomb of Nero.

Gonsalvi's secretary and his family, who were returning to Rome from villeggiatura. The secretary told me many interesting anecdotes of his Eminence, who is now the more regretted by all classes, as his successor pursues so unpopular a line of conduct in the recent acts of his administration. He also confirmed me in what I had often heard of Gonsalvi's great partiality for the English. Ronciglione is a rich and populous place near the banks of the lake Vico; although I cannot say that I saw much of it, as we set off rather early in the morning. The deep and fine valley we passed through, offers some picturesque points of view; but agriculture being almost neglected in this district, the fields have a bleak and barren aspect.

After passing Viterbo, the country improved in appearance, being much better cultivated, and as we approached Monte Fiascone, I was afforded an opportunity of tasting the well-known wine of its vineyards; but fortunately I was not so much captivated with its excellence as a certain German bishop who stopped here on his return from Rome, and is said to have fallen a victim to his over zealous sacrifices to Bacchus. I think the Monte Fiascone inferior to Tuscan wine, the best of which is decidedly the Monte Pulciano, which is very similar in taste to weak claret, though without its flavour. Orvieto and Aleatico wines are those in most common use at Rome and Florence. In the Roman States, the cultivators of the soil are rarely seen in their fields, except at seed-time and harvest, or during the vintage, after which they resort to large villages, or

the suburbs of towns. The country is thus destitute of hamlets and a rural population; and the rustic scenes of northern climates, even such as those of Lombardy and Tuscany, are therefore unknown in the south of Italy.

On the high road, we met occasionally some country women, with their hair fantastically braided, wearing short petticoats of the most glaring colours, and boddices open at the bosom, laced with ribbons. We also saw labourers driving bullock-cars, and waggons drawn by mules adorned with little bells, herds of goats, half-naked children, pilgrims, mendicants, and penitents on their way to Rome. An air of good humour, however, was generally prevalent amongst the peasantry, male and female, and that of curiosity no less so, though all refrained from indulging it. No national character has been more calumniated amongst us, than that of the Italians. I think it is Eustace who remarks, that if a romance-writer wishes to create an assassin, a deep designing villain, or any depraved monster—Italy is always the country where he fixes his nativity. On the stage, the same laudable practice prevails. Thus, from our earliest years, Italians are identified in our minds with every thing vile and villanous in human nature; and thus the most horrible and unfounded prejudices are gratuitously inculcated by ignorant or malicious writers; but I am convinced that when the Italians are closely examined, they will not be found deficient in patience, courage, or genius. They possess some superior, and even noble customs, while deep traces may yet be discovered amongst them, of the manners of their Roman ancestors.

There is a remarkable hill not far from Monte Fiascone, nearly covered with regular prismatic basaltic pillars, some of them standing obliquely a good way out of the ground. Many rocks of basalt are found in the same neighbourhood. The substratum of the soil in the country we passed near Radicofane, is chiefly calcareous tufo, or the limestone family, and on the summit of that mountain are seen some traces of an extinct volcano. Further to the left, on a line extending from Radicofane to Siena, running parallel with the sea-coast, lies the very extensive tract of land called the Maremma, which is very insalubrious, as the malaria prevails there all the year round. Convicts are sometimes sent to work in its mines, a more severe punishment than hard labour on the fortifications, or even the galleys, owing to the pestilential climate of that dreary desert, which possesses no oasis. It belongs to the Tuscan States, where capital punishment was abolished by the Grand Duke Leopold, who substituted a modified lingering death, by hard labour in the iron mines or salt marshes of this region—the most unwholesome in all Europe.

Bolsena is built on the ruins of the ancient capital of the Volscians. Its environs, as well as its beautiful lake, are truly delightful, and its two small picturesque islets must be recollected with pleasure by every one who has visited them and explored their banks. I was highly amused with the travels of a French judge, relative to this part of the country. Amongst other novel and authentic information, he gravely describes Hannibal's victory over Flaminius to have happened near this

lake, which he calls Thrasimene, mistaking it for the lake of Perugia on the east road!

There is nothing in the situation or appearance of the old town of San Lorenzo to indicate the cause of its having been abandoned, for both are highly picturesque. It seems, however, that the malaria which prevailed to such a degree, was the typhon that induced Pius VI. to build a new town on a more healthy spot, to which he gave the same name. It by no means answers the descriptions which have been applied to it, and which pronounce it the handsomest village in Italy. Although built with perfect regularity on a rising ground, the houses look dirty, and are thinly inhabited. As a natural consequence there are few wealthy people settled in a place so destitute of attractions. We were escorted by one of the clergymen, who acted here as magistrate, to view his extensive government, including a couple of churches, not worth notice, in this country of fine churches. In return for his civility, we gave him an invitation to sup with us, which he accepted. Our party was next augmented by the travellers from another coach, which was proceeding to Florence. These consisted of a French painter of great celebrity, C——n, who had been ten years in Rome, and two Belgian artists, one of whom had just married a lively pretty little Italian. She was the only female in the group, and, strange to say, she had never heard of either Tasso or Ariosto. There was yet another traveller who joined us, a genteel but rather wild-looking young Fleming, who appeared much fatigued and care-worn. We found him sitting in the kitchen when we arrived; and he

told us he had served as a volunteer with the Greeks ; attained the rank of captain, but got no pay, and was so far on his way home, having been disgusted with them and their cause. He had walked from Rome ; but being acquainted with the Belgian painters, he engaged a place in their coach for the remainder of the journey.

A circumstance occurred at Radicofane which was productive of very disagreeable consequences ; the company of both vehicles met at the inn, and ordered *collatione* to be served up at the same table. The artists, however, thought, that owing to our having agreed with the vetturino to cater for us, (an arrangement I made in order to save trouble and imposition), we were neither so well nor so plentifully served as we would have been had we paid for our repast separately. Be that as it may, after drinking copiously of the far-famed Monte Pulciano wine, the Frenchman became particularly elevated, and in passing through the kitchen, he observed several vetturini eating, drinking, and enjoying themselves. Upon this he thought proper to espouse our cause, by reproaching our fellow, and complained of the scanty portion of omelette which had been provided for us. High words and threatening language ensued, and this led to the common result—a scuffle. One of the Belgians, a very spirited and hasty tempered man, struck one of the Italians ; but on hearing the noise, we hurried down to the combatants, and succeeded in restoring order amongst them for a time. We soon after resumed our journey ; the artists and their Greek friend walking a few miles on before us. The carriage stopped to pick them

up at a solitary retired spot, far from any habitation; when Monsieur C——, provoked at the fellow's sneering and impertinent look as he passed, broke the truce by striking one of the vetturini. Instantly we all jumped out, and then ensued a general battle, in which every one took part, except the little painter, who kept out of the way in order to take care of his *cara sposa*. We were, however, pretty equally matched, the three vetturini being joined by our fellow-traveller, who considered it quite a national quarrel; whilst on the other side, the two artists, the Greek and myself, made common cause. Although we had neither swords nor fire-arms, thanks to our sticks and whips, there was some bloodshed. The Florentines are not so bloodthirsty as the Romans, who generally carry stilettos. We were thus far fortunate; for had our coachmen been natives of almost any other part of Italy, the consequences might have proved fatal; and it frequently occurs in these cases that the innocent are the sufferers. So it was in this instance; for the poor Cavaliere di San Leopoldo did not certainly deserve the fate he met with, he being the only neutral power, having exerted his utmost endeavours to arrange the affair amicably. While reasoning with his refractory countrymen, and stepping between them and their antagonists, one of the former, who had been floored, and was stunned and stupified by the blow, in the act of recovering his feet, instinctively had recourse to the *ultima ratio*. Laying about him indiscriminately on friends and foes, he dealt out a tremendous blow with the but-end of his whip, on the worthy cavalier's head, which laid open part of his skull; and

on seeing him fall, there was a general cessation of hostilities—the Italians having by that time got an unmerciful beating. The poor lady who witnessed the affray was in hysterics in the arms of her husband, and he himself was almost as frightened. In the mean time, we laid our unfortunate companion in the carriage, bound up his head, and after much difficulty, again proceeded on our journey, intending to stop at Torriniera. Unluckily, however, we could not get accommodation at the inn, and were therefore obliged to go on six miles further to Buon Convento, where the great Emperor, Henry of Germany, was poisoned by a monk, and where our friend might thus have died in good company! On our arrival a surgeon and notary were sent for, to dress the wounds of the cavaliere, and two of the vetturini, who were much hurt. I thought our poor friend intended to make his will; but he waived that ceremony, contenting himself with having a proces-verbal drawn up, containing the deposition of witnesses, in order that the necessary steps might be pursued before the proper authorities on our arrival at Siena.

Next morning, the first intelligence we heard was, that the principal aggressor in the affray, who was a stranger vetturino returning from Rome, of whom the others had hired extra horses for the steep hills, had very judiciously absconded; and in consideration of the remaining culprits expressing their contrition, and having humbly begged pardon, the good natured cavaliere consented to quash all further proceedings, although quite weak and feverish, from the effect of his wound, at the

time. This was certainly very kind on his part, he having suffered severely; while we were deprived of his lively sallies and agreeable conversation, during the remainder of the journey, as well as the society of the party in the other coach, who were compelled by this untoward occurrence, to order their meals in a separate room, or stop at different inns, to avoid the possibility of any fresh collision.

We beheld from a considerable distance the celebrated Tuscan city of Siena, situated upon a rising ground, surrounded by hills. Although it has not much to boast of, being now in a state of decay, I proposed spending a day or two within its walls, to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing every thing which it presented worthy of attention. I commenced my survey with the Cathedral, and closed it with the Academy of Fine Arts. The former is a Gothic edifice of singular richness, crowded with ornament, outside and in. It is encrusted with checquered work of black and white marble, designed by Giovanni da Pisa, but executed by native architects, and said to be perfect of its kind. The grand altar, its gorgeous ornaments, and columns of porphyry, rivetted my attention. The roof is rich, though somewhat gaudily painted and gilded; but I thought the squat cupola and belfry rather in bad taste. The mosaic pavement is also overdone;—in short, the spirit of decoration is carried throughout to too high a pitch. There are, however, some designs in the interior of the church, (especially in the Chigi chapel), possessed of merit. Among others it contains many admirable statues by Bernini, and

Donatello, and some excellent paintings by Calabrese, Perugino, and Carlo Maratta. The walls of the large apartment, called the library, are covered with frescoes (designed by Raphael, and executed by Pintureccio), representing the life of Æneas Silvius, Bishop of Siena, a man of much celebrity as an author and a diplomatist, and who afterwards became Pope under the name of Pius II. I regarded them with interest, more particularly the first of the series, which is ascribed to Raphael, and which is worthy of him in his best days. I was astonished by their freshness of colouring. In point of books, this library contains only a few illuminated missals, and, what is an extraordinary ornament for such a place, an antique group of the Graces, in white marble, placed in rather a conspicuous situation in the centre of the saloon. Though mutilated, it presents a perfect union of feminine loveliness, with truly Grecian dignity of expression. I would not recommend young artists to choose Siena as a residence, unless they wish to copy the dry stiff style of painting practised by the early masters on the revival of the arts. In some of the specimens at the academy, a disregard of perspective is observable ; and there is scarcely a single picture of excellence although it possesses works of Cimabue, Giotto Margaritoni, Simon, Balthazar, Peruzzi, and Marco di Siena.

This city has some essential points in its favour, for it is kept very clean, and the people appear to be perfectly civil, and well-disposed towards strangers. The Piazza del Campo contains half a dozen noblemen's palaces, with pictured roofs and marble floors, that excite feelings of sadness, as indicative of their

former splendour, which one cannot refrain from comparing with their present dilapidated condition. None of the streets run in a straight line; for the nature of the ground would not admit of mathematical precision being adhered to, in the original plan on which the houses were built. Irregularity is the only order observable; all is up and down hill; and some of the lanes are like flights of stairs, while others run in a zig-zag form,—a circumstance which is satisfactorily accounted for, by the supposition that Siena has been built upon the crater of an ancient volcano, being situated on the truncated top of a tufo mountain. Besides, geologists have pronounced the soil for many miles round to be volcanic. The population of this place has fallen off from 100,000 to little more than one-fifth of that number. Many of the houses are built of brick covered with plaster, the worse for age, and which, notwithstanding their antique style of architecture, have rather a naked appearance. Siena possesses a university and museum, as well as several literary and scientific institutions. Some few English families, attracted by the cheapness of living, and the pure Tuscan language of the inhabitants, reside amongst them; but such dull monotonous quarters are by no means to be envied.

The confined territory of Siena, like Pisa, Lucca, Parma and Ferrara, formed one of those petty republics, which sprung up after each other, in Tuscany and Lombardy, in the interval left by the crumbling of greater powers, after a long struggle for liberty. These little commonwealths were equally turbulent and vain. They enjoyed the name of liberty, but were ruled by some ambi-

ous demagogue, whose great aim seemed to be to keep them constantly warring with each other. Nevertheless, they flourished in the midst of perpetual hostility ; bearing a striking resemblance to the cities of ancient Greece which may be traced, in the Pisans and Florentines having affectedly imitated the gallant Spartans and polished Athenians ; although Pisa acted Lacedemon less successfully than Florence did Attica. The neighbourhood of Siena is not to be compared to that of Florence, though the women are as much famed for their beauty, politeness, and the elegance of their language, as those of the capital. Throughout the Tuscan States, I have seen many beautiful peasant girls, who generally wear straw-bonnets of their own manufacture, or black hats and feathers, with a costume which shows off their light and graceful forms to every advantage. Their countenances are often lighted up by a glad feeling of enjoyment. Their bright eyes, and an intelligent, though somewhat cunning expression about the mouth, give them a lively animated air, devoid however of any appearance of sensuality.

The cavaliere, who had also remained in order to recruit after his accident, accompanied me from Siena to Poggibonzi, where we stopped all night at a good inn, the last resting-place for travellers from Rome to Florence, and which presents a very favourable specimen of a Tuscan albergo. Its large apartments, with stone-floors and walls of an enormous thickness, renders their interior impervious to the heat, a very essential point in summer, though unfortunately not so well calculated to operate against the cold of winter. Few

of the rooms have fire-places; and in those that have them, fires are seldom lighted unless travellers order it, and while it is preparing are content to take shelter in the kitchen.

In Tuscany nothing can excel in beauty the lines of the horizon, the gentle inclination of the plains, or the soft outlines of the mountains which bound them. The valleys assume the form of an arena, while the hills appear to have been cut into terraces by some mighty and invisible hand; and a peculiar dense vapour is often spread over the more distant objects, removing all harshness, and leaving the whole in varied and harmonious beauty. I perceived, occasionally, well wooded hills shut in by the lofty Apennines, with here and there a handsome villa; and as we approached the Val d' Arno, the graceful festoons of the vines formed a still more attractive object of admiration. The mode of cultivating the vineyards in Italy, where the vines are trained on trees in fields sown with corn, tends to present a much more picturesque appearance than the scrubby little vines in France and Portugal; but although the climate of Italy is equally fine, I do not believe that the Italian method of culture tends to improve the quality of the wine. On the contrary, I have generally found it to be in an inverse ratio to the beauty of the vineyards.

The most romantic part of the journey, and that which afforded me the greatest pleasure, was when I first beheld Florence from the south, with its towers, domes, and palaces; and Fiesole upon the mount beyond it. I was then at a distance of about six miles, at the top of a steep hill, with

wood and rock on every side. I immediately got out of the carriage, the better to enjoy the fine and extensive prospect, as the winding road presented, at every turn, variety in the landscape. Shortly afterwards we reached Florence. On pointing out a fresco at the Porta Romana, my companion told me an anecdote relating to it. It seems the Florentines were desirous that a celebrated Roman painter should be invited from Rome to ornament some public buildings in Florence. On his arrival at this gate, he made inquiries regarding the artist who executed it; and being told that it was the work of Pietro Cortona, a native of Florence, he replied, "If that is the case, I have no right to exercise my pencil in a city which already possesses so eminent a master." With this remark he left the place, and retraced his steps to the Eternal City. The cavaliere happened to be a Florentine himself, and here we parted. I found him a kind obliging man; but to my no small dismay, he gave me a parting salutation, much too cordial, which I would willingly have excused. This practice is not peculiar to Italy. In France, men very frequently kiss each other on taking leave, or on meeting after a long absence.

On the strength of my friend's recommendation, I went to the Albergo d'Europa, instead of Madame Hombert's, where I had formerly lodged; but I had reason, however, to regret the change, which was decidedly for the worse. The landlord's tariff of charges was apparently moderate enough; but he evinced a dishonest disposition; and the waiters seemed quite puzzled to *get up* a common English breakfast of tea and

eggs. I therefore resolved not to try their dinners, fearing these might prove equally bad, but went to an excellent French restaurateur's on the Lung Arno, where I discovered my first fellow-traveller in Italy, Mr T——, at dinner. We were happy to meet again, and talked over our adventures, while enjoying our bottle of Marsala, a white Sicilian wine, extremely like pale sherry, and which I found a most agreeable variety, after the light Tuscan red wines, of which I had got quite tired. Since we parted Mr T—— had visited Turin, and his favourite Protestant valleys in Piedmont. In the evening I visited the Pergola theatre, to witness an opera-seria. The house is large and handsome, and possesses a good orchestra. There were no first-rate singers, however, and I thought the ballet much inferior to that of the Cocomero. The Grand Duke, Leopold the Second, happened to be present; I was glad to have an opportunity of seeing this liberal young prince, who is the only Italian sovereign possessed of popularity amongst his subjects. The Tuscans are much in dread of falling under the Imperial yoke, which will be the case should the Grand Duke have no male issue.

The Academy of Georgofili was, I believe, one of the first institutions, established in Florence for the encouragement of agriculture, industry, and commerce, under the especial patronage of the Grand Dukes, who have now brought it to a very flourishing state. It has been productive of essential service in their own dominions, in promoting the cultivation of the soil, and has served likewise as a model for similar societies instituted on the same principle in other parts of Italy, and even in Germany.

The industrious and ingenious artists in the Tuscan States copy, in the most beautiful manner, statues, vases, and other pieces of sculpture, from the best ancient and modern models, in marble and alabaster. This lucrative trade they have extended all over Europe, and, I am told, even to the new transatlantic republics, where a taste for the fine arts is beginning to develop itself. The Florentines are also famous for manufacturing plain silks; but, in woollen cloths, mathematical instruments, and some other branches of industry, they cannot compete with the English, either in point of price or quality. It is pleasing to see most of the young women in the environs of the city busily employed plaiting the description of bonnets so commonly worn by English ladies; and which are made of the straw of a kind of wheat cultivated in Tuscany (*arano marzolino*) for that purpose. These girls have generally a modest carriage and a very graceful manner, good figures, regular features, and animated black eyes. I may be mistaken; but I should be apt to infer, from their appearance and industrious habits, and from their cleanliness of person and dress, that they are strangers to that looseness of morals, or even levity of conduct, which most travellers ascribe to Italian females of all classes.

On one of those clear and cloudless December days, which we so seldom enjoy in our northern latitude at any season of the year, I strolled out to the environs of Florence. I could not help admiring the rich and fertile farms which were enclosed within a beautiful amphitheatre of hills, and canopied by an Italian sky of the deep-

est blue. The vines, though stripped of their luxuriant foliage, formed the greater contrast with the fruit-trees, while they accorded well with the sombre hue of the olive, and the dark evergreen of the aged ilex. After about an hour's walk, I approached a lofty building, resembling a fortress, upon an isolated hill; which proved to be the Certosa, a convent of Carthusian monks of the order of St Bruno. Every one has heard of the strictness, the penances, the rigid ascetic life, of those holy fathers, or of their brethren in the more renowned Grande Chartreuse. The recollections connected with that celebrated institution were quite enough to induce me to request, at the outer gate, permission (which was readily granted) to visit the monastery. A pleasant, winding, and shaded walk, leads up to it; but the founders have displayed more taste in the selection of a site, than in the matter of architecture. There is an air of stillness and religious repose about the Certosa which, to some temperaments, must have an attractive power of the most sublime and placid nature. This village of hermitages is built in the form of a hollow square, within a space about a quarter of a mile in circumference, containing some twenty habitations; each with a study or oratory, a bedroom and kitchen, with a small garden adjoining. The church forms one side of the square, and is the most interesting object within the walls. Some good pictures, by native artists of the Florentine school; plenty of marble and mosaic, adorn this elegant place of worship.

We were ushered into the apartment, or cell as it is termed, of Don Fortunato, (all the clergy in

Italy have the title of Don), a venerable-looking portly old man, clothed in white woollen robes, with a long flowing beard, a shaven crown, but having less of the anchorite in his appearance than could have been expected. His conversation throughout was quite that of a man of the world. "Me parecche Loro son' Inglese?" * were his first words. Having satisfied him on that point, though indeed he seemed to take it for granted, he addressed me in the most polite manner in my own language, which he spoke very fluently, and kindly entreated me to take some refreshment. He talked much more respectfully of the English than foreigners in general do, and showed us the cards of a great many of that wandering tribe, who carry our national folly and renown to the uttermost corners of the civilized world. I observed in his apartment a very tolerable library of Latin, Italian, and English books, which included some of our best classic authors. He was particularly anxious to know the progress of science in England; talked on every subject, from the Catholic Question (which excited his liveliest interest) to the Thames Tunnel, being quite enthusiastic in his praise of that bold and novel undertaking. Our periodical literature, in which he seemed well versed, he described as spirited and fastidious to a pitch of severity, but ingenious, and at times both instructive and amusing. This venerable Cenobite begged to act as my cicerone, and accompanied me to the chapel, the cloister, and through some of the cells, which were chiefly remarkable for their extreme

* "It appears to me that you are English."

neatness and cleanliness. Voltaire, speaking of the Carthusians, says, "that they consecrate their time entirely to fasting, silence, solitude, and prayer, perfectly quiet in the midst of a tumultuous world, the noise of which scarce ever reaches their ears." The testimony of such an adversary is not to be despised. This order is regarded by the Catholic Church as the best model of a penitential and contemplative state of existence. With greater austerity than is practised by the votaries of any other religious body, they take a just view of the vanity of human pleasures, fixing all their thoughts on another world, and contenting themselves with their chapel and their cell. In the midst of romantic scenery, with a pure sky above them, every day of their monotonous life is past in exercising the same round of religious duties. After some conversation with the monk upon a variety of topics, I took leave of him, having received a cordial invitation to repeat my visit to the Certosa.

Amongst the middling classes, in Florence, owing to the beneficial effect of a wise and liberal government, a favourable impulse has been given to national character, which has had much influence in improving the moral condition, and in diffusing a spirit of inquiry and activity throughout the whole population. Thus the Florentines rank higher in the scale of intellect than the natives of any other part of Italy. Even in viewing the lowest order of the people, no signs of poverty, squalid misery or wretchedness, are discoverable. Industry has been promoted, and continues to be encouraged by the influential and wealthy, from

the prince down to the mechanic. Renowned for its refinement, wealth, and learning—with a temperate and healthy climate—a language considered the purest Italian, free from any vulgar dialect—monuments of the arts, which are cultivated with greater success than in any other capital of Europe—a society composed of a patriotic and polite nobility—Florence has become the resort of foreigners distinguished for their rank, or their love of the arts and sciences; and who have flocked hither in search of rational amusements and useful instruction, which are here easily to be procured.

When manœuvring mothers fail in their speculations at Bath or Cheltenham, they try Florence or Rome, in hopes that the warm climate of the south may stimulate and inspire the liberty-loving sons of Britain with some of its genial excitement, and induce them to take compassion on their fair countrywomen in a foreign land. It is this perhaps which gives Florence so much the appearance of a fashionable English watering place, and renders it less interesting to travellers who love novelty. Still, however, I could not leave Florence without regret, where so many attractions are united, and which is universally allowed to be the most polished city in Italy.

CHAPTER XII.

TUSCANY CONTINUED.

ON the *5th of December*, I left Florence for Leghorn, by a diligence or light coach, which carries four people, and is drawn by two horses, which, with the carriage, were changed three or four times during the journey, but unfortunately every change was made for the worse. However, as it is the only attempt at a stage-coach in the Tuscan dominions, one must not be very fastidious; besides, they drive quickly, and thus make up for the delay of shifting luggage, and the inferiority of the vehicles. The road along the banks of the Arno is very good, and offers some of the most beautiful prospects of Italian scenery; such as the romantic-looking monastery of Monte Oliveto, on the summit of a hill near the city gate, and the villa Ricciardi, seen on the left of the road, which is of magnificent architecture, and one of the finest country-houses in the Grand Duchy. In about an hour more we reached the small town of Lastra, noted as the central point where Leghorn bonnets are made, a manufacture which seems the principal occupation of the young women throughout Tuscany, and one admirably

suitcd to their neat and elegant appearance. This is not the only kind of industry practised in Lastra. I saw many people employed in making earthen vases, bas reliefs, and ornaments for gardens, in imitation of the ancient Etruscan terra cotta vases. The peasantry have a cheerful happy look ; and although the country girls are not so handsome as those of Siena, they dress very smartly, and convey a very favourable impression of the inhabitants of the Val d' Arno.

I arrived at Leghorn in the evening. A seaport town is always a pleasing sight to an Englishman, and the more so if he has passed some time without seeing ships, or breathing the sea-breeze. Leghorn is a place entirely mercantile ; the town is new, neatly built, with regular streets, crowded with people, having every appearance of comfort and affluence. The shops are fitted up like those of Portsmouth or Havre ; and it is considered the most commercial port of the Mediterranean, being safe, spacious, and well defended by a mole, which extends itself a very considerable way out from the land. Trade and industry present the same appearance of bustle and activity at Leghorn, which is termed the Liverpool of Italy, as they do everywhere ; and scarcely any difference of rank is perceptible amongst the inhabitants.

There is certainly no town in Italy which reminds one so much of England as Leghorn. Even many of the vessels in the port sported our national flag. After passing through its principal streets, I took a ramble beyond its walls into the country. The immediate environs are flat and heathy, inter-

persed with several villas and cottages belonging to wealthy merchants, many of whom have chosen to fix their residence upon the hill of Monte Nero, which is considered the healthiest and most elevated spot in the neighbourhood. Nor did I omit to visit the English burying-ground about half a mile from the town, where many a heavy pile of Carrara marble records the name of some rich and plodding, yet obscure individual; but I hastily turned away from such gaudy monuments, when I discovered the tomb of Tobias Smollett, which many a traveller has come to Leghorn for the purpose of visiting. The marble, plain and unsculptured, which, in the form of a small pyramid, resting upon a square base, covers the remains of this celebrated author, bears ample testimony to the veneration in which many of his enthusiastic admirers hold his memory; and which they have testified by numerous inscriptions. Here there is likewise to be seen the tomb of Francis Horner, justly celebrated as an eloquent orator, an erudite and enlightened critic, and a profound philosopher.

The professors of every religious creed are tolerated at Leghorn, and enjoy the free exercise of their own worship. The Roman Catholic is the established religion of the state, as well as the most popular. There are many English and other Protestants who have a chapel, and a chaplain paid by the Factory; who are a wealthy and respectable body, and carry on the greatest share of the trade between this country, England and America. There are not fewer than 18,000 Jews in Leghorn, who here, as in Leghorn, enjoy peculiar

privileges, even that of holding landed property ; a distinction which, when they do possess, they are very fond of showing. Their synagogue is considered one of the finest in Europe, though it appeared to me inferior to that of Frankfurt. These people are quite peculiar, even in their temple. Although there was neither buying nor selling when I visited the interior, before I could obtain egress, I was attacked by a number of men, women and children, all of whom claimed something for showing what was apparently open to the public. To get rid of their importunities, I was compelled in my own defence, as the only Christian among so many Jews, to distribute amongst them the loose silver which I had in my purse, and was excessively rejoiced when I was allowed to make my escape. The Greeks have also a church and college at Leghorn, and I was told that even the Mahommedans have, or had a mosque there ; but I did not carry my curiosity so far as to ascertain the truth of this report.

I took a small boat one morning, and rowed out a few miles on the tideless Mediterranean. Several vessels were then performing quarantine at Moleto ; where the lazarettos are large and commodious. I passed near that of San Leopoldo, considered one of the best in Europe. Its wise sanitary regulations afford ample security against that dreadful scourge the plague, to which, if the most rigid precautions were not taken, their great Levant trade would necessarily expose them. I landed at a lofty round tower, built on an isolated rock, as a lighthouse, about a mile from the shore,

which the French, with characteristic activity, had begun to unite with the land by a new and really magnificent mole, forming an outer harbour. Here I enjoyed a truly delightful prospect from the top. On the vast space of deep blue waters of the Tyrrhene sea, bounded by the horizon, I saw with much interest the islands of Corsica and Elba. From such a spot, it is impossible not to recall the idea of that amazing man, the wonder of our age; and while gazing on Corsica the land of his birth, on Italy the scene of his first military exploits, and a little farther off, on Elba, the reduced limits of his petty sovereignty, I almost forgot the magnificent view which my elevated station afforded. It comprised Leghorn and the surrounding country, Pisa with its lofty dome, and leaning tower; and in the distance the Apennines of the Riviera de Levante, backed by the snowy Alps of Piedmont, while the light morning breeze from the land, and a clear atmosphere, gave a most powerful effect to the impressive scenery.

Leghorn is not the place to look for any monument of antiquity or of the arts; and a stranger, who has nothing to do with commerce, soon gets tired of it, for he can find but few resources for the mind; and if impelled by the stimulus of travel, he will limit his stay to a very few days. The only public monument I saw, was a marble statue (near the arsenal) of Ferdinand I., with four colossal slaves in bronze at his feet, forming a very unfavourable specimen of Giovanni di Bologna's sculpture. Leghorn, however, affords a pleasing example to what extent enterprising sovereigns can become benefactors of their country, since, out of

an unproductive and unhealthy marsh, this flourishing port was raised by the enterprise of the Medici.

The Jewish quarter is rarely the seat of virtue; and at Leghorn, as well as every where else, it is the filthiest in the town. At the expense of my handkerchief (of which my pocket was picked), I ventured to visit the coral manufactory, for which this quarter is famous. The stone is fished up near the coast of Sicily, and brought from thence by the Jews, who are extremely industrious, and monopolize this branch entirely. Many of the alabaster vases and figures, hawked about all over Europe, are also of their workmanship, and prove a source of great wealth to Tuscany. The extensive foreign commerce of Leghorn is, however, of infinitely greater importance, it being the only real free port of Italy, and the grand depôt of foreign and colonial produce; which is consequently sold, for the consumption of the town, at comparatively a very cheap rate. But the strictest search of all carriages, and even of foot-passengers, passing the gates, is rigorously enforced. While every thing is allowed freely to enter the town, nothing can be conveyed into the interior of the country, until a considerable duty has been exacted. I am told, however, that the utmost vigilance on the part of the Doganieri does not prevent contraband trade.

That part of the town in which I lodged is called New Venice; merely, I presume, from its being intersected by a number of canals, which serve to transport goods from the harbour to the warehouses of the merchants; for this is the only point of resemblance which it bears to the "Queen of the

Adriatic." In the centre of the town there is a large square, whence all the principal streets branch off; and at one end of which stands the collegiate church, as little remarkable for the architecture of its exterior, as the ornaments of its interior. The theatre for Italian plays and operas is rather a handsome building; but during my stay it was destitute of performers—a circumstance which of course prevented me from visiting it. I have not seen any coffee-houses in Italy, not even those of the unrivalled Piazza di San Marco, more splendid than a Greek coffee-house at Leghorn, which is elegantly lighted up in the evening, and appears to be very much resorted to by the varied inhabitants of the many trading marts, who are constantly visiting this great commercial emporium.

In December, the climate had begun to assume a chilly character, with clear frosty weather, a pure blue sky, and bright sunshine,—a change which augured well for travelling. I, therefore, took a place in one of the vehicles that perform the journey regularly between Leghorn and Pisa. The distance is not more than fourteen miles; but the road is quite level, and the country on both sides monotonous, though pretty well cultivated, but still susceptible of greater improvement. We were scarcely three hours in reaching the depopulated and melancholy city of Pisa, which presents a remarkable instance of decayed grandeur, and an illustration of the popular notion, that, by the constitution of things, kingdoms, like individuals, have periods of infancy, maturity, and decrepitude. Though at first an insignificant town, Pisa, by the force of commercial industry and activity, became,

after the lapse of some years, one of the most powerful and influential cities in Italy. In the history of that country it will be found to have borne a prominent part. While under a Republican form of government, it was renowned for the rapid progress which it made, as well in arts and arms, as in navigation. It had acquired immense wealth, and its inhabitants consequently possessed much power, and were, in their manners and customs, distinguished for their splendour. Before the city was united to the Duchy of Tuscany, the population is said to have reached the number of 150,000 ; but the disastrous influence of foreign habits, combined with many other causes, at length destroyed the energy of citizens, who, at one time, were chiefly celebrated for their stern pride and unyielding patriotism. This consummation was no doubt greatly caused by the establishment of a port at Leghorn, which drew to itself the vital interests of Pisa, and gave a death-blow to its prosperity as a city. The streets are now quiet and desolate, and the population has been reduced to one-tenth part of its former number. The climate and the antiquities of the place are now indeed the only attractions which Pisa presents to the traveller.

The splendour of the palaces and other edifices which Pisa contains may be greatly attributed to the fine marble quarries which are found in its neighbourhood. It cannot, however, be said of these buildings, that the material surpasses the workmanship ; for the quality of their architecture is generally as excellent as that of the marble of which they are composed. This city has likewise the credit which arises from the fame of

having superadded the elegant arts to the other glories of Italy—or rather, of having revived a taste for them in the minds of the Italians. The Pisans derived their improvements in architecture and painting from the relics of Greek art. They abandoned the barbarous style of the middle ages, and introduced the tasteful peculiarities of that ancient school, which, for grace and harmony of proportion in its architecture, as well as for the purity of design, and richness of colouring in its painting, stood till this period unrivalled. It was from Pisa that a just and polite taste for the fine arts proceeded to spread, in the course of a few centuries, over the whole of Europe.

The University of Pisa is second in point of celebrity to none in Italy, except that of Pavia. No place can be better calculated for the purposes of study, it is so perfectly quiet; and, enjoying the advantage of a mild and salubrious climate, especially in winter, it is well adapted for the residence of invalids; but it contained very few foreigners at the period of my visit. I can imagine that it is too dull and retired for the generality of English who travel for pleasure; but they would, however, have one inducement to fix their abode there, in the high character for urbanity and sociability of manners, which the Pisans justly boast of. A short stay enabled me to judge very imperfectly of the literary institutions or society of the place; but I cannot refrain from expressing my obligations to Professor Paoli Savi, director of the museum, a celebrated naturalist, who is remarkably attentive to all travellers introduced to him. The learned Professor Rosini is equally kind

to strangers. He is now busily engaged on a new edition of Tasso, which will, from what I have heard, do credit to his talents and erudition.

The site of the Torre di Fame, which was demolished some hundred years ago, was pointed out to me. It is celebrated in Dante's *Inferno*, in the interesting account given of the story of Ugolino, whom he finds, on arriving at the last circle of hell, with the other traitor to his country, Roger, immured in eternal snow. It is an historical fact, that Count Ugolino della Gherardesca, usurped by treacherous means the sovereignty of Pisa, from which he was expelled by the more fortunate but equally criminal Archbishop Ruggieri d'Ubaldine. The triumph of the latter was disgraced by the horrible cruelty which he exercised towards his rival and victim, whom he shut up, along with his four children, in the Torre di Fame, where they died of hunger, amidst the most excruciating agonies. From this dreadful catastrophe the edifice took its name.

I visited the church of the Cavaliere di San Stefano with a greater degree of interest, because it was built on the spot where this celebrated "tower of famine" once stood. It belongs to the knights of the military order of St Stephen, of which Cosmo I. was grand master. This institution is similar to that of the chivalrous Knights of Malta. The members cruised in galleys in the Mediterranean against the Turks and pirates, Pisa having been their conventual residence; and all round the church, which is ornamented with some good pictures, and a high altar of porphyry, banners won from the Infidel are suspended as trophies. The

Knights of St Stephen are immensely rich, and live well. They still possess a large estate in the Val di Chiana, between Arezzo and Cortona, which was formerly an extensive morass, subject to floods, but which they converted into the richest arable land. This fertile and highly cultivated plain excited my admiration when travelling through it, as well as the vine-covered hills, beautifully variegated with cottages, fattorias, and "convents of sober grey." Such jolly knights are, therefore, (as may be supposed) never at a loss for the best Aleatico wines, produced on their own property, which may be termed the favourite seat of "Bacchus in Tuscany."

The Leaning Tower, the Campo Santo, the Cathedral, and the Baptistery, form a group of noble and interesting objects, such as even Italy seldom presents elsewhere. Although without the symmetry and purity so much admired in Grecian edifices, they have each their respective beauties. The cathedral, surmounted by a cupola, is a very fine piece of architecture, which can neither be termed Grecian nor Gothic, but a combination of both, adorned with four ranges of ancient pillars of different orders, with round arches, resting on pilasters; and it was the first edifice in which modern architecture assumed the beauty and regularity of a science. The bas-reliefs are not in good taste; but the interior is spacious and elegant, and contains some valuable paintings by the old masters. It is also ornamented with fine mosaics, and the sculptured marble columns brought by the Pisans from the Holy Land. About the middle of the twelfth century, the baptistery was built by

Dioti Salvi, a native architect. There is an octagonal font in the centre, beautifully sculptured, and large enough for the immersion of infants, or even of adults, in baptism.

When I entered the Campo Santo, I felt a kind of awe pervade my mind, which I cannot describe. The very silence of the place seemed sacred. A second Volney might lean on one of the ancient tombs in this field of sepulchres, and contemplate, instead of the ruins of Palmyra, the venerable frescos of Giotto and Orgagno ; while the antiquary and the sculptor would find ample scope for their researches, at every step they took, in this melancholy sanctuary of the dead, who repose amid the earth of the Holy Land—the soil of this sepulchre having been transported from Mount Calvary by the Pisan galleys of the crusaders. One of the best frescos is an allegorical picture by Giotto, which may be called the triumph of death. There are two groups ; in the one, poverty, disease, and age, are seen invoking the welcome aid of the grim tyrant ; and, in the other, youth, wealth, and prosperity, seem shrinking from his approach in horror and dread.

Few edifices in Europe have been more frequently described, or are better known, than the Leaning Tower, or Campanile. Its magnificent Gothico-Morisco architecture, like the Cathedral, cased in black and white marble, surrounded by eight circles or rows of columns supporting arches, which gradually decrease in their proportions as they approach the top, are well worth a minute inspection. The tower is 200 feet high, and diverges, towards the east, upwards of 13 feet from

the perpendicular, a circumstance which is attributed, by some, to the foundation having given way soon after the building was commenced; and the architect having tried the experiment of continuing his work, succeeded in maintaining the unusual inclination thus given to it by accident. This is, at all events, one manner of accounting for so astonishing a phenomenon, which has now stood for many centuries, affording an evident proof of its solidity. There are others, however, who maintain a contrary theory, asserting that the Tower must have been thrown off its perpendicular by some accidental cause, long after its erection. In proof of this opinion it may be mentioned, that in one of the pictures in the Campo Santo, representing the Life of S. Ranieri, this Tower is introduced perfectly upright, but only seven stories in height, whereas it is now eight stories high. These pictures were begun about 1300, being upwards of a century after the Campanile was finished. It is therefore probable that the latter opinion is correct; and that the eighth storey, which rather inclines in a contrary direction, must have been added at a subsequent period, to act as a sort of counterbalance to the accidental position which it had taken. A similar obliquity of position is noticed in other buildings near this, and, indeed, over the whole of Lombardy, evidently owing to the soft nature of the soil, in which water is found at the depth of a few feet. The view from the summit is remarkably fine, embracing the fertile hills towards the east covered with olive-trees, a great part of the Val d'Arno, and the vast expanse of the blue waters of the Mediterranean. The Arno flows through

Pisa, which, like Florence, is built chiefly on the right bank, and three fine bridges form the communication between the different parts of the town. The Lung Arno, or spacious quays along the river, are ornamented with noble edifices of beautiful architecture, chiefly built during the time of the republic. Most of the streets are wide, straight, and well paved. Besides several ancient monuments of the Gothic style, such as the Hall of Commerce, which is supported by pilasters of the Doric order, where the merchants used to assemble, there are the palaces formerly belonging to the Lanfianchi and the Lanfuducci families, and many others on the Lung Arno.

CHAPTER XIII.

SARDINIAN STATES.

ON the 10th December I left Pisa at rather a late hour in the afternoon, in company with two reverend fathers, who had engaged places in the same vetturino-coach for Genoa. Our journey, at first, lay through a fine plain, bordered as usual with festoons of vine. The grapes had long since been gathered; and the beautiful green of the olives, and the livelier hue of the orange-trees, were almost shrouded from our sight by the shades of twilight. A few hours drive over an excellent level carriage-road, with the lofty chain of Apennines on our right, and the sea on our left hand, brought us to the small town of Pietra Santa, belonging to Tuscany, but surrounded on all sides by the territory of Lucca.

Carrara is situated at a considerable distance from the high road, amongst the mountains, the tops of which are perceived from afar, having the appearance of being covered with snow, from the whiteness of the marble of which they are composed. I was very desirous of seeing the quarries, without relinquishing the seat which I had engaged in the vehicle for the remainder of my journey to

Genoa, and set off in a cabriolet to visit that celebrated spot. I was much gratified with the sight of many excellent models of ancient and modern sculpture, as well as of the immense quarries, from which the finest marble in Europe is obtained, and which forms a most lucrative and important branch of commerce to the state.

I rejoined my vetturino companions next morning at Massa, which is delightfully situated near the sea, and which, with its ducal palace and castle, forms quite the beau-ideal of a petty sovereign's residence. I am sorry to add that it belongs to the most unpopular Prince in Italy, the Duke of Modena, both territories being united. Lucca, the adjoining state, is equally small. It was formerly a republic, and has passed through several hands since that period. Napoleon bestowed it upon his sister Eliza, called the Semiramis of Tuscany, who married Bacciochi, a soldier of fortune, and who thus became a prince in his native country, a rank for which he was totally unfit. It is related, that when the Gonfaloniere and some of the principal personages of the capital were presented to his new-made Highness, being accustomed to republican manners, they apologized for acquitting themselves rather awkwardly at court; but Bacciochi put them quite at their ease, by answering very good-naturedly, "In that case we must excuse one another, for I have been just as little in the habit of acting the prince, as you the courtiers." This fortunate adventurer is now enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* at Bologna, and is highly esteemed for his wealth, and the good use he makes of it. All the territories of Lucca are beautiful and fertile, producing

the finest oil in Italy. The celebrated baths, so much resorted to in summer, where the temperature is cool and pleasant, are about twenty miles distant from the Mediterranean. The country between the sea and the high Apennines of Modena (along which we travelled), forms the finest part of the Duchy. The whole population does not exceed 170,000.

About noon we reached the ancient town of Sarzana, the first Genoese territory on the Riviere di Levante. Although we passed through the dominions of three or four petty princes we were not troubled or delayed at the customhouses; a few pauls to the officers inducing them to waive their right of search. I got to La Spezzia early enough to take a boat, in order to enjoy a better view of the fine bay, which is considered one of the best stations for fleets in the Mediterranean. The French erected batteries and several forts at Porto Venere, the entrance of the gulf, which is commanded by the neighbouring hills; but these works being little wanted as a means of defence by the present sovereign of the Genoese and Sardinian States, they have been suffered to fall to decay. In the middle of the bay there is an extraordinary spring of fresh water, which bubbles up for several feet, and is surrounded on all sides by salt water. I had heard of this phenomenon, and desired the boatman to take me to the spot, where I tasted the water, in order to convince myself of the fact. I returned in the evening to a capital inn, where I observed one of the priests, my travelling companion, order a supply of fine live-fish to be put up in a basket, which he

handed to the vetturino ; a circumstance which I attributed to their making timely provision for a fast on the following day.

As far as Borgetto, the road is pretty good, though the aspect of the country is less fertile. From thence to Matterano we proceeded at a very slow pace, all the way up hill. A pair of oxen were required to assist in dragging up the coach ; but I preferred walking over those wild mountains, which are barren, dark, and desolate ; very few inhabitants, and scarcely any traces of cultivation being visible, with the exception of a few stunted olive-trees, and poor-looking vines, which hardly produce any thing. On reaching the wretched village of Matterano, on the summit of the Ligurian Apennines, we were under the necessity of stopping two hours. Fatigued and hungry, I there found the advantage of having with me experienced travelling companions ; for the albergo could furnish nothing but eggs, sour wine, and bad bread. The fish which I had seen stored up were soon produced, ordered to be fried, and proved a welcome addition to the fare presented by our host. My reverend friends had also in reserve a bottle of choice Muscat, all of which they most freely shared with me.

We did not reach Chiavarri until nine o'clock at night, where I again found a comfortable inn, and, what I was unaccustomed to in other parts of Italy, a bedroom to myself. I was the more surprised to meet with such accommodations on this road, as I had been prepared to expect the worst, from the information of other travellers. The following morning, the sun rose in all his

glory, as we were driving through the beautiful avenue of Chiavarrì, which extends upwards of a mile along the beach, between two rows of poplars and cherry-trees. We soon discovered the projecting Cape of Porto Fino, and while we enjoyed the bright rays of a clear winter sun, which tinged the neighbouring mountains, the spires of churches and convents became visible amidst hamlets and neat cottages, scattered upon the sloping hills. It happened to be Sunday, and the bells of the parish church were ringing, for the purpose of assembling the congregation to witness the celebration of the last mass, when we stopped at the village of Nervi; which is one of the most delightful places near Genoa, and the resort of its nobles and citizens, who have their country-houses all along the road for many miles. The richer classes, however, repair to their villas on the Riviera; and those of an humbler sphere hire apartments in the numerous *cassini* on the surrounding hills. There is, indeed, a general partiality among all classes of the Genoese for the pleasures of *villeggiatura* and rural residences.

I was enchanted with the first view I obtained of "Genoa la Superba," with its gay villas, splendid palaces, and suburbs. It rises from a noble bay, and in the form of a crescent of terraces, on the sloping declivity of the Apennines—built as it were by enchantment in a rocky ungrateful soil, but rendered delightful by art, which has here overcome every difficulty. This display of commercial wealth and magnificence, reared by national enterprise, has covered with gorgeous palaces the once barren rocks of Liguria, which now form, amid orange, lemon, and

olive-trees, the most brilliant prospect. The old native poets represented Genoa as a "celestial paradise, similar to the Elysian Fields, with palaces in which art excelled nature, houses of marble, hills covered with cedar, vines, olives, and delicious retreats on the shore, whose sands shone like gold." The suburbs and villages extend for a dozen of miles on each side of the Riviere di Levante and Ponente, * as the coast from Pisa to Nice is called. The bracing purity of its atmosphere, the gentleness and gaiety of its women, the activity and intelligence of its men, render Genoa the envy of even Naples itself, notwithstanding that the latter boasts of the more romantic sublimity of its scenery, and its classical associations. A description of Genoa, its palaces and buildings, would fill more space than I can devote to it.

As my fellow-travellers were to remain a few days in Genoa, we went together for the purpose of visiting what was most worthy of attention. We commenced with the three superb streets called Strada Nova, Strada Balbi, and Strada Novissima, which are broad, well paved, and fit for the residence of the principal nobility, who here have their palaces. Most of the other streets are narrow, steep, and impracticable for any wheeled vehicle, owing to the inequality of the ground on which the city is built. There are few private equipages, and the public coaches are confined to the centre of the town, as they can only pass through the streets which cross it from east to west. The fortifications are very extensive, form-

* East and West Coasts.

ing a circuit of twelve miles from the sea to the summit of the mountain. Besides the outer line of defence, which surrounds the town, there is an inner line at the gates, dividing the old part of it from the new, where the handsome streets commence. A succession of fine buildings extend along the shore. The houses are elegant and lofty, rising one above the other on the sides of the hills, and forming an amphitheatre from the mole, which defends the harbour. The many forts, ramparts, bridges, and batteries, towards sea and land, give Genoa the appearance of a strong place, particularly on the western side. It has indeed sustained several sieges, and was taken towards the close of the war by the English forces, to whom it capitulated after the outworks had fallen into their hands. Be it remarked, however, that the principal clause of the capitulation was violated: namely, that Genoa should either be free or taken under the protection of the English, but not given up to Sardinia. To avoid this latter fate, the Genoese had resolved to bury themselves in the ruins of the city which they defended.

The two Durazzo palaces are justly considered the most magnificent in Italy; one of them is celebrated for its façade, court, and terraces—the former of the finest marble. The most remarkable part of its architecture is a splendid staircase, supported by a triple row of beautiful marble pillars, which give this princely residence a very elegant effect. The Palazzo Marcellin Durazzo, contains a valuable collection of paintings, to which we obtained admittance with that liberal spirit of urbanity which distinguishes the nobility of this coun-

try. Every cicerone ought to have a tolerable knowledge of the fine arts ; but one would not expect a servant to be able to descant upon the merits of painting and sculpture. I was therefore not a little amused to hear the custodio of this palace give not only the names of the different masters, but an account of the subjects of the most celebrated pictures, in a manner which showed that he had considerable knowledge of mythology and history ; and I could discover, from the answers he made to several questions that were put to him, that his lesson was not merely got by rote. One of the finest works I saw was an admirable fresco by Solimène. The subject is the dead body of Hector dragged at the triumphal car of Achilles. I ought, however, to rank before it, a Magdalen washing the feet of our Saviour, which is considered Paulo Veronese's masterpiece,—although the same thing is said of at least a dozen other paintings by this artist. In another room there are three excellent Luca Giordanos, and several Spagnuoleto's, particularly a Saint Gerome, his favourite subject. I also saw several fine pictures in the gallery by Genoese artists of great merit, but whose names are little known out of their own immediate sphere. The largest of all the splendid palaces here, was once the residence of the celebrated André Doria, Doge of Genoa ; but whose descendants have entirely quitted this city, preferring Rome, where they enjoy the title of Princes, and possess four superb palazzos. The situation of this magnificent edifice, its grand view, galleries and terraces, make it still the most remarkable of all the fine structures belonging to the Genoese aristocracy.

cracy, independently of the halo it derives from the recollection of its venerable founder, and the historic lustre of his celebrated descendants. In the Strada Nuova the Palazzo Serra has a saloon, lined with splendid mirrors from the ceiling down to the floor, multiplying the objects reflected from one to the other, so that the spectator imagines himself in an interminable hall of lapis lazuli and gold, with which the rooms are richly ornamented. The ceiling represents a Genoese victory over the Turks at sea, beautifully painted. If this saloon were lighted up, I can imagine the effect to be much too dazzling for the eye; but this must happen very rarely, as the nobility here live in a very retired manner, seeing scarcely any company.

The squares are irregular, particularly the Piazza Amorosa. The principal one in the city has the same defect. It is called St Annunziata, from a church which stands on one side, and which was built by the family of Lomellino. This church exhibits an unsightly exterior, but is very rich in painting and marble. It possesses only one excellent picture—the Last Supper by Corregio.

The advantageous commercial situation of the capital of Liguria, with its barren soil and limited territory, compelled the citizens to direct their attention towards the Mediterranean; and the resources which arid mountains refused them on shore, were fully recompensed by an extensive maritime trade. Large capitals were speedily realized; its harbour became the depôt of goods from the Levant, Africa, and Spain; and although not very remarkable for the extent of its shipping at the present day,

Genoa is still considered as the richest mercantile emporium of Italy. As trade increased the bank of St George was set on foot; and the Genoese were, through its means, enabled to act as the bankers of Europe, lending their money to foreign governments, and establishing factories at Lisbon, Cadiz, and other principal commercial cities, while they performed business as consignees and agents for the merchants of all nations. Even the proud patricians did not disdain to risk their funds in trade, or embark in speculations which offered the prospect of lucrative returns, provided they could by any means promote their own interests. The Genoese bear a high character for intelligence, shrewdness, and industry. The love of pleasure and of extravagance were never so conspicuous with them as with their rivals the Venetian nobility, who were always notoriously devoted to such ruinous pursuits. This commonwealth flourished for many hundred years; but after resisting several shocks, it eventually declined. Its nobles and citizens became less patriotic; until at length, and about the same time, the sister republics of Genoa and Venice were overwhelmed by the power of Buonaparte.

The Piazza Bianchi is the most frequented quarter of the city, and there the merchants and ship-captains transact business. The large and handsome building called the Loggia, supported by marble columns, was formerly the Exchange, but it is now open to every one. Adjoining the harbour there is a very extensive range of warehouses, walled round close to the customhouse, which was once the national bank of St George, but is

now occupied as the Porto-franco. Here all foreign goods are deposited, without incurring duty, until taken out for home-consumption; and even then the charge is inconsiderable.

Very few natives are employed as porters in the Porto-francos of Genoa and Leghorn. A hardy, nimble race of men from Bergamo, supply the place of the Genoese and Tuscans—a preference they owe more to their strength in carrying amazing loads, and their industrious frugality of manners, than to any other cause, although it has been alleged that the common people are so sunk and degraded as to render them unworthy of the meanest employment from their own countrymen. And here I may remark, that from the circumstance of certain classes being excluded from the Porto-franco, an English traveller has drawn the very absurd inference, that it was owing to their pilfering propensities. The fact is, as I imagine, that the Bergamesque porters are employed in Genoa on the same principle that Gallicians are employed in Lisbon and Madrid, or Irish chairmen and coal-heavers in London; and this intelligent and talented writer, in ascribing the exclusion of females and soldiers from a public commercial establishment to a suspicion of their honesty, might have accounted for it in a more natural manner, by supposing, that having no business of their own in such places, their presence would tend to retard and impede that of the public.

Although the Genoese complain bitterly of the great Congress at Vienna, they have certainly gained, in some respects, by an union with the kingdom of Sardinia; for their vessels now trade

with the old Spanish and Portuguese colonies, and their flag is respected by the Barbary powers, who used to curb their navigation so much in former times. Thus the wealthy people here, who are ever anxious to extend commerce, and employ their capital advantageously, are now becoming reconciled to the loss of political independence, when they find that their interest is advanced, in some measure, even though their country be degraded by such conduct.

I viewed the Darsina or arsenal with little interest, for although it contains some good docks for building ships of war and galleys, there were only two galleys in it. The navy is composed of three very fine frigates, a few corvettes and smaller vessels, manned by Genoese, who are said to be the best sailors and navigators in the Mediterranean. The harbour is excellent in many respects, and is protected by two moles, on the extremity of which are lighthouses, the entrance being between them. Further out is situated the large and commodious Lazaretto. When I saw it, a number of vessels of all nations were performing quarantine, while the inner harbour was crowded with trading craft belonging to the surrounding ports. The view of the city from this point is truly magnificent. The walls of the houses and palaces are generally painted of different colours, with flat roofs, on many of which are terraces, with flower-pots, like aërial gardens. The numerous fine spires, churches, palaces and convents, extending several miles along the shore, and gradually rising in the form of a crescent on the sloping sides of the hills, have a splendid effect.

As to theatres, Genoa was worse off than any town in Italy, till the new one was built. To judge from what I have seen of the exterior of this building, I should imagine it almost equal in size to Covent-Garden, and not much inferior to the magnificent La Scala at Milan. The theatre of San Agostina is badly constructed, poorly decorated, and the performers are very inferior. The King has a theatre for Italian comedies attached to his palace, which he frequents regularly every evening. Yet, notwithstanding the new era introduced by Goldoni and Alfieri in comedy and tragedy, the Italian theatre is still in a low state. Many of the most popular pieces are merely translations from the French and German, which please the public taste more than their national original dramas; and what the many-headed monster prefers must be performed.

If Genoa has not been misrepresented, it is a dissolute city, for there luxury has not merely attained its acmé, but avarice is said to prevail amongst the men, and licentiousness amongst the women. “*Uomini senza onore, e donne senza vergogna.*” * It abounds, however, with hospitals, churches, and charitable institutions, “whose turrets pierce the skies, and, like so many electrical conductors, avert the wrath of Heaven!”

The Albergo dei Poveri is one of the best managed hospitals I have seen abroad. It combines the two objects of a workhouse and a house of correction, where more than a thousand poor people of both sexes, and nearly twice as many orphans,

* Men without honour, and women without modesty.

are provided with food and shelter. There is also an infirmary for the sick and aged when unable to work, while the young and healthy are kept constantly employed; the boys and girls being brought up to some trade. A warehouse, well stored with the produce of their labour, remains open for the inspection of the public, and for the sale of different articles of their manufacture, a part of the price being allowed them as a recompense, as well as a stimulus to industry. The building is very large, and is situated in a healthy elevated part of the town, with a handsome church in its centre, which is so admirably and ingeniously constructed, that every inmate of the hospital may, from their respective wards, see the performance of mass, and enjoy the benefit of divine service. The chapel contains two fine pieces of sculpture, a dead Christ in alto relievo by Buonarotti, worthy of that great artist, and a Virgin of the Assumption by the celebrated French sculptor Puget. Abandoned and destitute females arrested by the police, are sent to this institution, where they find an asylum, a separate part of the edifice being converted into a species of Magdalen or Penitentiary. These unfortunate creatures are well treated, and encouraged in habits of industry; but they are not suffered to have any communication with the immoral part of the public, or with the other inmates of the Albergo. The revenues of this hospital are partly derived from the Government; but they chiefly arise from the charitable donations of wealthy individuals, amongst whom many of the most illustrious families of the republic stand conspicuous. Statues have been

erected in the church to record such liberality and benevolence ; and I observed the names of Doria, Fieschi, Spinola, Balbi, and other Doges, in the list of benefactors.

I was under the necessity of visiting the Doge's palace, or rather the government-offices, into which it has been converted, in order to obtain my passport, which was handed to me duly signed, on payment of twelve francs. I could not object to pay this rather severe tax, which it seems his Sardinian Majesty exacts from every foreigner who enters his dominions, as I considered it fair enough that we should pay for the privileges we enjoy in foreign countries, according to the discretion of their laws, our visits being perfectly optional. There are several handsome halls in this *ancient* palace, if it deserves to be so called, for it was rebuilt about seventy years ago. The council-hall is the largest, and is ornamented with a number of statues. The walls and ceiling are covered with frescos, representing some of the most interesting events in the history of the Republic. There are three pictures in this hall by Solimène ; one is the landing of the illustrious Genoese, Columbus, in America, a very admirable specimen of the Neapolitan school. All of them have the vividness of colouring, boldness of design, and wildness of expression, which distinguish the productions of Salvator Rosa, Spagnoletto, and Santafede. The saloon, where the select Council of Ten used to assemble, was crowded with people waiting to learn the results of a ballot for conscripts—a custom which is similar to balloting for the militia in England. The Piedmontese troops on garrison-duty keep up the

strictest discipline; and instances of any disputes between them and the inhabitants are of very rare occurrence. One of the regiments of the King's guards, a very fine body of soldier-looking men, is always quartered here. Their uniform is the same as that of the French Garde Royale.

By a pleasant walk along the ramparts which are covered with gardens, I came to the district of Carignano, a high hill between the fortifications and the sea. From the lofty dome of the church of Carignano, dedicated to the Madonna, I had one of the best views of the city and surrounding country. This beautiful structure was erected by the noble family of Sauli, at an expense of several millions of liri. The circumstance to which it owes its origin is a characteristic proof of the pride and wealth of the Republican Patricians, as it is said to have been erected from a pique between two families, or rather the ladies of the families. The Signore Sauli had long been in the habit of hearing mass at the chapel of a neighbouring nobleman; but one day coming later than usual, the priest had already commenced service without waiting for them. On their return home, they naturally complained of this want of courtesy to their father, who instantly resolved to take a noble revenge, by building and endowing a church for his own family on the adjoining hill. After this edifice was completed, he ordered a splendid bridge to be constructed across the Street di Servi, connecting the two opposite hills, and the arch of this bridge is one of the boldest and handsomest I have seen. Thus the story runs; but I do not vouch for it, although confirmed by no less a person than the sacristan

of the Church of Carignano. The more correct opinion probably is, that the church of *Santa Maria in Carignano*, was built in obedience to the will of Bendinelli Sauli a noble Genoese, and that its magnificent bridge was erected by his son.

Religious ceremonies are performed at Genoa with great splendour. I was present one day at a grand festival in the Church of St Ambrogio, belonging to the Jesuits, where the King of Sardinia and several of the princesses soon afterwards arrived, in honour of the ceremony. His Majesty appeared to be a good-natured old man, without the least expression in his countenance, or the slightest indication of intellect. The Court resides here half the year, and the other half at Turin,—an arrangement which, while it renders the King popular among the Genoese, has excited the jealousy of his Piedmontese subjects, who seem to think that he gives them too little of his company in his hereditary dominions.

I dined at a Tratoria, for the express purpose of tasting the national dish so well known to all gastronomes by the name “Rabiole.” Like the “olla podrida” of the Spaniards, it is composed of a great variety of ingredients, so judiciously and skilfully combined, as to form an ensemble worthy of the delicate palate of the most fastidious epicure. The Genoese kitchen is quite in the South Italian style. Oil is very much used; nor is garlic spared. The markets display an abundant supply of excellent meat, poultry, fruit and vegetables; but with respect to fish, I think the proverb of “Mare senza pesce” * is pretty correct, when

* A sea without fish.

applied to the Gulf of Genoa, at least I saw no fish of a superior description at any of the places where I dined. Every one has heard of the Maccarone of Italy, the greater part of which is made at Genoa, and from thence exported all over Europe; and it is a pleasure to see the shops where it is sold they are so tastefully arranged; every shape and size of largne, fidele and vermicelle, being displayed to attract customers. The Genoese derive a very lucrative trade from these pastés, the sale of which enables them to levy an annual contribution on every town in Italy.

It is impossible to travel in Italy without making some observations on its religion. However much attached one may be to the Protestant faith, some allowance must be made for the natural bias of others in favour of that creed, which has been handed down to them by their fathers. It would be a nice point to determine, whether Roman Catholics or Protestants are most exclusive in their principles. Lady Morgan says that all religions are equally so; and that it matters not whether St Peter, St Paul, or St Sophia, be the metropolitan church; as all Catholics, Protestants, and Mahommedans, are alike bigoted and exclusive in their faith; and had they the power would still persecute each other with as much rancour as they did in times past. I confess that I have heard just as liberal sentiments on religious topics, and even on doctrinal points, expressed by well-informed priests, as by English high-church-men; and during my stay at Genoa, I became acquainted with the learned and ingenious Abaté S****, the author of some erudite works, whom I mention as an instance

of liberality, having been much pleased with his able reasoning in regard to the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. One day he was kind enough to accompany me to see the cathedral, during the celebration of high mass, and good-naturedly listened to my various objections as to the number of pictures and images in churches, the many ceremonies, the Latin ritual, and, finally, the superstitions of Popery, contrasted with the pure and more simple Protestant mode of worship. In reply to these objections he mildly set out by allowing, that he should probably be more inclined to become an iconoclast, than an advocate for pictures and images in churches, notwithstanding that he appreciated them as the sublimest specimens of painting and sculpture. "Still," said he, "it is well known that these ought only to be looked upon with that feeling of awe and respect which a family-portrait inspires us with; recalling to our recollection the virtues of a beloved and lamented father, wife, or child. Unfortunately, it is true, superstitious and ignorant people may be apt to carry their veneration too far; losing sight of the saint, which an image merely represents, and transferring their devotion to the inanimate stone; but from the earliest times, the temples of the Deity have been decorated with such adventitious aids, which, from natural associations, confer a greater degree of fervour on the devotions of the people, heightening their faith and zeal, when combined with the other externals of a sublime form of worship."

He jocularly added, that "Catholicism may be called the comedy, and Calvinism the tragedy, of Religion: the former is an antiquity, and respects

its antiquities ; but the latter has stripped it of every attractive pleasure to the senses, with a mistaken zeal worthy of its reformers. These having neither heart nor eye for beauty, commenced with the destruction of the venerable buildings of their forefathers. Extending their sacrilegious fury with as little reluctance to the finest Madonnas of the old masters, as they had already evinced when abolishing the most splendid statues, without the slightest regard for their excellence as monuments of art, they discarded from their places of worship all that was most delightful, even instrumental music ; as if anxious to obliterate, with every outward form and ceremony, every trace of antiquity ; and their deeds are therefore recorded in the pages of history with disgrace. In tracing the origin of any sect," he continued, " we find ourselves stopped as soon as we come to the author of it. Catholics trace theirs up to Christ and his apostles, from St Peter, the first who filled the papal chair, through a long and regular succession of Popes, governing the Church, each, in his turn, as he found it established before him. When we arrive at the Reformation, we find Luther, Calvin, and a variety of other founders of sects, forming separate communions, broaching new, or reviving old exploded doctrines ; but here the chain is broken, and the succession stops. Before that date, we can trace nothing to guide us, as to the new articles of faith then introduced. We must therefore suppose, that, until that time, there was no true Church of Christ subsisting on earth ; for if there were, the reformers, by starting a new sect, forsook and renounced it ; and if there were

not, then the lie is given to the creed, which had proposed, as an object of belief, a thing that did not exist. I am of opinion, that it is impossible to argue any one into a belief of transubstantiation, or to compel it by the weapons of polemical warfare; but those who neither doubt consubstantiation, nor the doctrine of the trinity, both of which are mysteries as difficult to be conceived, need not hesitate in assenting to the doctrine of the real presence, although it can neither be proved to a demonstration, nor reduced to a mathematical certainty, any more than the other fundamental points of religion. If we are not possessed of implicit faith, then all the sacred mysteries must be rejected. Why select one in preference to another? Any one who will take the trouble (and surely it is worth it) to investigate the subject dispassionately, will find it safer to abide by a fixed rule of faith, than to embrace any new doctrine, arising from *private* interpretation of scripture, which must have misled many whose judgment has proved erroneous, as the effect shows, hundreds of sects having sprung up, every one differing from, and condemning the other; some rejecting the trinity, some baptism, and others even denying the efficacy of any sacrament whatever. When pressed by Scripture, these elude it, by pretending to fly to tradition; but when tradition is urged against them, they abandon it to appeal to the Scriptures alone; whereas both the one and the other confute them. They cannot all be right on their own showing. All Catholics obey the church, and consider her ministers as their instructors, and *ex-officio* interpreters of the di-

vine word, which is equally open for the perusal of clergy and laity."

The whole of this reasoning, of course, is erroneous, depending upon the paralogism that the Reformers were founders of sects, when in fact they removed the impositions of sects, and again opened access to the uncontaminated Scriptures. I, however, considered it unnecessary to interrupt the good Abate, being more anxious to elicit his opinion, than to enter into dispute.

"The ceremonies," he proceeded, "are objects of minor importance. We follow the old form of worship as adopted in the first Christian ages, and handed down to us, with the Scriptures, by the Eusebiuses, the Jeromes, and the Augustines, to whom we owe the translations of holy writ, and on whose writings, and those of other eminent fathers and doctors of the church, its tradition is formed. "The languages at that time most dominant, were the Syro-Chaldaic, or modern Hebrew, Greek and Latin, in which the liturgies were compiled. The church, ever tenacious of antiquity, admitting no innovations, on the principle that religion, differing from all human institutions, is not susceptible of improvement, retained the form of public prayer in the ancient languages, long after modern tongues were generally spoken, her faith being so intimately connected with the primitive expression of her liturgies."

Here, again, the Abate was at fault; for the gift of tongues, and consequently the power (implying the duty) of communicating religion in different languages, was one of the first fruits of the spirit, conferred upon the apostles them-

selves. Still, however, it must be highly gratifying to a Catholic when he travels, to find every where a service celebrated, to the ceremonies and language of which he has been always accustomed, however distant from home. The moment he enters a church, he ceases to be a stranger, being united in one faith, language and communion, with all the faithful of ancient and modern times.

After nearly a week's agreeable sojourn at Genoa, and having seen all that it offered worthy of notice, I set off in one of the stages for Savona, previously agreeing with a vetturino to be furnished with a cabriolet from thence to Nice. I found that a Frenchman was to be one of my fellow-travellers, whose manner and appearance were not very prepossessing. During his residence in Italy, he had acquired a perfect knowledge of its language, as well as a considerable share of its low cunning, of which I had a specimen when making the necessary arrangements for my journey. The Frenchman was present, but had not then concluded his bargain; and I was in hopes he would take a passage by sea, as he pretended to have a decided preference for it; but I soon saw it was only in order to make a better bargain for himself. By a good deal of manœuvring, he succeeded in getting a conveyance for one-third less than I paid, and afterwards boasted of his own success at my expense; a circumstance that did not tend to raise him much in my estimation. Having hitherto been extremely fortunate in regard to companions on the road, I did not like the idea of

being tête-a-tête, for three or four days, with one of so different a stamp.

A new road has been constructed along the Riviere di Ponente, by the mountainous coast, opening a direct communication from Genoa to Nice and France. The couriers and also many travellers now pass this way, as it is preferable to hiring a felucca, or going round by Turin. Until within these few years, Genoa was accessible by land only over the difficult road of the Bochetta; but it is now open in three directions, by fine carriage-roads; one by Turin and Milan, another by the Riviere di Levante, over which I travelled from Pisa; and lastly, this new road, which was very much expedited, that the King of Sardinia might return from Nice, a few months before, without passing the Col di Tende. These improvements ought to be highly appreciated, from their beneficial effect, and the immense advantages they offer to the inland commerce and industry of the country, by the greater facilities of communication which they afford.

We passed through a number of villages, and proceeded at a rapid pace over a fine level road, until we got to Arrezzano, none of my fellow-travellers being more agreeable than the Frenchman. Finding we were to stop at a mean-looking little inn for an hour or two, I left them to enjoy their macaroni and salt fish fried in oil, and proceeded straight to the kitchen, where I intended, in preference, sitting down quietly among the sailors and boors, who crowded round a great fire, and where I had reason to expect more amusement. The fire, however, was composed of wood

so green and wet, that the smoke soon compelled me to reject the well-meant civility of several fellows who had offered me their seats; and as a last resource, I sallied forth to keep my feet warm by exercise. The wintry blast howled around in strong gusts, and dark clouds hovered heavily over the wide and agitated waters of the Mediterranean, the hoarse murmur of whose waves breaking against the shore, answered to the mournful sound of the wind. My walk soon terminated at a lonely house; and, dreading a wet afternoon, I ventured to seek shelter, having so good an excuse for my intrusion; and not being in Scipio's habitual frame of mind, who said "he was never less alone than when alone;" for I was rather tired of my own company, and felt as if impelled to walk into a place which so invitingly presented itself, instead of the cold, dirty, and uncomfortable village-inn.

After the slight degree of surprise occasioned by my unceremonious entrance had subsided, I was welcomed by an elderly man, who was seated by the couch of a young female, holding her wrist gently in his hand, and inquiring into the nature of her ailment. The doctor (for such he proved to be), by a natural turn of conversation, soon discovered my motive for so unexpectedly visiting his patient, whose reclining position on the sofa, and somewhat languid expression, indicated rather a serious illness. I soon found, however, that she was sufficiently convalescent to dispense with the doctor's skill, to which she attributed her recovery, and to whom she was very lavish in her thanks. In a few minutes we were joined by an old lady, who carried

in her hand an earthen pot or small brazier, full of wood, ashes, and ignited charcoal, the common but unhealthy Italian substitute for the cheerful blaze of a fire. I did great violence to truth in complimenting the ladies on a number of paintings, of the genuine sign-post school, which covered the walls of their *sala*; but the elderly personage, probably aware of the picture-hunting Anglomania, seemed to consider it indispensable, that all such visitors should admire them; and as a remuneration for the politeness and urbanity of her manner towards me, I complied with the rule of the house. A cup of coffee and a glass of *rosoglio* were now handed to me, and at the same time the medical attendant was presented with his customary refreshment. In the ante-room I found two boys with a chart spread out before them on the table, busy studying navigation. I, of course, examined their books and slates, and commended their application to so useful a science. One of them, a very fine lad about fourteen, when I expressed a hope that he might one day become a second Columbus, assured me that the neighbouring village was the birth-place of that celebrated navigator; a circumstance of which I was not previously aware, the States of Piedmont, Placentia, and Liguria, having all laid claim to this distinction, which was long disputed. Nor do I know that the point has ever been decided, although Genoa is generally allowed the preference.

On my return to the inn, my fellow-travellers were in warm altercation with the landlady about the charges in her bill; and I was surprised at the knowing manner in which one of them discussed

every item, telling her to a soldo the value of each dish, and even of its component parts, until I discovered that he was a Genoese cook. The dispute lasted a very long time; until, fatigued with the incessant noise, I ordered a farewell flask of wine, which fortunately put a stop to the wrangling between these town and country professors of gastronomy. Late in the evening we arrived at Savona, where good fare, a comfortable room, and a well frequented inn, were the enjoyments that awaited me. Savona is a place of considerable extent, and contains several buildings of some beauty, particularly the palace of the Prefecture, the residence, or rather the prison of the late Pius VII., when he was carried away from Rome, in 1809, by orders of Napoleon. Here were conducted the discussions about the famous concordat, during which Buonaparte said he found his Holiness willing to leave the Church, in all things to take care of her own concerns, and to resign all, save his temporal sovereignty. The dignified resignation, yet firm remonstrances of Pius, warrant our disbelief of this assertion.

A couple of cabriolets were at the door long before sunrise; and I was highly pleased to find that the agent of our vetturino had engaged both, as they were returning to Nice,—a circumstance which afforded me an opportunity of taking possession of one of them, which I had altogether to myself, as the drivers prefer walking most of the way, or rather running along by the side of their horses. Large four-wheeled carriages may pass alongst this road; but for greater safety, particularly in winter, or in crossing the beds of moun-

tain-torrents, small light one-horse gigs are preferable. Being so near the maritime Alps, I now found it excessively cold in the mornings and evenings; but during the day a clear, dry, bracing atmosphere, and warm sunshine, made it extremely pleasant. The first place we passed through after leaving Savona was Noli, a well-built little fishing town, with a good harbour for boats, and a castle for its defence. Notwithstanding its insignificance, it is the residence of a Bishop. Finale, where we stopped a couple of hours, and took some refreshment, is a much larger and better built town, surrounded by orchards and olive-trees. It was formerly the capital of a marquise belonging to Spain; but having fallen into the hands of the Emperor during the war of the Succession, he sold it for six millions of livres to the Genoese government. Like the rest of the territory of that republic, it is now incorporated with Sardinia.

Continuing our route along the western coast, we passed several villages, such as Albenga and Allassio, the abodes of trade and industry. It is wonderful to think what the inhabitants of this naturally barren soil have been able to accomplish. The sea is their chief resource, and the numerous population live by commerce and fisheries. Orange-groves and dark olive-trees are seen all along the sides of the hills, even to their craggy naked summits. As we approached Oneglia, where we remained the whole night, we found the cultivation of the olive very general. The soil is schistous and slaty, such as Virgil recommends; and the neighbourhood, for many miles round, forms one continual grove, which produces the best oil of the

whole country, except that of Lucca. From this small sea-port it is forwarded to different parts of the Mediterranean.

During the next day, many parts of the road reminded me of the magnificent bridges and galleries of the Alps, by the passage of the Simplon. The whole of the way is but a narrow space between the sea and the chain of Apennines, the sides of which are cut into terraces, and planted with olive-trees. The most frightful and stupendous rocks and precipices line the coast. Many of them have been perforated, and others are connected by solid bridges. The mountains and torrents are not on the sublimest scale, but this is compensated by the numerous bays, promontories, and flourishing villages which are presented to the view ; and beyond all the grandeur of the *coup d'œil*, extending over the unbounded horizon of the Mediterranean, the waters of which shine in gradual hues, from the distant sea-green to the nearer dark blue, until converted into white surf beating against the rocks, which rise almost perpendicularly from the beach.

CHAPTER XIV.

SARDINIAN STATES, CONTINUED.

THE whole distance between Genoa and Nice is about 100 miles, amid the grandest combinations of mountain and sea. Until this year, the journey was always performed on muleback, or in feluccas, the latter occupying travellers about three days, unless the wind was very favourable. If it happened to be contrary, passengers were compelled to land at some of the towns along the coast, where the inns were represented as detestable, and the provisions both bad and dear. A sudden change must have taken place in these respects, for I found every thing of the very best, both as to living and beds, and the charges moderate. I am the more particular in mentioning these circumstances, as this road is yet but little known, and erroneous notions are entertained respecting its accommodation. Antiquities or ruins there are none; but in point of scenery, I found it equal to any part of my tour. We next halted at Port Maurice, an excellent harbour for the export of oil, which forms a very considerable, if not the only article of its trade. In this, as well as in several other apparently insignificant places which we passed through, there are wealthy

merchants and shipowners, who trade with Portugal, the Levant, and all over the Mediterranean; and I observed the harbours crowded with small craft. The natives of the many trading marts along the coast of Genoa are excellent sailors. As the fisheries form so advantageous a nursery for seamen, it would be an easy matter for the Sardinian government to fit out a respectable navy, which would, at all events, be able to cope with their inveterate enemies the Barbary powers, who have long been the scourge of all the petty Mediterranean states.

From the little town of St Remo, which is delightfully situated on the declivity of a hill, we proceeded next morning to Ventemiglia, the frontier town of the Genoese territory. A very romantic drive of several hours brought us to Mentone, a small town belonging to the Prince of Monaco, who has regained his humble dominions, of which he was deprived, like many more powerful sovereigns, during the reign of Napoleon. This prince, it seems, had scarcely been grateful for favours actually received, and is supposed to have merited the abrupt dismissal—" *Allez, vous coquin,*" and kick—*à posteriori*, which he received from Buonaparte, when they unfortunately happened to meet while the latter was on his route from Elba to Paris. This principality has a territory of a few square miles, and only contains two towns, of which Monaco is the capital. It is situated on an isolated rock, projecting into the sea, and forms a very picturesque object; and is well defended by nature, as well as a strong battery and citadel. Its population scarcely exceeds 1000. The

palace is beautiful, and contains a very fine collection of works of art. The forts of this petty prince are garrisoned by Piedmontese troops, as he is subordinate to the King of Sardinia. We spent a couple of hours here, and I breakfasted, or rather dined, with my fellow-traveller for the first time. I said something civil on the occasion, and proposed a walk to see the town. We were particularly fortunate in having so favourable an opportunity of observing the people. It being Sunday, the whole population were passing through the principal square in returning from church, being clothed in their best attire; and I never, on any occasion, saw so many beautiful women assembled. It is true, their complexions exhibited the effects of a warm sun, but their fine features, high foreheads, aquiline noses, and bright dark eyes, were quite enchanting. There was scarcely none amongst them who could not justly boast of more than an average of charms. Certainly the female subjects of this petty prince are more indebted to nature, than even any of their fair sisters of the rest of Italy. The Genose ladies are not handsome, but they are fond of being admired. What our immortal bard said of the sex in general, "Oh frailty, thy name is woman!" may be aptly applied to them, especially amongst the higher classes, who are noted for their predilection to cicesbeism. Their patito or cavaliero servente is their shadow at church, at the opera, in their own houses or those of their friends; and in reward for his gallantry he has a general invitation to their table. These attachments are sometimes platonic; and the husband being absorbed in commercial affairs, politics, or other avocations,

has neither time nor patience to attend to his wife's whims and caprices. In the north of Italy the women are tall, ruddy, and comely ; but in every province there is a distinct and different style of beauty. The Venetians are graceful and noble in their carriage ; the Romans have fine features, vivid black eyes, with captivating expressive foreheads, luxuriant and perfect forms, without a single defect in their proportions.

The same evening we arrived at Nice, which is well worth a visit. For beauty of situation, pleasant walks, and mildness of climate, the county of Nice is considered one of the most delightful regions in Europe. Orange and lemon trees growing luxuriantly in the open air, and the rareness of rain, or even cloudy days, convey the impression of a perpetual spring. Such natural advantages attract many consumptive and other invalids from colder climes, as the surrounding Alps completely shelter the town from the north winds, while it is open to the beneficial and genial influence of the south ; and though the distant mountains are often covered with snow, it never lies in the plain. Here there are no ancient monuments ; and one might say, as an acquaintance of mine did at Berne on his return from Italy, " Thank God, we are at length arrived at a place where there are neither churches nor pictures to be seen ! " This is not strictly true with regard to Nice, however ; and if it were, I should not have congratulated myself upon such a circumstance. The old part of Nice, like other antiquated towns, is irregular, with narrow streets, and shabby houses. The modern city is built on a regular plan, with fine squares, spa-

cious streets, and handsome edifices, extending along the sea-coast in a triangular form. An elevated terrace, formed by the long flat roofs of a line of shops, about twenty feet high, is much admired, and resorted to in winter, as a pleasant promenade ; but at any other season, owing to its great exposure, the heat of the sun is much too powerful, even without the reflection of its rays from the sea. It excludes, however, the short damp walk ornamented with a double row of trees called the Corso, in its rear, from the view as well as from the bracing sea-air.

The well cultivated environs of Nice are preferable as a residence to the town itself. The soil is rich, luxuriant, and verdant, and the peasantry derive their chief resource from the cultivation of the vines, which are gracefully festooned on peach and almond-trees. For many miles around the hills are covered with country-houses, all painted different colours, which give them a lively appearance, when viewed between the dark green of the olive, or the brighter hue of the orange-groves. This can scarcely be called a part of Italy, and I think the hotels show the difference as much as any thing else. The Hotel des Etrangers is equal to any in France, and superior to Italian albergos. The several English families residing at Nice generally take houses in the Fauxbourg of la Croix de Marbre, about a mile from the town ; attracted by the soft balmy purity of the air, and the excellence of the lodging-houses, built expressly for the numerous invalids who frequent the place for the benefit of their health. Montpellier and Nice were formerly like English colonies ; but now the case

is very different. The one place is by no means so much resorted to, and the other is abandoned altogether. The superior attractions which Florence and Naples present, in point of society and amusement ; and which Pisa or Genoa offers as to climate, have contributed to the partial desertion of this delightful spot. For my own part, however, I should certainly recommend it to a valetudinarian in preference to any other place of the kind which I have visited on the Continent.

One day I accompanied an acquaintance whom I happened to meet, down to Villa Franca, a small seaport situated on the other side of the hill. Its strong fortress may defend this place for a short time ; but on the land side, it is commanded by the surrounding hills. The wretched galley-slaves (of whom it contains a large depôt) lead a horrible life, no doubt a just punishment for their crimes, though human nature revolts at their state of suffering,—their hard labour and misery. We went on board the only galley in the dock, which mounted three long guns, and 40 oars, rowed by 120 men, each chained to his station, and guarded by marines. The convicts are employed working on the roads and fortresses, as they are now seldom sent to sea. A few years ago, they accumulated to so great a number, that the government, having no colonies of its own, was compelled to transport them to Brazil, in virtue of an arrangement with Portugal, by which means both countries gained,—the one by getting rid of many of its worst subjects, and the other in acquiring some good soldiers, and even useful citizens, which they soon became, when removed from the scene of their former habits.

On our return to Nice, my friend requested that I would assist him in recovering some books which had been seized by the customhouse-officers on his entering the Sardinian States a few days before. There were not more than a dozen volumes ; but so particular are the authorities to prevent the introduction of certain books, that we had to apply first to the Vicar-General, who certified that the catalogue contained no works against religion or morality. We then proceeded to the Prefect, a kind of judge or censor, whose functions are very different from those of the ancient Roman, or modern French magistrate of the same name ; but his signature was not deemed sufficient ; for there was yet another formality required, before producing the document at the customhouse, where the books were at length restored, on payment of some trifling fees.

The society of this place is very good during the carnival and the winter ; for, independently of the intercourse of so many foreigners among themselves at that season, the Governor gives a weekly *soirée*, and occasional balls, to which strangers are invited. There is also a theatre for the performance of Italian operas, and for public balls and concerts. The language of the people is now neither French nor Italian. Like their manners and character, it is a mixture of both. The better classes speak French correctly, and without any accent ; but the lower orders have a dialect resembling the Provençal patois.

The warlike princes of the House of Savoy were the only Italian sovereigns who, during the seventeenth century, raised themselves above the

level of their ignorant and degenerate contemporaries generally at that period plunged in voluptuous idleness, imitating the bad example of the Austro-Spanish monarchs, who possessed more than half of Italy. These fine states (for certainly Genoa and Piedmont deserve such designation) have now fallen into the feeble hands of a degenerate prince, a third brother, who has succeeded to the throne, under rather extraordinary circumstances. The eldest brother, Charles Emanuel, abdicated in favour of the second, Victor Emanuel, who, in his turn, to avoid accepting the constitution which the troops wished to force upon him in 1822, resigned his unsteady sceptre to the present King, Charles Felix. The obstinate resistance which Charles opposed to innovation on that occasion, was not natural to a man of his easy and timid disposition. It ought rather to be ascribed to his absence from the scene of action, which secured him from any personal danger; while the large Austrian force that crossed the frontiers, soon succeeded in putting down an insurrectionary movement the more easily, as the majority of the people were not ripe for free and liberal institutions.

I was unintentionally present at a review of the troops of the garrison, on the day I left Nice in the diligence for Antibes. We were impeded in our progress by the warlike appearance of several regiments of infantry, and a park of artillery, who were endeavouring to take possession of a small fort about a league from the town, garrisoned by another party of Sardinian troops. My patience was exhausted after some hours, during which the

sham-fight lasted ; and the General himself was not happier than I was, when the fort surrendered. When this was accomplished, coaches and vehicles of all descriptions, which had been detained for so long a time, were permitted to pass on, a happy event for the travellers and their drivers, who grumbled sadly at the delay. I consoled myself, however, in the opportunity it afforded me, of seeing a splendid display of elegant equipages, with all the beauty and fashion of Nice, attracted by the fineness of the day, together with the exhilarating and amusing scene.

This country has a hardy and brave population, and possesses the means of keeping up a good military force, as well as a respectable navy, for which purposes it commands ample pecuniary resources, the finances being well managed by a Genoese, who has brought them into good credit. The revenue is estimated at about two millions sterling, and the dividends on their funded debt are regularly paid. I believe even in time of peace its effective force is 45,000 men, and during the war the Piedmontese troops were reckoned amongst the best in the French army. Their discipline has become relaxed if they are better clothed, fed, and paid ; and although their present officers may be more noble than the French veterans who formerly commanded them, I question if that distinction would weigh much in their favour in the event of actual service.

The poverty of Savoy is quite proverbial. My attention was attracted by the beautiful and romantic situation of a chateau, which stands on a craggy eminence overlooking a wild glen ; and there was some-

thing in its exterior which induced me to ask admittance, that I might enjoy the view. My attempt, however, was frustrated by a pack of savage curs, which guarded the desolate-looking court-yard, until at length a woman, disfigured by a goître, and bearing every mark of penury and disease, appeared, and allowed me to go through the dreary mansion, even to the bedroom of its owner ; where his unmade bed and dinner-table, covered with a dirty napkin, were the most prominent objects. At the request of another old worn-out servant, I tasted the sour wine and brown bread already placed on the table, awaiting the chatelain's return from shooting. The castle-walls appeared to be of enormous thickness. I passed hastily through the large dismal hall, with its Gothic windows and broken panes of glass, adorned with some worm-eaten family pictures, and furnished with a few mutilated chairs and rickety tables, all undoubted antiques. The other rooms were numerous ; but their mouldering walls, and impoverished appearance, presented a complete picture of indolence and neglect. And this place was the residence of a Marquis !—the Seigneur of the neighbouring country, the peasantry of which had been the vassals of his long line of ancestors in feudal times !—On returning to the village, where I had taken up my temporary abode, I expressed some surprise to my landlady at the poverty-stricken air of the interior of his Lordship's chateau, notwithstanding its venerable turrets and dark-grey walls, which looked so inviting at a distance. “ Vous ne savez donc pas, Monsieur, que nous autre Savoyards sommes tous

des gueux ! ” * was her exclamation. But neither did her own appearance agree with it, nor the kind treatment I met with in her house, where I ruralized most agreeably for a week.

It was towards evening when we crossed the Pont-du-Var, which divides Nice from France, where I bade adieu to Italy, the land of music, of poetry, and of recollections, and which appeared more lovely than ever at the thought of my departure.

Visiting the country merely for observation and amusement, it might have been as well had I avoided my own countrymen more than I did ; however, I never subjected myself to the restraint of any regular party, as I set out with a determination to allow nothing to escape unexamined. My short tour was indeed almost as rapid, as if I had been making the circuit of a museum or picture-gallery. I have, however, had so much reason to be delighted with it, that the first opportunity which presents itself, shall find me once more in the land of the “ Ducal South ; ” for the hours which hang heavy upon our heads in this country, are sure to be occupied there ; and certain I am, that the solitary bachelor could take no better means of destroying, for a season, the ennui of life, than by spending—an Autumn in Italy.

* “ You are not aware then, Sir, that we Savoyards are all ruined ? ”

THE END.

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